How I Became a Bicycle Mechanic

Thomas Robinson

John Carroll University, trobinson17@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://collected.jcu.edu/jcr

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation


This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact connell@jcu.edu.
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.