

WHEEL SURFERS

Sarge Lintecum © 1994

**Ball bearings scream in quadrasonic joy,
As the angle of decent increases.
Lean hard to make the turn
As your body assumes a position,
That without movement,
Defies gravity.**

**Doing the dance of balance,
Arms moving from side to side,
Body leaning left, then right.
Each move dictated by physics,
And the only thing that keeps you upright
Is speed.**

**Adrenaline pumps as eyes send messages
That brain can only interpret as disastrous.
Yet, you flow through the air
With the grace and form of a dancer.
Ollie! Nose slide! Tic-tack-toe!
Grind the curb; sparks fly.**

**Most "old folks" don't care much for skate boarders.
But they only feel fear,
Assuming that you are as out of control
As they would be; going that fast,
On a glorified roller skate,
With no straps.**