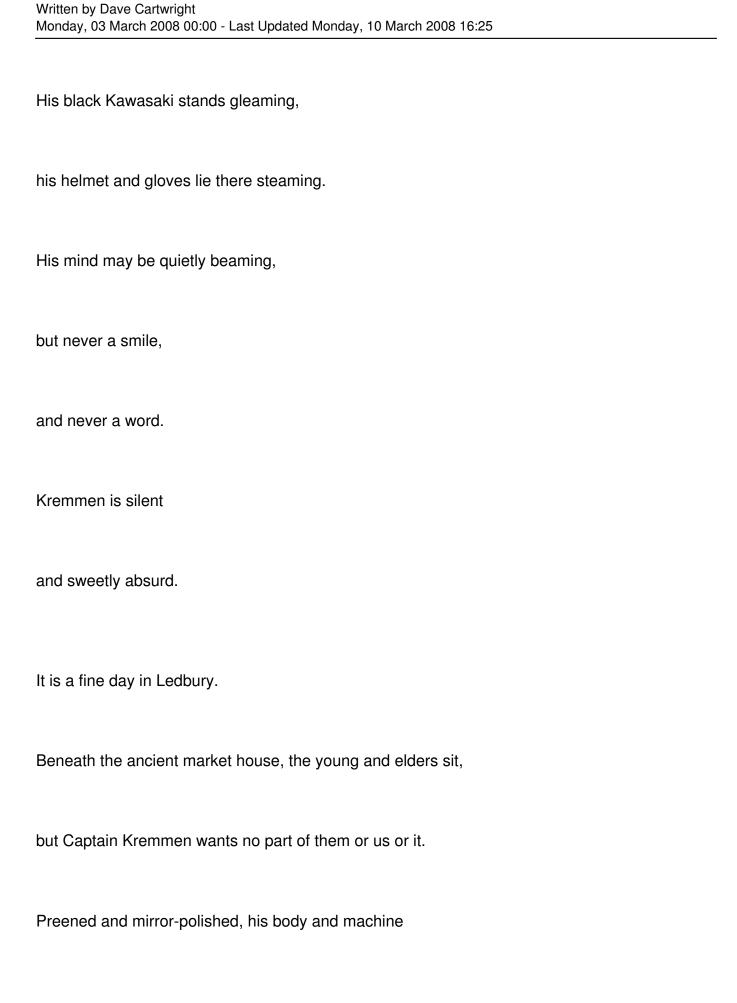
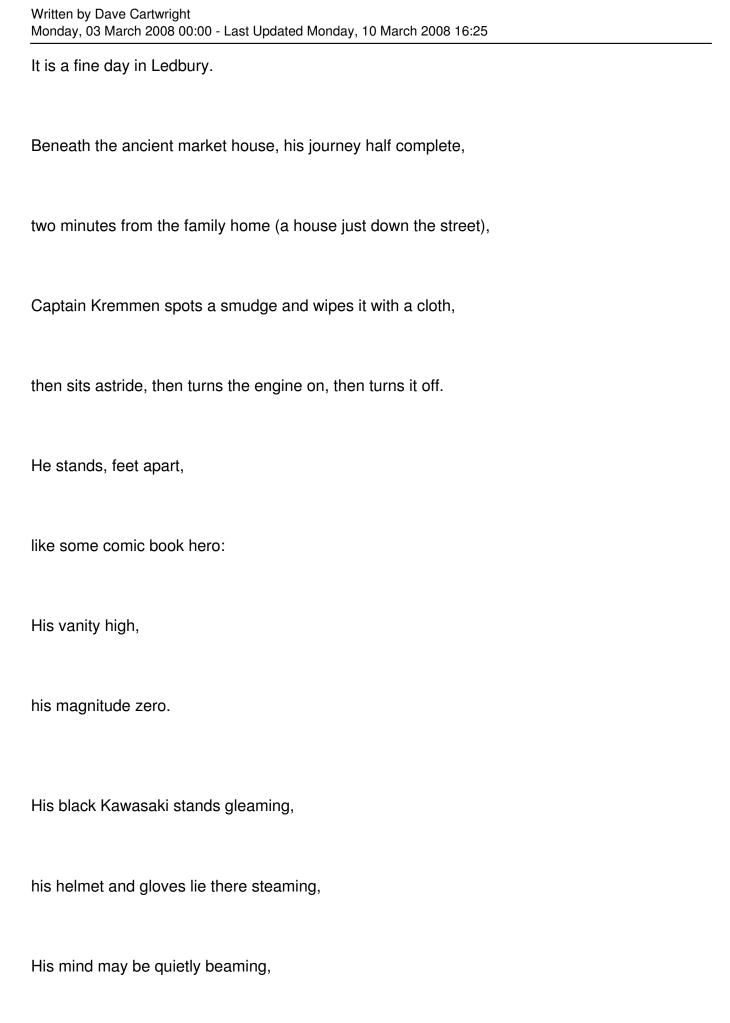
Written by Dave Cartwright Monday, 03 March 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Monday, 10 March 2008 16:25

On sunny weekends, this guy used to park himself under the Market House, stripped to the waist, with a lovely motorbike and yet never seemed to go anywhere.
It is a fine day in Ledbury.
Beneath the ancient market house, apart from all the rest,
Captain Kremmen finds a bench and bares his biker chest.
Sitting in his suit of plastic, ribbed and padded blue,
zipped down to his navel, he strikes a pose: a view
accepted by those
who have seen it before,
but something a stranger
could never ignore.



Written by Dave Cartwright

Monday, 03 March 2008 00:00 - Last Updated Monday, 10 March 2008 16:25 take their time-allotted place, where they are surely seen. Distractions will never disrupt his parade, he lives for the show, for the show he is made. His black Kawasaki stands gleaming, his helmet and gloves lie there steaming. His mind may be quietly beaming, but never a smile, and never a word. Kremmen is silent and sadly absurd.



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but never a smile, and never a word.

Kremmen is silent, and blindly absurd.