

Posted: March 18th, 2009 by Friend of Dirt Rag

Fat Tire, a poem submitted by Barry Oblas of Phoenix, AZ:

Dialed into my Barracuda
Cruising in the sage
Hanging on for dear life
Wondering...why don't I act
my age?

For I'm feeling like a kid
Popping like some corn
Out in desert singletrack
In early summer morn

Gulping on my Camelback Squeezing down some Gu Heading up a rocky mountain For the next spectacular view

Looking out for rattlers Eyes glued up-ahead Keeping that concentration Holding back the dread

Feeling cares and trouble
receding in the wind
But I'm carrying my name and number
To notify the next of kin!

Fat Tire

ain't for faint of heart
Or, those who love the malls
Or, those who crave security
Bring on those bloody falls

Muscles soon are aching
Legs feeling half-past dead
Thoughts switch like channels
To home, comfort, instead

Last few miles pure torture No way I'll return alive But suddenly, back from where

I started

Planning that next incredible Fat Tire ride