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## Mohawk

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# Mohawk

By David Hays Denney

My steamboat of a vehicle crumbled around a street corner, threaded into a mosaic  
by the summer sunlight seeping through the canopy, shuddering as if held together by  
sinews. I laughed, snowcapping my knuckles on the steering wheel.

Wind slipped its tendrils through the crack in the window, coaxing my hair into my eyes as if  
trying to blind me, veer me into the ditch so that it could flow uninterrupted.

The concrete shimmered as the sheer heat throbbed and groped from the earth, cursing the  
cement with ants upon dried-up nightcrawlers.

Looming statuesque and constant, my arthritic Chevrolet gurgled over the porous asphalt,  
following the faded chalk of the old tires which treaded there before.

I stuck my finger between the duct-tape keeping the foam on my seat together and probed,  
maybe for a crusty gum-wrapper or a  
lost tooth.

The amber pedestrian warning lights pulsed, and I pitifully squeaked to a stop.

This time a pair of kids with mohawk helmets miserably heaved on their bicycles, tense and furrowed as  
they chugged over the crosswalk.

Enviably in that their pain somehow seemed lesser in their youth.

They pedaled further, squinting past the humid, anvil summer sky

Legs burning and pumping as they brushed the thoughtless oak leaves with their thin  
shoulders and wanted.