

« My Busconductor »

My busconductor tells me  
he only has one kidney  
and that may soon go on strike  
through overwork.  
Each busticket  
takes on now a different shape  
and texture.  
He holds a ninepenny single  
as if it were a rose  
and puts the shilling in his bag  
as a child into a gasmeter.  
His thin lips  
have no quips  
for fat factorygirls  
and he ignores  
the drunk who snores  
and the oldman who talks to himself  
and gets off at the wrong stop.  
He goes gently to the bedroom  
of the bus  
to collect  
and watch familiar shops and pubs passby  
(perhaps for the last time?)  
The sameold streets look different now  
more distinct  
as through new glasses.  
And the sky  
was it ever so blue?

And all the time  
deepdown in the deserted busshelter of his mind  
he thinks about his journey nearly done.  
One day he'll clock on and never clock off  
or clock off and never clock on.