

Subways are Silver

by Tim G. Young

Subways are silver

Taxis are yellow and

Trees are green.

What does it mean?

Is it a collage of colors

Strapped in the collective memory?

Or is it a reflection

In a mirror

Which is about to be smashed

By some kid

With a big black rock?

Don't know anything

About such heavy things.

But the shiny silver

And dirty road stained yellow

And perfectly natural green

Can all join hands.
Touch their most
Unusual flesh
In a bonding exercise
Meant to bring
Disparate elements
Together in a shared secret
We may never understand.
But what's wrong with that?
Being human in the land of
Colors and symbols, we won't stop trying,
We won't stop breathing,
Not for long anyway.
Take a ride on the Reading.
Hop a freight to the end
Of the line.
Catch a fish
And throw it back.

What color is the water?

What color is the fish?

Maybe now it's time

To bring blue into the picture.

