

Sidney Allen

Orange Sestina

I pull up to the red light,
fish for my wallet as I wait,
call out, "oranges."
A bag full is passed through the window.
I give the vendor a dollar.
The light changes, I continue to drive.

Los Angeles is all about "the drive."
A little water and a lot of light.
Ideal driving conditions and top dollar.
Don't wait.
If you get rich, outside of your window,
you can grow trees full of oranges.

There is a sour taste to most backyard oranges.
Maybe it's the car exhaust, from the drive
way. But they are nice to look at, through the window.
You can install a light.
To see them at night, you don't have to wait
for the weekend to see the fruits of your dollar.

If you can spare an extra dollar
and you don't mind dulling the reds and oranges,
tint your glass. Save your face while you wait,

during your drive.
Filter our glorious light.
Reduce squinting, through the window.

To be really exclusive, mirror the window.
Another way to express the dollar.
Anonymity at the traffic light,
also reduces heat, eliminates orange
rays. Kind of separates one from the drive.
Puts you with the heavies that can throw their weight.

Or you can wank-off, while you wait.
No one will see, through the one-way window.
It could liven up the drive.
Mirrored windows may be a dollar
well spent, as well as the one for oranges.
We seem to need something to do with that time at the light.

Something while we wait, cheap at one dollar.
Gazing out of the window, dreaming of oranges,
savoring the drive, drinking the light.