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**Words on
the Go
638 North St.
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I give an impatient sigh,
As I wait.
Shifting from one leg
To lean on the other,
I think of a way
To speed up time.

I stand on the lonely cement walk.
The City Bus sign hangs above my head
Taunting me, while on its pole,
Showing off its high place above my own.

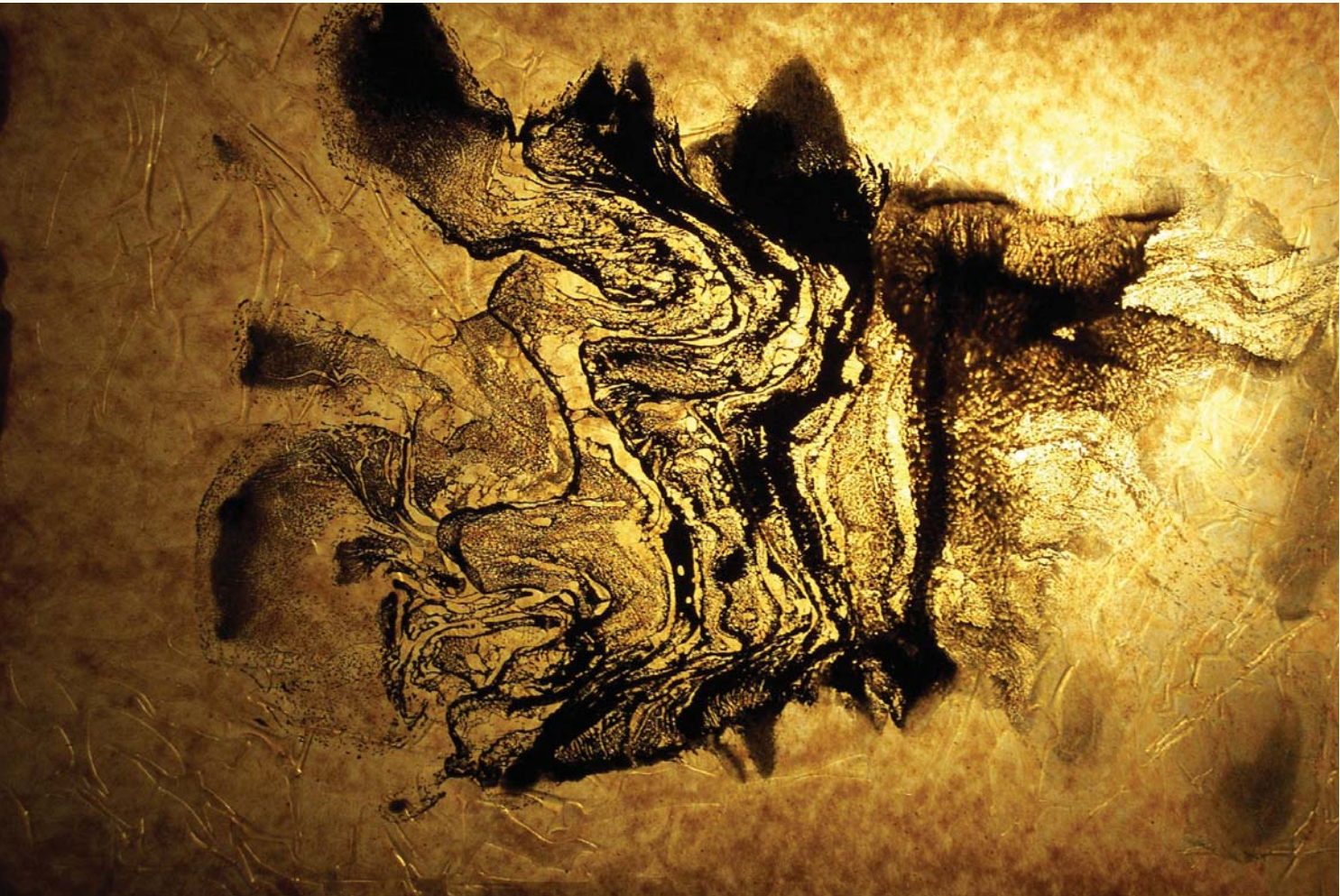
I hug my jacket close to me
To repel the ever-changing winds.
I look left, and right again,
Up and down the empty street.

Waiting for the Bus

Danica Loy

More people have joined me now,
Older women and men carrying white wrapped parcels,
Students, of all ages, with backpacks over shoulders,
Noses crammed into books' pages
Cramming for their next test in an hour.

All together, we wait
For the glare of bright headlights
As that rumbling metal monster,
Turns its final block.



Designed by Jenny Neese Image by Jessica Klumpp-Held