

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



Here's Sheila Lockhart's *Tour de France* brilliant answer to concrete poetry:

Peloton
hearts thump thighs pump
hive mind driving ever forward now it stretches
now it bunches always clinging to the road shedding bits behind
ahead breakaways sprints calamitous crashes sacrifices for the cause
and always at its core its existential purpose **le maillot jaune** marked queen bee
protected by her workers selfless domestiques no drones here except for those
that trace its progress over pavés graded climbs false flats in burning heat
wind and rain aerial views of old chateaux closing in on
sweat-soaked skin and the beauty of
thrusting glutes

Sheila Lockhart