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## Red Puch From Austria

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## **RED PUCH FROM AUSTRIA**

*C. Charles Bley*

I ride until this old bike sputters and coughs. I ride until the streets are the moon and the fumes can't catch up. Takes off like mad from dead stops on a cranked-hand command. This, corner-swerving precision and pedal positions. This, dry eyeball sting on the straightaway. When you hear chainsaw sounds I'm coming. Exhaust pipe burn scar on my pretty left leg signed "Good Luck — God" giving chase to the Devil.

I ride up on Viola, Viola street-crossing, Viola missing her by inches. The loose yarn on her scarf brushes my right arm tattoos. She heard chainsaw sounds and I was chasing down nothing – I'm a paperback Siddhartha with all the text redacted. Through the rush, I feel my spine on a moonlit mattress. Throttle-gunning nightdream black jeans, burst out the front door ears itching for the pitch of the engine.