

MR CHANGELING 1

The Siege

I write of Biker Mike who often
thinks of himself as Mr. Changeling

Biker Mike lives with his guys
and their motorbikes
the guys Troy

Head

Black

Boy

together they thrive on fun
love and friendship

Mike sought thought

it was his survival

he reckoned from birth

we are all taught thought

so all we perceive is thought

thought thought by others

so Mike sought a thought

an original one

never thought before by anyone

as the war raged around him he

sought

thought to stay sane because he had to

die

and he wanted that end to

be his own thought

so as Merton Cottage

where Biker Mike lived

was besieged by the bad guys

and relieved by the good ones

he fought to survive

as he sought thought

Biker Mike woke to a beautiful sunny
morning

his curtains were closed his not quite white
curtains

off white they were when he bought them

now the two large pieces of calico stretched across
the yellow string that spanned his wide attic
window

a window that gazed over the picturesque fields of
Merton in Worthshire

the county of Worthshire with its endless fens
marshes fields woods and hills

the last called wolds

the perfect land for biking

Today I shall ride thinks Mike and he looks
at his room with all its rough gruff manly style
not for him fancy lacey things
no feminine frills
oil and mud chains
and black leather are his
he may be gay
but he is more butch than most het men
Biker Mike is the modern gay
the hunky one
who matures and lives with
his other gays in Merton Cottage
in a chaste pact

and Mike has always related
chastely to het blokes
in his mind
as much as in his actions

Biker Mike is pure and living truth of life
and his room presents the essence of man
so pure is his manly virtue
that he never even
touches woman
he lives alone with all the minds of the world
in his own mind
in his heart of love
in his thought of perception
for to perceive is everything to him

his mind is his thought is his perception and his
control

is his joy of life and the giving out of life to life

it is his art to perceive and to create life willed by

his thought pure serene simple loving

I'll ride to Asgarby he thinks

There is a beautiful fairy tale church there

from the old ages that he loves to see

gleaming in the noonday sunlight

its spire sharp against the bright light blue of the

sky

and it is one of his great joys to approach this

church seeing it from the dual carriageway

round a curve just a few hundred yards

into the fields from the turn off to the right
that leads to its village Asgarby of two maybe
three houses and fields some cradling sheep and
lambs and the fields that embrace the church and
its churchyard they contain cows that wander to
him and sometimes away
from him they are not used to a leather man
smiling and being with them

it is a lovely day for such a ride thinks Mike and he
plans to rise from his bed
his multiple mind smiles over the thought of the
war what does it matter to him if the bad hets out
there are out to get him he isn't afraid
he knows the good hets will always protect him
and he can look out for himself

the war is to be ignored he says

for it is not the only thing going on

and then there was the bend round

which he could never move to an end

sometimes it was a corner all right angle

and blind and it too he could never round

always there was more

it went on and on winding the road

Mike felt cold and lonely trying so hard to round

the bend to move past and through the corner

often he thought he had made it

but as he travelled on

the way smoothed itself into a long and curving
wave saying I'm a bend and this will corner you

at the bikers' race track he would watch

the riders challenge the bends and lean into the
curves

so dangerously dramatically that Mike hopes to
gain from their experience and handle his own
difficulties

indeed it did help but the bends and corners
continued

so he felt despair enough for Boy to ask him

what the matter was

but Mike only moaned he could not say

except that there was one bend he could not
complete

it kept haunting him

it kept extending

and he had no idea what he could do about it

he wanted to be better but he did not know how he
ever could be

Boy jumped on his own bike

and rode off eating his bends and corners

with unconscious ease

but then he was younger than Biker Mike

Chain the leader of the gang

stomperates around the land

within the woods

he wants

Merton Cottage

and those fairies out

I don't like them

in our beautiful county of Worthshire

spoiling our village life

taking over everything

it isn't right

what I want is right though

and that is them out

I don't want to hurt them

I just want to scare them away

me and my gang of links

and my sprockets

our Throttle Clutch and Brake

we will see to it

we will besiege their

home and frighten them
with all sorts of toys

So Chain and his gang
are Mike's enemies
his allies are

Dave Johnny Jim Mark and Phil
bike boys from Greensand
near Merton

they race bikes

they run motorcycle showrooms and
repairs

Dave is telling the others one Monday
morning how he was at some races at the weekend

and noticed this young guy going around on
crutches with a bandaged knee wearing on his head
a white builders helmet but it had two cans of
beer

attached to it with clear plastic tubes

coming out of the cans into the top of the helmet

talking to his friend quite casually

as they strolled about the grass

on the bright morning

Dave said at first he felt sad for the guy

until he realised it was a joke hat

and when it dawned on him what it meant

he thought how bizarre and brilliant it was

what made it more amazing was that
this guy should walk about the race meeting
with this thing on his head as if

it were perfectly normal to do such a thing

his busted knee didn't seem to concern him
at all

as he chatted away

no doubt about the mad antics on the racetrack
of blokes tearing along at almost invisible speeds
for the thrill and the fun of it
despite great risk to their lives

Troy is one of the hero bikers who
lives with Biker Mike and is out riding his
machine considering the idea thought
expressed by Mike so often that

as all roads lead to Rome

so all stories lead to Troy

Troy himself is fascinated by the tale
of

men fighting to the death over the
love of a woman

the brilliant ruse of the wooden horse
concealing total destruction in its

body

the fiery end of all of Troy

and the rebirth

that led to Rome

Troy was to see the siege of their
Merton Cottage by Chain and his gang as Trojan
but he did not see the Helen

One grey and drizzly day

Chain had brought his men to
surround the cottage

News spread quickly around the
village and to the nearby towns of
Greensand and Markhampton

The allies realised they would have to
save the heroes of Merton Cottage

It came to Biker Mike's mind
to search for his thought unthought
in the company of some other mind
so he took his mind to that
of Chain

why are you doing this to me he asked
why Chain are you in our county of

Worthshire

why are you in our sweet village of

Merton

why are you surrounding my cottage

starving us out drying us out

besieging us

preventing our leaving

why are you throwing smoke bombs

beyond our walls

why do you fire water cannon at us

why do you hate me?

You and all your kind I loathe

Chain re minds to Mike

Why what is wrong with us?

You are those aren't you

We don't want you

We want to be rid of you

You fairies

You wasters

Stop it bleated Mike's mind

back at the war gang's chief

stop it I don't do you any harm

none of us do

we are gentle quiet people

it is only nature

Nature interrupted Chain

Oh we are going to drive you

out of Merton

Worthshire altogether

Yes I like your cottage

I want to live in it

I want it to be mine
the pretty little roses
the quaint wooden trellis
the red hot poker
the bluebells
daffodils in March
tulips in April
yes I think I shall have sheep
and goats and donkeys
the sky will shine on my smiling face
in midsummer garden parties
peace and tranquillity
none of your kind around to spoil my

view

You're mad Chain

You are crazy

You sound more fairy than I

Don't tempt me to keep you from your
friends

Chain urged his mind in threat
at Biker Mike's own powerful mind

I shall return to my fellows
in the cottage Mike's mind declared
I am wasting time thinking to you
I thought I might learn something
from you
but what can be gained from your

mind

Watch what you say boy declared

Chain

We will resist you

We have friends Mike said

All useless countered Chain

All hopeless against me

and my warriors

my links my sprockets

we will never leave you

we will taunt and terrify you

constantly

like gnats we will be at your necks

you will never rest in peace

I am leaving you and your threats

concluded Mike

and he fled

taking his mind back

to within

the walls of Merton Cottage

and to the minds of his fellows

Head Troy Black and Boy

They waited in the cottage

They were not keen on his visit to

Chain

They wanted to take action

They were more fierce than Mike

They wanted to send smoke bombs

back to the sprockets

they wanted to throw horrible things

at them

but

but

but

Biker Mike would not could not

I cannot allow us to harm anyone

It is not for me to hurt

Biker Mike declared

They understood and listened as he

explained

I have to

I can only give out love and goodness

Anything else is my end

Troy was the most sympathetic

but also persuasive

at least let us do things to them

we are not as you

Head stepped forward

You must let us tell our friends in

Greensand

They will rescue us

They will besiege the besiegers

And make them stop this game

I will not stop you declared Mike

But I cannot act

We understand you the others said

And Black and Boy both gave

Biker Mike a reassuring hug

They had to act soon

The news had reached Greensand
and Markhampton
so the good hets were waiting
Troy was sent at night
There was a small gate at the rear of
the cottage wall
Troy sneaked through with his bike
fired up and rode off
before the sprocket enemy
could rouse themselves
from their dozy watch
in two moments Troy was gone
and through the siege lines
leaving Merton by the bridge
over the stream now dark
he could hear the endless lapping

he remembered sweet thoughts of
pleasure

but now the business drove him on

he felt a delight in his task

They received him eagerly

Wishing to know how they could help

What are the plans?

Troy outlined the situation and
brought

the plans he had arranged

at the cottage with Head

Black and Boy

Dave Johnny Jim Mark and Phil

were all present

We thought a decoy began Troy

to approach the cottage
turn on the enemy in surprise
and drive them out of the village

I have a van declared Phil

Biker Mike awoke in his attic
rose from his bed
glided to his window
declared
I believe in giving out
goodness and light
and humour
laughter

but the battle approaches

Phil is to drive his van
with Mark beside him
to the gates of the cottage
hiding Dave Johnny Jim
in the back

In the morning Phil jumped into the driving
seat

of the van
finding Mark beside him
Dave Johnny and Jim are? he asked
In the back ready with the water cannon
replied Mark

The starter turned
the van kicks into noisy grunt
and plunged into gear the great black van
lurched forward as if keen to leave the
ground
and fly out of the small town of Greensand
and land at the gates of Merton Cottage

Chain is speaking with his
comrades
Throttle Clutch and Brake
telling them of their rewards
once they have seen off the inmates
of Merton Cottage
and how he and his men
will spread their campaign

along to Greensand

Markhampton the town

and even on to the city of Westwich

where we may crown me

Chief Chief Emperor

ruler of all there is

in this County of Worthshire

you will find great benefits

my friends, you will find wealth

comfort, pleasure

your desires will be lived

All these things were going on in the minds of the
protagonists

as the van approached the cottage

the sprockets were curious

the links too wanted to know
what this vehicle was doing
they searched for their master
but Chain was way off by the bridge
talking to Throttle Clutch and Brake

the van arrived
and Mark leaned out
to declare their mission
to Chain's sprockets

you can't deliver supplies to them
this is a siege

the links wandered to the back of the van planning
to open the doors and inspect inside

as they raised their hands to the handle
both doors sprang open
and
Dave Johnny and Jim
leapt out
spraying the links with water
from their powerful cannons
the links fell back drenched
and squealing
the sprockets rushed round to help
but were sprayed themselves
and Mark and Phil
threw netting over the
gang to entrap them
the gates of the garden to Merton Cottage
were thrown open

and

Head Troy Black and Boy

rushed forward

with ropes and chains

to handcuff

and feetcuff

their captured foes

roused by all the noise Chain runs to the aid of his

men with Throttle Clutch and Brake by his side

come my men cries Chain

save our friends

spray our enemies with your paint guns

Chain's three companions

turn their weapons on

the heroes and the allies

I'll go screams Chain back at his men

I'll go straight to the problem

wherever he is

I'll find him and finish him

furious Chain rises

and runs into the garden

of the cottage

Head and Troy step forward

to hold Throttle Clutch and Brake back

Chain continues

crushing flowers

breaking open hedges

pushing through bushes

banging open doors
crashing through rooms
tearing at everything
like a berserk
Chain searches his nightmare
nothing will stop him
he will pursue until the end
every part of the cottage will
suffer his presence
until he finds
and in his madness
destroys the cause of all his pain
then he pauses
as his ear catches on the air
a sound
he has not heard before

a musical sound

a wistful mournful waltz

on the piano

a G minor waltz

he is touched by the beauty of the music

but he is not so foolish as to be tamed by it

he will listen and detect

where the sound is coming from

yes his hearing is very acute

and he moves his frame

in the direction his brain tells him

the music is playing

soon he will find his enemy

is Biker Mike a pianist?

what of it !

he Chain will cease

Mike's playing forever
through the door of the drawing room
and Chain at last
confronts the one he seeks
Mike is seated at the piano
in his bike black leather gear
including his fringe jacket
playing the tune
a glint of light and hope
flashes in the eyes of Chain
who instantly blinks
to extinguish that glint
and the music halts
Chain rushes to Mike
clutches the seated biker pianist
by the shoulders

drags him from the chair
and pulls him out of the room
into the garden
throws him on the ground
Biker Mike does not resist this attack
he simply smiles and allows
himself to be leaped upon
by Chain on the grass

the others have entered the garden
captives and fellows
Troy gestures to them
to leave the scene alone
and to observe what happens

Mike is laughing

as Chain is squeezing his hands
around Mike's rippling throat
Chain is yelling
you monster
Chain releases his grip
and sits up astride his victim
raises his arm to strike
but is stopped by the voice
by the appeal of Biker Mike himself

“I am my father

I am my mother

now my beloved parents have gone”

swifter than thought

swifter than light

everything changes

everything is changed

“you must come and live with me”

sings Chain in a voice

sweeter and kinder

than any had heard before from him

I will look after you

my wife and family will take care of you

you must come and stay with us

I would like that

thank you replies Biker Mike

a stillness of the air

and everyone waits

and Troy leads everyone

forward to greet

the reconciled pair

Chain is lifting Mike up

and hugging him

Chain smiles like a child or an angel

I have been so alone since my mother died

declares Mike

well you won't be alone again says Chain

you can always visit us

and stay with us

we will look after you

we will entertain you

you will entertain us

we will share and be happy

you will like it at my castle

you live in a castle? asks Mike

I do

I live in Warren Castle

and now the victory of our struggle

belongs to both of us

we can develop each other adds Chain

it was the music changed you says Mike

that and what you said

about being your father and mother

I know this too

since my own parents have gone

today we have all won a victory

over fear and loneliness

come the others want to join in our party
we shall all go to Warren Castle
and light it with torches
through the night

the links and sprockets are glad to be released from
their

chains and ropes and nets

they too are happy to celebrate

with weeks of festivities

at Warren Castle

Merton Cottage

and throughout the county of Worthshire

and Biker Mike was happy

that he would be able to continue

his search for his
unthought thought
in good company
once more

