

races them, losing to herself every time:
chased by the shades of her, even as she

of lamplight, the Bridge's sole shadowcaster,
she rides by herself through the puddles
When it is early or late enough,

where it glows like a glass pipette.
From Canal, she enters the bikeway
empty open of the unmooned sky.

between the black rush of river, the
of fragile incandescence suspended
from afar, bead the path into a filament

those anti-crash talismans, which,
emit—flashflash of head- and tail-,
distinguishable only by what they

tires. By night, they are depersoned,
fixies, suits on foldables with donut-sized
brillo-haired hipsters on tricked-out

old men riding children's bicycles,
and varied as insects in the airstream:
By day, its traversers are numerous

in chainlink, diamond-netted.
this passage of concrete is cloaked
the auxiliary artery lashed to the Bridge,

Manhattan Bridge Bikeway, Up