Bus Stop, Wartime

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TWO POEMS

BUS STOP, WARTIME

The buses are an unpleasant proposition
Leave me with an altered disposition.
Each a.m. brings the fearful debate
Walk?—run the block! Or . . . wait?
A hopeless kind of decision
The bus speeds by with precision.

Walk—run—or skip
Hate-filled, casual, flip
Tears blind your eye. Halt, villain!
The bus speeds by.

On certain mornings in the falling rain
I am reminded of a childhood game—
Catch me if you can!

(Inside)
The gas-fumed, swaying aisle
Hang, hang, and smile.
Cockeyed, experienced-eyed girls
Lunatics, and dissipated churls
Meet the warlike people!
You're close to the pulse of the people
(A doctor could make money here).
She's wearing a girdle.
Red light. The people gather
like a moment in political history
to surge forward. No one hurt.

BACKGROUND

regards the winking mirror
thinks name's jack jones
greets all with hi-hello