

He Took a Cab

Mather Schneider



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Contents

HE TOOK A CAB	/ 15
WIFE	/ 16
THE PUSSY NEVER CAME DOWN	/ 17
I MISS YOU DIRK	/ 18
I'M SORRY I NEVER FIXED THE TOASTER	/ 20
HOBGOBLIN	/ 21
A COATIMUNDI ON A CRAPPY MONDAY	/ 22
TREASURE	/ 24
A BONE A DAY	/ 25
FEAST OR FAMINE	/ 26
THE LOST BARRIO	/ 27
THE MIDDLE OF JULY	/ 28
DARREN THE SHARK	/ 29
THE WHALE	/ 30
THE CRACK	/ 31
SERVICE	/ 32
A CABBY, NOT A CADDY	/ 33
THE VIRTUES OF SELF-LOCOMOTION	/ 34
AFTER A 14-HOUR SHIFT IN THE CAB	/ 36
DESTINY OF A CAB DRIVER	/ 37
SNOWBIRDS	/ 38
THE LAST COCA-COLA IN THE DESERT	/ 39
MY VERY GOOD FRIEND	/ 40
SUGAR AND WATER AND HEAT	/ 42
COCK BOY	/ 44
ACCEPTING THE NATURAL HIERARCHY	/ 45
MR. ENTHUSIASM	/ 46
AFTER TAKING A WRONG TURN	/ 47
SECRET SANTA	/ 48
THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS	/ 49

THE LAW IN ORO VALLEY / 51
ZEN CABBY / 52
KISSING THE SNAKE / 53
SUZY Q RANCH / 54
PARKING / 55
CRUDDY BUDDIES / 56
FIVE BLOODY GRAND A WEEK / 57
MY FATHER IS AN ALIEN / 60
FILTHY PHIL / 61
ON THE WAY TO WHATABURGER / 62
WE ARE A SMOLDERING / 63
VIC'S BIG NOISE / 64
KITE WEATHER / 65
6234 N. KOLB AVE. / 67
THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE TUCSON STREET FAIR / 69
MOVING / 70
THE RED LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER... / 71
APOLOGIZE FOR NOTHING / 72
FREAK / 73
THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF OUR DIVORCE / 74
HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES? / 75
2 HOURS IS A LONG TIME / 76
SHANNON'S OASIS / 80
BLUE OX BLUES / 82
A MAN'S NEEDS / 83
SCOOTER / 84
TRUST ME / 85
SHITTY DRIVERS EVERYWHERE / 87
ANOREXIA NERVOSA / 88

1324 N. LANA HILLS DRIVE	/ 89
PLEASE READ WITH YOUR CHILDREN...	/ 91
DEVOTEE	/ 93
SOMETIMES A CABBY	/ 94
DROP TOWER	/ 95
THE MEASLY SUBTRACTION	/ 96
LORD OF THE WASPS	/ 97
THREE LANES OF HELL	/ 98
FLANK STEAK MY ASS	/ 99
THE DRAG	/ 101
THE ENVELOPE WITH THE BIG RED STAMP	/ 102
STACY AND THE RENEGADE	/ 104
WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE SURLY WENCH	/ 105
THE MERGE	/ 106
DOUBLETREE LIZ	/ 107
MONSOON	/ 108

DESTINY OF A CAB DRIVER

Until someone needs me
I have no reason to be.
I have no destination of my own.
I spend my life driving in circles
and never get any closer
to the center.
I meet a lot of people in my cab
and it's true:
no man has the answers
for another.
My life intersects
with theirs,
I learn a little of their own circles
which also will not seem to break
and if I'm lucky
I feel a tickle
of familiar struggle.
But when they get to where
they want to go
I can't follow.
I'm again left floating alone
in a purposeless void,
chained to my cab
like karma.