

April 2017

How I Became a Bicycle Mechanic

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Recommended Citation

Robinson, Thomas (2017) "How I Became a Bicycle Mechanic," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 71 : Iss. 1 , Article 21.

Available at: <http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol71/iss1/21>

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HOW I BECAME A BICYCLE MECHANIC

Thomas Robinson

On my parents' third Valentine's Day,
my father bought a pair of bikes
so they could ride together.

They made it a weekly event to ride
the Schwinn racing bikes
through the Metroparks bike trails.
Speeding up and down hills.

Then parenthood hit them.
They attached a tiny carriage to my dad's bike,
So I could enjoy the majesty of cycling.
Soon I would ride along with them.
The wind would flow through my hair.
The scenery would whip by me.
I was bird flying through the sky.

Eventually, both the bikes
and my parents' marriage broke.
One day I dug the bikes up.
I claimed them as my own.

The gear shifters are like old people.
They move when they feel like it.
The water bottle holder
can barely hold on to the bike.
The handlebars are covered
in at least two rolls of duct tape.
The brakes work on a good day.
Otherwise, my shoes replaced them.
I learned how to fix the bikes,
but a marriage was beyond me.