

Cabbie's Creed

This is my cab. The tyres are full of air. The tank sloshes
with diesel.

My bag is heavy with copper.

This is the meter that knows the maths to turn time into money.

Some have fins with electronic screens. Some are covered
like racecar drivers in competing logos.

I avoid other cabbies.

All space is unsold media.

They talk of lower takings.

Some of them are sick of being called poorly educated.

I try to keep mine spotless.

Some think they know better.

Not Underground, nor double-decker, but the black cab
is the symbol of the city.

I taught my son to leather.

Years ago, when I was green, a man pulled a knife on me.

I threw a racist out.

A politician spoke here indiscreetly.

A well-known actor vomited.

It is dark and polluting.

My age is unimportant. There are limousines and minivans.

There are cabs as large as hearses.

Even here, the police
are bored. If it isn't polished, it reflects badly on the capital.

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