

Wilderness House Literary Review 2/4

Daniel Y. Harris

Taxi Driver

after John Ashbery

I tried each restaurant but none
had Cistercian décor arranged by
tables elegantly adorned with lack
of definite statement. So this was
all, finally, in my city, but on the
fringe of nightclubs, there were
places, all this on the meter
rounded off from four ninety.

Boldly, night exists, a large,
unfinished concept keeping
us in traffic. Parmigianino
never drove his hack through
the convex siding of a massage
parlor! If only the then of when
had carried us into the now with
greater urgency, getting the flag,
resolved in the middle of finite

referents, as the fare blunts the
shoots of the moon with "Cabbie,
take me to the chicks!" Behind
what imposing hand is the world
without legal double parking?
"You're no Travis Bickell," he
says, passing out in the fumes
of his drunk.