

Cycling Sisters Birthday Party Ride & Potluck



Sunday, Aug. 12

1113 W. Webster Ave. (backyard)

Ride: 3:00 p.m. Party: 5:00 p.m.

A FREE approximately 15-mile ride at 10-14 mph. We start at a Lincoln Park garden, explore the surrounding neighborhoods, and return to the garden for a Potluck Picnic. Bring your food and drink to the start and it will already be there at the finish. Barbecue grill will be available. Helmet required.

RSVP: Kathy at 773.248.5499 or kangarookathy@yahoo.com.

de-rail-leur (dē-rā'lor)
n.

An unofficial publication of Chicago Critical Mass.
[French *dérailleur*, from *dérailer*, to derail.]



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King of the road? NO!
I'm cycling, singing, giggling.
Jester of the road!

-Tim Casady

automobile key
asphalt-scarred, dings pleasantly
underneath my wheel

-Katura Reynolds

wonderful commute
no cars in intersection,
two bikes signal turns

-Katura Reynolds

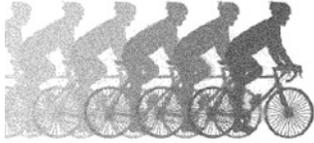
The Derailleur • July 2007

Welcome to the July 2007 poetry edition of The Derailleur. Make it a Happier Friday by singing these poems to the cagers and peds we see tonight.

Special thanks goes to Al Schorsch, Gin Kilgore, Katura Reynolds (pasajera.livejournal.com), Kevin Monaghan, Rob Shumate, Robert J. Matter, and Tim Casady for their bicycle poetry.

The Derailleur (TheDerailleur@gmail.com) is an unofficial publication of Chicago Critical Mass (chicagocriticalmass.org). This issue was compiled by willow naeco and edited by Bob Wright.

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you move forward again.

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mass" to be achieved, all

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busy city street
riding up against the curb
with the flattened squirrels

-Katura Reynolds

oncoming cyclist
rolling slowly down sidewalk
-whistling, birdlike

-Katura Reynolds

rounding the corner
front wheel squelches like a toad
-good morning, flat tire

-Katura Reynolds

a car honks its horn
a mass yells happy friday
get the point across

-Rob Shumate



next light and wait at least

16



as a unit. When the ride

9



local Critical Mass rides,

22



is the rallying cry of Critical

3

grandfather next door
-no shared language, but he smiles
at bicycle bell

-Katura Reynolds

behind the brake shop
drifts of yellow-ochre rust
-perks up black asphalt!

-Katura Reynolds

this short stretch of street
littered with confetti and
plastic dinosaurs

-Katura Reynolds

I bike with karma in tandem
and a mind as clear as
the line over which I roll.

-Kevin Monaghan, Spring 2006



the front of the Mass, and you

14



break up the group, putting

11



ride etiquette, ride photos,

20



Mass. When you hear it, pass

5

two-thirds of city
is paved—no wonder kids' shoes
all have built-in skates.

—Katura Reynolds

headwind blowing sand
pinecones underneath my wheels
rooster in traffic

—Katura Reynolds

drifting toward my head:
dry leaves and orange butterfly
—big truck rumbles past

—Katura Reynolds

no car no stress no
stink, no noise, no purple skies
just a simple go

—Gin Kilgore



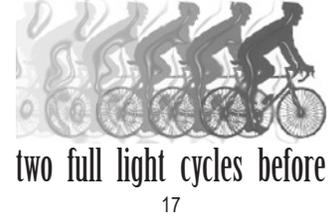
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10 PM on Damen Avenue

I am a ghost biker by night,
pedaling through puddles
and asphalt tides
which cool my fever tires
and reflect urban luminance
to lay shadows of my
two-wheeled gypsy frame
upon rusted autos that
rest in slumber on the shoulders
of Damen Avenue.

Like a city pigeon in flight,
with no helmet, reflector, or light,
tossing caution to my tailwind
with every crank, brake, and spin,
pushing harder against time
and the chain of indifference,
in a world of steel-eyed death

4

Stolen bike, a void
in my habits, my legs twitch
like a sleeping dog

—Gin Kilgore



21

broken-down cruiser
locked up to the front porch, serves
as our new doorbell

—Katura Reynolds



10

Summer is at hand
Razor in hand: head and legs
Oh, what have I done?

—Al Schorsch



15

Cars, trucks, S.U.V.s
weapons of mass destruction
in our own backyard,
not Iraqi desert. Quick!
Call Homeland Security!

—Robert J. Matter

rain on the bike path
mariachi horn is skewed
by doppler effect

—Katura Reynolds

The Cross-town Mobile Curb-dweller's Romantic Vision

My bicycle has a twin-gam,
fuel-injected torso that speeds
on beet carrot juice boosters.

"Hello!" my bicycle bell sings
to the neighborhood kin,
who smile and ring back to him.

At the market my bike sports
a utility trailer to carry home
grocery bags and thrift-store lamps.

Like a spoke folk hobo,
it rides the rails in the cargo,
whistling, "Oh! Susanna."

Outside the tavern it rests frame
to frame with comrade cruisers who

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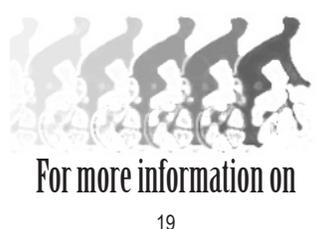
spin chains of Rat Patrol legends.

And in the evening, when tires are tired
my bike rests its headset in a dream
of hills that forever roll downward.

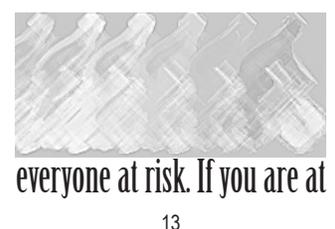
—Kevin Monaghan, Spring 2006



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