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Travis Mossotti

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## Mossotti: I watched her going into a gas station

I WATCHED HER GOING INTO A GAS STATION,  
Travis Mossotti

hips rocking like a pendulum—hips with a purpose.  
She walked like most people wish they could fuck.  
Spark blonde hair streaked with store-bought low-lights  
dropping down between her shoulder blades.  
Six splendid inches of midriff. A delivery man  
stacking beer onto a dolly lost his focus,  
a nervous engine backfired, and a case  
of Keystone crashed across the concrete.

A minute later she came out the swinging doors  
cuffing two packs of Camels, and slipped on the back  
of an Indian Kneeslider with a chrome, four-foot rooster-tail,  
custom-painted skull-and-bones gas tank,  
and a set of psycho chubby ape handlebars.  
The kid gripping the throttle was about eighteen,  
probably a dropout working down at his uncle's garage.  
He wore black leather in August. The deep-throated

engine fired up—an avalanche of noise.  
Watching the two of them made me and everyone else there  
feel that much older, our lives and Toyota Tercels  
that much more pointless. They drifted out of the station  
and roared onto the highway. I screwed on the gas cap  
and shuffled toward the swinging doors with an ear cocked  
to the highway, waiting for them to disappear.