

Followed

David Masello

He has me ride in front of him,
and while my bike is swifter, geared,
no matter how fast I go, whenever I look
back, there he is, pedaling to stay apace.
My seat is broken, sinking whenever I lift it.
A metaphor, he says, though he doesn't offer
interpretations; I say it keeps me closer to earth.

We cross the Randall's Island Bridge at 103rd,
but before we reach the salt marsh boardwalk
or the cathedral of arches beneath Hell's Gate Bridge,
he stops to photograph the Gladiator Alliums,
giant purple heads swaying from the river breeze
as if vying to catch a glimpse of us on the trail.
I love the wait, astride my bike, as he greets them.