When she came over for the second time,

she noticed a couple of old Schwinn's along the back fence
that had probably been there for 20 years.

We rode along with few words and rusty squeals
the dust rubbing into our crotches,
on the left side of the has-been highway.

We rode playfully fast,
me trying to pretend that keeping up
wasn't physically exhausting,

trying to forget the boxed wine and cubed cheese,
knees jabbing my stomach
at each rotation of the bicycle's version of a clock

—something that could be slowed down or sped up
for a night like this.

She made her bike look like
a meticulously chosen movie prop,
biking with no hands as she tied her hair back,

and she noticed me staring at her,
so she stuck her tongue out and squinted,
crunching down her chin, so there we were

whipping by fields of soybeans
and making stupid faces at each other,
only to turn onto a gravel road,

where we whipped by corn stalks
making stupid faces at each other,
and this kept going until one of our chains broke.

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She made her bike look like
a meticulously chosen movie prop,
biking with no hands as she tied her hair back,

and she noticed me staring at her,
so she stuck her tongue out and squinted,
crunching down her chin, so there we were

whipping by fields of soybeans
making stupid faces at each other,
only to turn onto a gravel road,

where it was fields of corn
but the same stupid faces.
And don't try to tell me

you would have felt
the crash coming in that
pit you call a heart.