

Slow Tuesday Night by Robin Gile

I am riding a Red Scooter across town

The first scooter I ever owned.

The first new vehicle I ever owned.

And I am riding it to a buyer, a new owner.

It is red and runs well

Fast, hot, sweet across the asphalt

Loving the street, avenue, and highway

Shade and sun light.

Loving dark mountain roads in shadow

Coming home alone from the party.

But not alone, we are together, and two.

You are never alone riding a scooter.

And I'm riding it to a new owner

Fast in the quiet of a Sunday morning

Quick and affectionate from a hundred fifty cubic centimeters

But I wanted more affection than this machine can give.

A red scooter goes to a new home

A coat of wax and an oil change

Affection from a new rider.

Selling my first scooter

She never ran better

Toward a garage with five other scooters

She won't be lonely there

Among peers

Not like I am here

On a slow Tuesday night