
Greyhound

Cradled maverick in my chair
waiting for the red-eye.
A patchwork veteran is on the street
looking for a buck.
There's a black-eyed mother of two asking
for a cigarette. She is quick to receive.
Thinking about last night
hoping this one's better.
Inebriated air sways through the crowd,
running into everyone on its way. Leaving the smell of
a bad part of town in everyone's nose.
An intimidated youngster sits never being
away from home, trying to make it as a man.
The ticket counter beauty queen is taking shit
from her boss. Every night wishing
she'd have finished school.
Now the bus has pulled in announcing
its presence through the hiss of air brakes
A heavy man doped up on caffeine and NoDoz
loads the last remains of our previous lives.
The sun better be coming up soon.

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