

Bikes are just ruleless cars. Red tells the driver: *STOP!* The biker hears: *look left, right, wait (if applicable), proceed.* Today's path requires a unique pattern of avoidance as the long trucks, replenishing the city's markets, find new ways to obstruct the road.

The back tire, filled with a tad more air than the other, spatters the rain's answer to potholes' desire to be filled. *You don't need suspension! It's just pavement,* they said.

The usual musical cacophony of chaos is absent; the 'city that never sleeps' is sleeping. For the always-moving city dweller, there is no comfort in silence. The lonely hum of wheels and click of the occasional gear change fades into the wind, supplemented by an out-of-place jubilant melody. The Beatles or, well, anything from the *Classic Oldies* playlist

*Focus on the journey, not the destination* does not apply here; there is no destination. The world wasn't built for us, so we're pushed to the green strip on the edge of the road. Occupied only by late night roamers, the streets invite us in, invite deviation.

At 40mph, a four-wheeled prison is sluggish. Here, the hill, laboriously climbed, presents its reward: a 22mph dash. The breeze is artificial, manufactured by speed--by *us*. Lonely drivers dutifully wait behind the white line. The next street is here; they aren't.

Aren't we all alone? We are. However, they are lonely, while we are free.