

I Found a Scooter in a River.

The cherry-red handle stood out against the shit-brown of Rock Creek on a rainy day.

It was in the middle of the river,

so it must have been thrown from the bridge I stood on, looking down.

I've passed by a thousand of them around the city,

blinking lights and buzzing alarms

and bells that their riders always ring way too late as you dodge them on the sidewalk. I've only

got one of the apps, so it's a who's-who for finding one that I could ride

if I really wanted to.

Lime, Bird, Spin, Scoot, Jump, Skip.

Thousands of them, popping up overnight and blocking up the footpaths,

never using the bike lanes.

Thousands in DC, in LA, in NYC,

In our streets, on our campuses,

on our beaches, in our rivers.