

THE WHEEL

STONE AGE MAN

And Man created the Wheel
And it did Revolve
And he fixed it to his Spear
And it did Evolve...

WHITE VAN MAN

Number plate dangling, sic transit White Van Man,
Roof-rack rattling on his rusty tin can,
'Clean Me' inscribed on his not-so-white doors,
Weaving between cars, ignoring the laws,
The vapourhead whistles down the outside lane.

4 x 4 MAN

Nose-to-tail with the car right in front,
Mouthing obscenities, glorying in the hunt,
Tally Ho ! Away ! like a numpty squire
Scattering the peasants all over the shire
The SUV snorts like a charging horse.

TRUCKER MAN

Blocking the lane, the knight of the road
Rumbling along with his overweight load,
Impeding the impatient on the highway track,
Jousting with steel his preferred line of attack,
Chivalry long gone, freelance for hire.

MIDDLE MAN

Tuned in to himself on a mobile call,
Middle lane hogging in contempt of us all,
Cruising along in another time and space
Oblivious to the horns, blank look on his face,
Life goes by on a different track.

WONDERWOMAN

Hand holding lipstick in her red Jaguar,
Tarting herself in her mobile boudoir,
It doesn't take much to rattle her cage
Another contestant in the game of road rage,
No vision, no style, no wonder.

FLASH MAN

No signals and yet many at every sharp turn
Spinning the wheels with money to burn
Top down geared up a push and a shove
Token blonde passenger who's found her true love
The footballer acting his boot size not his age.