

Wes Stevenson
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I saw you hug your purse closer to you in the grocery store line.
But you didn't see me put an extra \$10.00 in the collection plate last Sunday.

I saw you pull your child closer when we passed each other on the sidewalk.
But you didn't see me playing Santa at the local mall.

I saw you change your mind about going into the restaurant.
But you didn't see me attending a meeting to raise more money for the hurricane relief.

I saw you roll up your window and shake your head when I drove by.
But you didn't see me driving behind you when you flicked your cigarette butt out the car window.

I saw you frown at me when I smiled at your children.
But you didn't see me when I took time off from work to run toys to the homeless.

I saw you stare at my long hair.
But you didn't see me and my friends cut ten inches off for Locks of Love.

I saw you roll your eyes at our leather coats and gloves.
But you didn't see me and my brothers donate our old coats and gloves to those that had none.

I saw you look in fright at my tattoos.
But you didn't see me cry as my children were born and have their name written over and in my heart.

I saw you change lanes while rushing off to go somewhere.
But you didn't see me going home to be with my family.

I saw you complain about how loud and noisy our bikes can be.
But you didn't see me when you were changing the CD and drifted into my lane.

I saw you yelling at your kids in the car.
But you didn't see me pat my child's hands, knowing he was safe behind me.

I saw you reading the newspaper or map as you drove down the road.
But you didn't see me squeeze my wife's leg when she told me to take the next turn.

I saw you race down the road in the rain.
But you didn't see me get soaked to the skin so my son could have the car to go on his date.

I saw you run the yellow light just to save a few minutes of time.
But you didn't see me trying to turn right.

I saw you cut me off because you needed to be in the lane I was in.
But you didn't see me leave the road.

I saw you waiting impatiently for my friends to pass.
But you didn't see me. I wasn't there.

I saw you go home to your family.
But you didn't see me. Because, I died that day you cut me off.

I WAS JUST A BIKER. A person with friends and a family. But you didn't see me.

Re-post this around in hopes that people will understand the biker community