

1944

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