

Name: Alice, Year 5

The Astonishing Bicycle

Time has stood still after the mushroom cloud of that fateful day
A haunting memorial, I lie in the, black clay
I am alone, perfectly preserved as an ashen white stencil
A shadow of a peace bicycle, appearing perfectly traced in pencil

It was August the Sixth, 1945
Then there was an explosion with heat radiating, it was the last day my
young owner was alive
I was on the ground waiting, for my usual role was to provide a ride to school
It seemed at the time that this act of war was to determine who would rule

My tires stayed perfect circles, my frame is preserved
The handlebars are upright, and the seat is reserved
The pedals are ready, the chain remains intact
I am waiting for the ride that never came, the broken pact

As I lie now my body empty, for I am no more but a bomb ' s drawing of my
shadow on the floor
Autumn leaves dance lightly like swirls in the wind, reminding me of the past
I am sure
I am a shrine in the peace park often visited in the city
Reminding all that in the tragedy of war the way man acts may not be pretty

A humble bicycle outline I am not
I am a reminder of a time that should not be forgot
I was owned by a child, an innocent victim, whose life was cut short
I hope that a lesson has been learnt as the next generation is taught

I am the Hiroshima Peace Bicycle, astonishing and proud
Nothing more, nothing less, my message is loud
My perfect form is now but an empty shell
The worth of my existence is not an offer of a ride but the story I tell

The Astonishing Bicycle

At the start there you see
A single bicycle.
With mini-wheels at its side.
You grab the peculiar thing and head
Down a path.
A very remarkable path.
Starting as not knowing
what to do,
where to go.
But there will be your training wheels.
Right by your side.
Making you feel like you're in
An Oasis of serenity.
Protecting you from the
Despairing harsh word.
They will guide you to the peaceful light.

But all good things must come to an end,
Soon you will have to part with your
Training wheels.
You will have to face the enigmatic world;
On your now two-wheeled bicycle.
You'll fall and fall onto
The crestfallen bottom.
You get bruises and scratches
Filled with a numbing pain.
It feels like you want to give up.

But you shouldn't give up.
Those life-changing wheels' effort shouldn't
Be wasted.

They help you get started
Now it's you who have to finish your voyage.
You have to learn from experience.
And once you passed your biggest hurdle,
It's like a grassy meadow.

And soon there will be the end.
You'll recall all of what you choose to do.
Which path you choose.
Where you want to be.
And at the conclusion of your track.
That's where you will have to part with the
Astonishing bicycle, that made you have this
Bewildering life.

Althea, Year 8