

Charles Taylor

ODE TO THE CITY BUS

Oh you silver whale with bulging eyes,
I love the way you ride the hot asphalt
on waves of lolling, sturdy spring.
I love the way you mess the flow of traffic,
taking the corners wide over curbs,
you rebel, you magic dragon,
you thorn in the neck of the efficient state.

Let me dissertate on your sounds:
the low carbon groan that sends
the smoking fart from your rear end,
the pss that opens all your doors,
the creech of brakes, the pong, pong, pong
so deliciously, the pulling of that string
running above the windows
stops the bus, stops the bus:
the chick-cling, chick-cling, chick-cling
of the counter coin drop.
Salute the driver, you riders!
Humble captain of the Democratic ship!
How in your interior sit silent eyes
holding packages, on verge of thought.
Kids barter their balance
against your surprising sway.
The studious study the ads,
while in the back, the long seat
bouncy stateroom, the young, in laughter,
flirting!

Oh bus! So ecologically sound!
So bannered proud! I bus your straining
angel chromium side!