

The 12 days of Enfield.

On the first day of christmas my true love parked for me,
A Royal Enfield Bullet underneath the old Pear tree.

On the second day of christmas I took it for a ride,
I ordered two new tyres as the fitted ones did slide.

By the third day of Christmas I'd got used to the seat,
I ordered motovision bulb and brand-new headlamp peak.

On the fourth day of christmas by chance I did discover,
I should replace the bakelite that forms the push-rod cover.

On the fifth day of Christmas another thing I spotted,
The battery had leaked sometime, it's holder is quite rotted.

The sixth day of Christmas saw some more bits for the bike,
A Lithium-ion battery, L.E.D. Tail light.

The sun shone on the seventh day the paint did not look right,
Six previous owners, six shades of green, poor bullet, what a sight.

The eighth day saw fresh paint applied, where once bike looked forlorn,
Parading proud in army green, a brand-new uniform.

The ninth day took it for a ride, performance seem quite fettered,
But bike cheered up with correct slide and jets in carburettor.

It must have been day number ten, rear brake began to shudder,
Another order, new brake pads, to try and stop the judder.

On Day eleven I worked all day just to complete the bike,
Chronometric M.P.H., ammeter, looked just right.

Day twelve we rode down into town, with pride and some emotion,
So many came to see my bike, which caused a big commotion.

Christmas is finished, my purse is too, to keep my bike in health,
A bullet gets all that it wants and uses up your wealth.

The moral is, a bond does form, somewhat like you're it's mother,
No matter how you look at it, you'll depend on each other.