

Part 18 - Kevin

I have a new bike coming,
two cylinders for me,
a Royal Enfield, Redditch built
real piece of history

A Meteor Minor it is,
from way, way back in time,
A 'de luxe' version, all the way
from nineteen fifty nine.

I'll just wait for Andy's call,
cos he will bring the bike,
he's coming from the West country,
a drink will see him right.

My telephone goes off on one,
I put it to my ear,
"Hi mate, it's Andy near some lodge,
but satnav says I'm here?"

I try to think, thumb in my mouth,
a little like Jack Horner,
the realisation soon kicks in,
"You're just down on the corner".

Only twenty seconds later,
turns into the drive,
a car with trailer, on the back...
Oh, goodness, WHAT A BIKE!



I carefully approach the steed,
as though it was a horse,
it's perfect and magnificent,
(I'm overwhelmed of course!)

down off the trailer, bike is parked,
next to my bullet Tornado
a family resemblance there,
as most parts are the same though.



I want to give this bike a name,
ask Andy what he thinks,
but his reply takes me off guard,
and I can only blink

"Well then, it's bright red for a start,
and won't go with your webbing,
plus it's already got a name,
I've gone and called it Kevin"

Not to dwell on sadder points,
but back in RAF,
a chap that Andy knew quite well,
that lived there in his mess.



Things do go wrong, his plane it crashed,
Mildenhall, '86
That plane? it was a Meteor,
I guess that's why it clicked.

Respectful of old friends that passed,
(with hopes they went to heaven)
A tribute understood by me,
the bike's confirmed as Kevin.

I run through procedure to start,
prime and tickle it,
and completing my dream come true,
it bloody starts first kick!



A little bit uneven,
and then a little cough,
but heck that sound is glorious,
now nobody will scoff!

The paint looks fresh, the chrome is bright,
just off the showroom floor,
but then it featured in a show,
not many months before.

It truly is a Sunday bike.
for fetes and shows and rambles,
plus I will miss my previous bike,
off road and mud and scrambles!

But Kevin's going to work as well,
as I'm not Mary Poppins,
she could fly right though the sky,
but I need Kev for shopping!

Plus there's Classic Cars and Bikes,
held once a month near here.
Kevin can hold his head(lamp) up high,
He'll beat the rest by far.

I'll keep the bike original,
I promised Kevin that,
but one addition I will make,
as it will look so flash.

Back in the 'fifties, British cars,
their turn signals popped out,
a golden arrow left or right,
now that could have some clout!



Using holes already there,
No way I'd damage Kev,
I mount the things and try them out,
this bike's unique I'll bet!

So now we go out on the road,
the engine's done it's run-in,
nice and gentle, not too fast,
let others see we're stunning!

We reach a junction, arrows up,
towards were we are heading,
A confused french guy rubs his head,
"What is this 'Right turn Kevin!'"

We reach the show Kev quietyens down,
we enter through the gate,
A little longer than I thought,
I hope we're not too late.

But no, they're not so hot on time,
As judges pass the classes,
Kev's down as 'Old time British bike',
and gets admiring glances.

The show is done, we're back off home
it seems we ran the caper.
I got a bottle of Champagne,
And Kevin's in the paper.