

## A Bus

rolls over old highways  
and country roads  
sighs into a station,  
then roars on  
past factories and silos  
until dusk, a changeover stop.  
The passengers stretch and eat.

An older driver clocks in  
for the dark shift, speaks  
into his hand, listens  
for warm voices on his CB.  
Strangers lean together,  
their words flesh out  
the silences of the long ride.  
Someone borrows an aspirin.

All night the driver shields  
his eyes against the glare  
of oncoming brights,  
and the riders count windows  
scattered like stars  
beyond the shoulders.

Waking tomorrow in the depot,  
they'll check their watches  
and spread across the city  
like a shattered pane of glass.

Jeff Vande Zande