

Eleven thirteen a.m.

Look out the window in my office. For the first time, I notice the brilliant green leaves at the very top of the tree across the street. Their vibrancy are a clear and definite indicator that without a doubt: spring is here. On the street below, a bike with tall handle bars strait out of the southern California chicano streets passes by ridden by a man in pinstriped conductor overalls, wayfairer sunglasses, a mustache, no shirt. He pulls a lightweight nylon bike carrier behind him as he merrily rides towards town. Whether it's a small child or a beloved pet which accompanies him on his journey, I cannot tell.

One thirty p.m.

On my way to the city, I'm on a backroad leading to the interstate. A rare and pleasing sight. Headed towards me is a heavy dude on a motorcycle. Riding goggles, ZZ Top beard flowing in the wind. Overalls. No helmet. Rock music. America.

Eight oh one p.m.

It's dark and I'm leaving the fancy outdoor mall. There are roads and cars and signs vying for my attention. I have to keep my wits about me in order to exit the maze of consumerism safely. Out of the corner of my eye, I see a light blue beach cruiser on the sidewalk being sleepily peddled by a man in sunglasses, board shorts and a short-sleeved shirt. He has no lights on his bike. It's currently fifty nine degrees. The ocean is not even close. There's not a swimming pool in sight.