

Transportational coincidental stranger things have happened

by Kathleen Richter

Sunlight drizzling on a bus stop bench, where the weary untravelled gather  
morning meant a different newness for each of them

Lucky me, I saw her then, anxious nose pointed at the  
green light go cross reach a spot sit next to a stoplight  
someone? somehow  
my nose is the crease between textbook pages I feel my eyes could be legible  
but desires were they translated  
to look up, across from my facial marks to hers  
no, that's silly, I can't I want  
fear of shame is a cage words, true like a key  
to open the silence

noise from the street distracts me is that okay?

I would plug my ears too, let cars dissipate shrink  
along with internal/external constraint and that  
one seat between  
can I sit closer?

a wedge, another person steals a seat  
entourage standing

Can I offer you a seat?

No it's fine

what a gentleman

walking, crossing over the bench  
he's close

I insist  
Don't want sitting: too stationary  
now stationed at her side  
so close

I wonder what to say.

"bus is taking a while, isn't it"  
"Yes, yes it is"