

A Little Church in the Wildwood

by Christine Strevinsky

At the junction of Preston Highway
and Route 1526
a modest sign: Rushing Wind Biker Church;
at the bottom of the sign, in smaller letters
a caveat: No Perfect People Allowed.

There's also an address, but I haven't
gone in search of this particular
house of worship. I prefer it to remain
a mystery. Let my imagination fill it
with a congregation of hairy, tattooed,
badasses in bandanas.

I can hear them arriving for services
on their crotch rockets and hogs,
chests bared under black vests,
feet shod in heavy boots, and I sigh
recalling the halcyon days
of guys named Greasehead,
Filthy, and Snarkface, of riding
with my face pressed against
hot leather, my hair blowing in the wind.