

## My Motorcycle Shirt

I hopped on my cycle and slipped through the gears,  
My pipes spouting music in spite of my years.  
My clothes weren't too great but they weren't all that bad  
(Whatever they were, they were all that I had);  
But when a bug hit me so hard that it hurt,  
I knew that I needed a bug-colored shirt.

Now some folks know bugs by their intimate names;  
They put them on stick-pins and mount them in frames  
That show off their colors and sizes and looks;  
But the color I needed was not in the books.  
And all that I've learned about bugs in my haste  
Is that most of them come with a terrible taste.

I'm not all that smart but my soul saw the light.  
I took off my windshield and sped through the night;  
And when the sky lightened enough I could see,  
My shirt was a classic created by me.  
--A masterpiece spattered with splotches and gobs--  
A camouflage pattern of bug-colored blobs.

It seems that my brilliance just came in a spurt,  
I can't figure out how to market my shirt;  
So if you're aware of an entrepreneur,  
I'd give him the shirt off my back to ensure,  
That all of the bikers and other such thugs  
Could purchase a shirt that's the color of bugs.

*Bud Morris*

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