

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

