Rush Hour

February 1, 1997 By Mark O'Donnell

The reckless cab is a Caprice.

Diplomats are excused for driving the wrong way.

The crowd stares past him as a madman sings Faust.

A sad-eyed dog stares from a locked new car.

Staring at a bikini ad, he collides with an old lady.

Idle waiters laugh under a rain-soaked canopy.

The rejected panhandler says God Bless spitefully.

A grinning pedestrian is assumed drunk.

The scared stoned driver halts his van sideways in traffic.

She smiles at her reflection in the funeral-home window.

Child sees hearse: “Oh boy! A limousine!”

Granny to girl in AIDS-awareness ribbon: “I like your Christmas bow!”

Be centered: A round manhole can’t fall in on itself.

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