

## Doing the ton on a 'Saint'

by leafers *Thursday, Mar 4 2010, 8:37am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

it was the last 650cc I ever owned  
i'd had a few,  
i was just 18 and still at high school.

i had expensive tastes for a schoolboy  
so i hustled yanks on R&R  
before they returned to Uncle Ho  
who routinely and abruptly  
ended (many) of their young lives.

shit! they were only kids,  
a few years older than me  
fighting some bullshit Gulf of Tonkin  
ideological war;  
the fat cats loved it  
hundreds of millions  
in blood-drenched dollars!

over 50,000 Americans killed  
and 4 million Indo-Chinese  
from Laos through Cambodia  
to Vietnam, dead - FOR WHAT?  
so executive, white-collar criminals  
could turn a profit!

I made sure I showed those boys  
a good time, it may have been their last.

Sydney was my town,  
the Eastside was home  
I grew up on the streets  
i knew all the girls  
nice whores with a heart and a taste for expanders  
from acid to pot;  
coffee shops served purple hearts,  
bennies and dexies with every cup - cool, man!

The yanks showered me with money;  
i arranged to have their every need satisfied;  
never had a dissatisfied customer.  
they just kept throwing money at me  
I became a reluctant entrepreneur

a high school kid on a 650cc Trumpy,  
proud and arrogant.

it is hilarious when I think about it now  
the Domain, Webster spouting from his  
soap-box and the Nazi party (in uniform)  
fighting off thugs the Jews hired,  
never a dull moment,  
the decade seemed tailored just for me.

pockets loaded with dope, pills, acid and American currency  
i was the prince of Darlo Rd, in black leathers;

my only loves were my girl, sweet Serena  
and my Triumph - I loved them both equally,  
with a passion  
what more could a young man want?

it seems like only yesterday  
i did the ton on my finely tuned machine;  
110mph on the road to the Atomic Energy Commission;  
the wind screaming through my hair,  
my black shades forced hard against the bridge of my nose,  
the roar of the engine and the ever present angel of death  
just waiting for me to make one tiny mistake -  
I never did, I still haven't, many decades later.

on one occasion a beetle impacted my forehead  
at 100mph, it felt like I'd been shot, I had to dig it out  
of my head later - no helmets in those days!

i loved to tempt death, still do!

the yanks would sometimes ramble about the war,  
drunk; I could taste their fear, bravery,  
desperation and desolation all at once.

the only way I could shake the lifestyle I was living  
was to ride fast, as FAST as a well-tuned 650 would  
carry me.

it came to an end the night my bike was stolen;  
soon after that loss Serena overdosed, a suicide attempt,  
she was torn between her family,  
who hated the sight of me  
and her profound love for me.

doctors and family begged me to reel her back  
to the living, which I did -

they put electricity through her brain

until she forgot my name!

🔊 [Nothing More - Fotheringay](#)

🔊 [Love minus Zero no Limit - Bob Dylan](#)

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-1860.html>