

What's it all about, my biker friends?



What's it all about, my biker friends
Are we just waiting for the next ride
What's it all about, when we sort it out
Is there an adrenaline rush around the next corner?
Is it buddies, motorcycles, burgers and beer?
Or, is there something, more metaphysical close by or near
Are we meant to ride through treacherous hills and valleys
Shall we boast the roar of our pipes, louder and faster than the others
Shall we sometimes appear evil for intimidation and posture
Or, are we meant to be evil, low life renegade gangsters, hanging out in the dark streets and alleys
Do we encourage others to follow us into our sunset for our own personal satisfaction or gain
if some fools are kind, they just might comply
Then, I guess sometimes, it's wise to be cruel?
When the temperature is 100 degrees outside
And, maybe life belongs only to the strong and cruel
Or, is there something to gain from the biker's old golden rule
As sure as I believe there's a heaven above
I plan to ride my motorcycle, and enjoy my buddies, burgers, and beer!
I have no interest in finding out whether there is more
I do not want more
Superficial pursuits driven by the value systems of others is laced in ignorance
Even non-believers, may conclude that there is value
Each bump in the road sheds a stress cootie
Eventually, there is none
I believe in love and free spirit
Without discovering true love of another and life's free spirit, that encompasses each day

Our batteries will die, our oil pans will develop leaks and our crank shafts will freeze up
Until one discovers the love of riding and its majestic pursuits, one may have just have
missed out on one of the greatest discoveries ever
Just keep your motor running
When you ride let your Harley lead the way.
And, you'll find love, peace, and tranquility, every day my biker friend!
Vroom, Vroom!

Original Poem by Dan Harkey

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