

## *Motion*

# *Sidecar Soliloquy*

IT'S odd, how fashions come and go:  
Our roads, so busy, rarely show  
From fond-remembered yesteryear  
A form of transport once held dear  
By people on or in or under  
A seventh-heaven three-wheeled wonder.  
We've lost, without an explanation,  
The motor cycle combination.

Snorting Panther, Matchless Twin,  
Linked with their majestic din  
To mighty Busmar, sporty Swallow,  
Were teams we found too hard to follow.  
Perhaps that's why today there's none:  
The sidekick sidecar's good as gone.

*But remember, while we may,  
When the combo had its day. . .*

Passenger in isolation,  
Celluloided contemplation.  
Driver using quite a mix  
Of assorted three-wheel tricks.  
Accelerate and lean across  
While turning left, or else – dead loss!  
The sidecar wheel lifts in the air. . .  
Which never gets him anywhere.  
Scores of lads who moved from two  
Wheels discovered quite a few

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Shocks of which they'd never heard  
Until they got themselves a third.

But soon they found a sheer elation:  
Bike in firm association  
With sidecar – making, what is more,  
Transport suitable for four.

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