

# CHANGE

8.30 wait,  
Reluctant refugee  
from warm kitchen,  
Standing on the cracked asphalt  
by dirty grey concrete gutter,  
Bus late as usual  
Watching steamy breath  
envelope time  
to disappear  
in smog throttled air,  
People in the queue  
all looking the other way  
beanies pulled grimly down  
Collars raised to keep  
frost fingers out,  
Every morning I see them  
regulars at the stop  
on way to work,  
Stranger friends  
for we've never talked,  
Do these people have pasts?  
Ordinary folks waiting  
for the ever slow transport.

.....CHANGE.....

Found in pockets  
used on bus

.....CHANGE.....

How many chameleon  
people here  
with throwaway values?  
Can they look  
in mirrors of character  
and say, "That's me."

.....CHANGE.....

or do they adopt  
what they think others want,  
Having no rock  
to base their lives on.

....CHANGE.....

The bus arrives  
scaring puddles onto  
the pavement,  
Packed with passengers  
To pick up  
those who will fit on.