

The Omnibus

Spilt orange juice from a tipped-over sun
trickles down between the cracks of tree and home.
Little girl stands waiting for the bus to come. (It is 7:30, time for school.)
Autos slow and form a line
behind the winking lights upon the bus's back.
Cars that wait *impatient* for the blinking to be done. But wait they must.

As child gathers up her books
and boards the omnibus.

Decades pass, and child aged, unnoticed by the night nurse
as she slips her room, wanders through the hallways in a quiet haze,
in the rest home where her children fought to have her placed. Smiling,
she remembers that first day of school, waiting oh so bravely
for the bus to come. She felt then like a little queen; the focal point of everything,
as she beheld the whole world stop to wait for her.

And now the lights are blinking **yellow* red** again; imaginary cars
begin to slow. Noises in the hallway fade away; voices hush.
...and all things apprehend...

She knows she once more brave must be
for this, her final odyssey.

She gathers up her tired soul
and boards the omnibus.