

Crash Landing

A short walk down a wet road reveals a yard full of different creative sculptures that carve ones image, and outlook on life. There were sculptures with interesting shaved rocks, rare crystals, and old sculptures with pieces from old rusted Buicks, and Fords. Decomposing products were made to use, the artist continues to sculpt, and expand on his yard of creativity, leaving all of us, the students to appreciate what he has bestowed upon us.

With there being so many sculptures, and other pieces of art to pick from, I looked left where lied a pterodactyl, its beak sharp pointing north, eyeballing me, watching every single move I made. I turned to my right a sculpture formed from all different types of colorful crystals caught my eye. The crystals went in so many different directions, and there were just so many colors. Although the sculpture was fascinating, and easy on the eyes, it was not one that gave me “instant” inspiration. Hoping to find some sort of inspiration from the ground, I looked down and found nothing, just dirt, dirt, and more dirt. Time in that class was winding down, and I had nothing, just my memory of so many different pieces of art. I looked up at the cloudy Arkansas sky, leaves falling, and sprinkles beginning to fall. I had found it. A simple bike wisely camouflaged in the tree caught my eye, its rusted handlebars, broken pedals, and worn seat proved to satisfy my need, and desire to write.

I stood there taking snapshots of the bike in the tree, thinking to myself how I would structure, and word certain things in "paper 3". I noted to myself that the bike had a quite hard life, which led on questions that I asked to myself. Where did the artist get the inspiration to do such a piece? Why was the bike in the tree? Is there a personal reason, or personal experience for composing this?

Attend the tale of something that could have been. The bike just hung there, suspended in midair, like a lifeless person sentenced to death by hanging. The months and years of the bike being stationary, wear and tear had taken affect on the frame of the bike; it almost looked misshapen, like it had crashed robustly into the tree, instead of being placed there. The handlebars were all bent out of shape, the gray and red bike had now turned brown, and the rust had set in. The bike had no pedals, it was going nowhere. I suddenly became overrun with the image of a child, learning how to ride a new bike, which they had just gotten from their parents on their birthday. It is difficult to not imagine how the handlebars looked. The handlebars were shiny, it had a horn, and two pedals.

Once upon a time, there was a brand new bike given to a child. The pedals on the bike helped he could go places, as was inspiration to him because, if he could learn how to ride a bike, then they could do almost anything. Along with learning new things freedom and growing up came naturally. There is also a mother and a father who purchased the bike for him, but was too lazy and careless to teach him how to ride it. The parents, overrun, and overly consumed with money, and themselves left him all alone to learn, and heal his own petrifying wounds as he learned to ride the bike, crashing repeatedly. The child eventually learned how to ride the bike,

Gaining freedom, and riding into the streets acting out, as if he was looking for someone who would care about him. He rides in the streets, and finds the “typical” “rough” looking crowd, and gets involved, in horrible ways, a homicide here, and a drive by there. Throughout all of his the family of the teenager has paid no attention at all. They take no notice that the teenagers’ personality has changed, and they don’t like the things that they used to. Do they say anything to him? No. they don’t.

Wait. The story tale gets worse, while continuing down this violent road the police get involved, all of those homicides, and drive bys have eventually caught up with the restless, unloved teenager. The teenager, now an adult, his family has nothing at all to do with him. Now he sits for the rest of his life in a jail cell, with nothing to do, and no one really caring for, just willowing away. The adult now reflects on how much attention he got as a child, and blames his parents. He did not live happily ever after. The End.

Life is like a bicycle, you only get one. Eventually everyone will take off and fly, but what direction depends solely on the pilot. If one chooses to take the “incorrect” path filled with things that can cause harm, then they will eventually be blind sighted, lose control and crash vigorously. The worse part, there will be no parachute to bring them back down to earth.