

CYCLING

*She rides around the block,
On what seems to be a mad bullock,
Unable to control,
And falling off with every roll*

*Cycling seemed to be fun,
But why does it seem it's better to run?
Unable to prevent falling,
She feels like bawling*

*She hates to persist,
Holding the brakes with a clenched fist
"What's wrong with walking or running?"
But undecidedly she continues her endless bumping*

*Gradually, the turns become smooth flowing,
Cycling becomes easier than what she's hoping
Then she realises, when you go on persistently
Nothing can stop you from mastering things completely.*

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