

My Compact Car

George Abbe

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GEORGE ABBE

MY COMPACT CAR

On an icy hill,
driving a compact car,
I stopped, got out on the glare;
with several falls

went to inquire
directions; came back; found
my car twice as big as before.
I stood there stunned.

It was a bus now,
passengers pouring in,
jamming seats. Suddenly one
in the front row

sprang up, seized the wheel.
"I'll drive!" The bus swayed, became
strangely dark. A figure dim,
tall, at the rear

called out he'd be glad
to act as conductor.
He urged them to pay their fare
promptly. The crowd,

however, seemed glum,
unwilling to give. Then
he cried: "Each dollar thus spent
will save everyone

fifty in the end!"
They rushed pell-mell to pay.
The bus down that icy way
rolled, swayed. It ran.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

Chuang-tzu: "He went when he was pushed and followed when he
was led, moving round and round like a whirling gale, like a feather
tossed. . . ."

Like a whirling gale
or feathery dervish
or bird shaking his wet feathers before flying
he began to pray
and the sky was beautiful.