



MOTO MOUTH MOSHE

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Ode to the Perfect Road Wife

Tomes have been written about interpersonal relationships and our desire to competently navigate them. You know them. Reading body language. Strategies for conflict resolution and coping. Yet more strategies for conversations,

difficult and otherwise. How to forgive, and how to forget. The habits of highly successful people. How to influence others. Networking, negotiation, hard power, soft skills, emotional intelligence, teamwork, trust... it goes on and on.

I (and many I know, to some degree at least) have actively endeavored to improve rapport as a sign of appreciation to our better halves, but, I posit that no individual in your life is more valuable than your Road Wife.

We've all been on group rides, with



varying degrees of success. As an introvert, I'm highly attuned to (and deeply annoyed by) the friction which inevitably arises when there are too many chefs in the kitchen on these things. One guy wants to ride 1,000 miles straight, and the other guy wants to ride 4.5 miles between smoking breaks. A different guy wants three proper meals per day, while another guy can survive forever solely on the coffee he drank last week. There are unlimited sources of contention. After a few days of this dynamic, everybody is keen to slaughter each other. As a result, I learned early on in my riding career that the smaller the group, the higher the probability that the individual group members truly mesh, and the more satisfying the riding overall experience is.

The foundation of all of this is the group leader—the Road Wife. Like Goldilocks, he's "just right" in every respect. The choice of a fascinating destination, the carefully planned routing to get there, when and where to stop for food, the pace which he sets, how in sync we are in traffic—all "just right." In fact, there isn't a point on his rides where I think to myself, "I would have done that differently." It is as though through telekinesis, my Road Wife can read my thoughts in every aspect of the trip experience, and lead accordingly. For me, the end result is ultimate trust. I would follow him to the ends of the earth, without thinking twice about it.

Earning such trust requires a myriad of skills, emotions, and personality types to perfectly align. The "why"

of this process is just as mysterious as finding the love of your life! It's a rarity, to experience such glorious synchronicity - and it makes the already meditative feeling of riding motorcycles that much more fulfilling!

From a purely selfish perspective, spare time is very rare indeed. You may see your "actual" wife every day, but by comparison one multi-day moto trip per year is sometimes all our available vacation time will allow. It's your Road Wife that makes all the difference in whether that time is cherished or cursed!

In short, much as I do for my real wife, I try to show my Road Wife all the love and appreciation he deserves! Your mileage may vary—P.S. Don't show my real wife this article or I'll be in deep trouble!

The author (far right) following his Road Wife into Big Bend National Park, April 2023

