



Six would-be riders wait

Forty-two, seventy second street East

One monk in a stocking cap, captivated
by gum at his feet

A long tangled beard wearing a man
his questioning tattoo "why?"

holding hands with a child reciting purple haze,
five rubber bands in her hair

Grandmotherly woman, pink plastic rain bonnet
and a bag of fresh bread

Chewing fake nails until they pop and flutter
across cement, the pregnant lady sits

and I intervening in lost thoughts



*Buses, by Tahoma West Art/Design Staff
(1998, black and white mixed media, 4" x 7")*