

**Third Place Poetry – Elementary School**

**Mountain Bike**

**By: Henry Burris**

**Grade: 3**

**School: Sheridan Elementary School**

The wind blowing past tufts of my hair that stick out from my helmet while

gritty feeling bugs in my teeth are wedged in my gums with

my tongue traversing endless journeys of my mouth to get them out.

I amble over endless roots and stones and low lying twigs as I steadily progress to the end of the trail.

Only one hand on the grooved handlebar, the other swaying in the motion of my bike alongside my hip

When we finish the ride, we emerge from the trail, and feel hot and sweaty, but victorious

We return home, but ready to return to do it all over again another day.