

**Excerpts from  
DREAM OF THE INFINITE BIKE  
by GK duBois**

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### **three floors**

A calico with uncut claws they call Judge Kitty  
knows the place better than anyone else  
Centered not in the town but in some other as yet  
undetermined way, this three floor dusty red brick  
gothic parapet seems connected to other buildings  
of its kind, a piece in an old tradesmen's coven  
currently lost on the locale

four rays of sidewalk radiate from its corners  
FAIRPLAY COLORADO FOUNDATION 1874

Basement: The County Coroner

Last case a 20 year old thief shot  
in the back of the head. No one  
is there today and no one was there  
yesterday. The slender door down is  
locked. No one is allowed to walk  
the white stairs who doesn't belong  
I'm told—the sheriff, the coroner  
cleaning lady and the dead

First floor: Library

Three crowded lime green rooms and  
a staff of two. Books under Dewey  
Decimal Code, magazines and newspapers  
local on top, 15 minutes of free Internet  
already booked for the day, copier  
ten cents, community bulletins and an  
open vault—filled with detective paperbacks  
Most folks come and go never leaving this  
floor, except a few who follow the signs  
to MORE USED BOOKS up the curving  
balustrade

Top Floor: Court Room

Beyond hardbacks one dollar, one  
cloistered woman Town Preservationist  
with a giant computer screen. This room,  
she says, is no longer used. White wood  
chairs—the public. Rounded brown high-  
backs in rows of 5 and 7—the jury.  
The gnawed right hand of the armrest  
on the leathered swivel seat higher and  
facing in—nails of the judge

## **The Girl Outside**

The girl outside the Inkspot Cafe  
does not pose like Marilyn Monroe  
when she discovers a magic heating duct  
pluming from the sidewalk. She  
looks deep into it like into a well  
blinking for the source

Then, her tiny purple laced red boots,  
pink mittens and powdery hat gain  
the geyser's ledge. She walks the  
ridge around around a balance beam.  
a step slips snow over the well. A  
fury of enormous flakes dance back  
upward in a whirl. Aha! Jumping

down she quickly dusts the ledge—  
a mini-girlmade storm sneezes and  
blows. So snow from the ground she  
too wishes over the magic well. Each  
offering toss a wondrous victory.  
All the world is blustery with the  
snow, blustery with delight—a great  
gigantic glitter bubble on the outside  
of the glass

I might leave nothing behind

An aloneness broad and yawning  
the bills of baby birds

a word that means  
coming into contact with  
forces in the universe  
as who you really are

distractions from an essential boredom  
the grid will fail. visions  
of wires whipping  
arching electric poles

fear that the planet will soon be destroyed

that I know nothing I need to know

## **The Secret Teachings of Alma**

- I. Accept first the whirring swish  
and let the senses settle in awareness
- II. Slowness cannot exist without speed.  
Stillness reveals movement, a  
subtle layer of energy underneath.
- III. Seconds divide into smaller and smaller  
moments, wispy divisions of infinity,  
adding up to space, to nowhere to no answer
- IV. Everything can be a teaching if it is recognized  
Nothing is a teaching if it's missed
- V. Mind through its own deceptions  
becomes the law. We are  
defined and define ourselves by our  
contexts and expectations
- VI. Our beliefs fail. Our habits are what we live by
- VII. In stress and slowness things share  
their true nature
- VIII One crack in the familiar and the  
entirety may be revealed.
- IX. A glimpse may induce an examination  
  
(Who is actually experiencing when the labels are removed?)
- X. Building something beautiful  
begins with the clarifying the ground.
- XI. Your heart is full of limitless qualities
- XII. Carry on no matter how long it takes

## **Dream of the Infinite Bike**

This dream went on for many nights  
and began to appear in the day  
till I could see it with  
my eyes open  
wherever  
I went

You are riding ahead of me  
on a red bike  
on a silver pathway  
lined with great trees like  
spectators at a marvelous parade  
on a fine blue afternoon

Your hair is in braids  
and you are riding fast  
because you love the wind

I am happy too but unable  
to catch you though I try  
Is my bike slower than yours  
or am I too tired?

You look back glowing and  
smiling and giggling like you've  
seen something I've missed

Over and over this plays  
I wonder where it could  
possibly lead

Till at last I realize I have to  
take my eyes off you and look  
back to see what you've seen

ha! my bike stretches behind me  
as far as the horizon with millions  
and millions of empty seats

I look at you riding ahead  
and look back at my bike  
this time it's seats are full  
with millions and millions of  
identical me's

I look again at you riding ahead  
your indian braids flying to the  
sides and again I look back

The seats are full of all manner of  
young boys and girls, old men and  
pregnant women, animals and birds  
some angry some hungry some happy  
mooing and meowing many songs  
being sung as all pedal the millions  
and millions of cranks

When I look ahead you are looking  
back eyes radiating moonlight off  
the ocean a kind of bliss so calm—

I look down at my hands and feet  
and legs and feel a great smile  
covering my jaw and cheeks

Could it be? Has it been going on  
this long?

You turn to embrace the breeze  
and I can suddenly see your red  
bike stretching miles and miles  
ahead with millions and millions  
of seats

Opening my eyes wide as wings  
I blink once and all your beings  
appear. Your bike rides like a  
stream millions and millions of  
beautiful children, newborns,  
old men and women in all manner  
of hats, animals and birds,  
dragonflies and a cricket or two

Our eyes lock  
and I am no longer chasing you  
we ride alongside each other  
on our infinite bikes  
down the silver shining path