A bus named Liberty

A woman's running to catch the bus
last chance to find work
turn her life around
make a future for the children

and the driver, after years of watching
hope dwindle, puts his foot
on the brake, pulls up
and waits till she climbs onboard

finds a seat at the window.
   And in that unscheduled
pause, an echo on a breeze
bounces down the aisle, a surge
to the heart, a circuit connected.
   Whittled away by slights
and no one to turn to
a passenger at the front feels

his dead weight lighten
   the moment the bus halts
engine idling. The sky
fills with birdsong, trees

start leafing in a wink
   of ease that ripples.
Voices bubble up ...
dissolve into others

    excuse me, Love,
    do you know what happened?
    did we just gatecrash another planet?
    the mind's playing tricks ...

    knock me down
    with a feather
    the world was going
to end today.

Linda Rose Parkes