

Anonymous Rider

Wild eyed woman
Frantically pumps her pedals
Into a personal pool
Of still night air

Slicked back, short black
Hair; matches thick black
Frames over deep dark eyes
Stark white tee, under
Fluttering, open front, gray shirt
Black trousers ripple against her wind
This style smartly proclaims
A return of the '50s teen boy look
But her front proclaims femininity

She smiles before a welcoming wind
Her body jerks back and forth
Almost Haphazardly
Over the sleek metallic spine
Despite the loose cohesion
The bike just flies along
Worn black macadam
Skirting tired concrete curbing

All her attention focused
On assaulting darkening night air

Our planes of travel intersect
For fleeting seconds
I watch her
Revel in her cooling creation
My image eludes her field of vision

Determined eyes thrust forward
Expecting any moment
Her wheels will be freed
Of hot, dark pavement
Only the sky and clouds remain