

A PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL PEDALING

Dedicated to our friend Eric Ng

Dear Lady. How do we move ourselves through this outrageous city? How are we moving and being moved? Maybe we should take this pun seriously. How do we move ourselves to laughter and tears so that we get somewhere? Get the right emotion for the good motion? Somewhere between crawling like a baby and bouncing on the moon with an American flag, somewhere in the middle of rolling our bodies around the corner, up the alley and down the road...did we become a great city unmoved and not moving?—one big angry driver stuck in a glass box?

The governance of our motion is like a lucid dream. If we direct our moving imagination at a car, over time, it turns into a bicycle. Have the faith. We have this decision to make: to re-dream ourselves on the go. To switch gears. To trade vehicles. Oh, and it is definitely OUR decision to make. Not the owners of an industry that expands and accelerates, traffic jams and bleeds smoke. We have a dream for this city that we love...and we know that how we move is not a neutral thing, not just urban planning-as-usual. How we move our bodies through our city—creates the color of its roar, the murals on its walls, the bold cries and sassy lies and happy elders reviewing it all from a high step. And a bicyclist comes by with a wave.

O Pedaling Lady—This month give us the power to cycle our dream collectively, our re-dreaming of big apple motion. It's all very moving! This month let us excite people who want to move with us, to pull with our hands and push with our feet, put our ass in the air or down on the seat, as we pump this moving city on by. And keep us in safety as we fly.

Bike-a-lujah!

Reverend Billy is "Bill Talen" in civilian life, and lives in Brooklyn where he bikes in Prospect Park, often in the company of the ravishing and unusual Savitri D.