

# Yellow Cabaret

*by* Yasmin Elaine Waring

Hail the yellow cab  
the yellow one will do just fine  
as second condiment to the sun  
ferrying so many stories in cracked vinyl.  
What wonder is there in the black and  
white?  
The ghosts and the cowboys we count on offer dull  
rescue.  
But for the yellow cab I will bite my lip in  
anticipation  
push aside the timid and take courage to step off  
the curb  
lifting high my arm to salute the morning with  
love  
though he may pass me by  
still I wave.

10/29/13

