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Riding Double: 16 & Beating the Heat

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Riding Double: 16 & Beating The Heat

—For James Dickey

She loved my black Triumph
motorcycle, flamed orange
and chromed, my Brando jacket,
all nine zippers half-unzipped—
leather and chesthair
her long-nailed fingers prowled
like barracuda. Doing 95
through a 92 degree wave,
I loved her breasts
flexed and churning
into the muscles of my back,
loved our flesh-and-metal duet, sheer
defiance of double yellow lines
between us and the abandoned
dancehall we roared to
to quell our heat. In rebellion
against all law—mortal or God's,
death to gravity—we staked the physical
against pure physics. We throttled
wide open, torrid on lust, hopped-up
on the 4-stroke's solo
double-tongued through straightpipes,
fired on 2 bits worth of fuel. Hell,
we made our own damn breeze,
we kamikazed the heat, our fevers
breaking into youth's oblivion cool.