

Lorraine Marwood

BUS TRAVEL

Lines of girls in green check, green bags
waiting for the buses to take them home.
Jostle in line, crowd on step, on seat, on aisle.
If standing cling to metal frames of seat,
of hand straps and keep from bumping your
neighbour. Ah! but SHE'S on board tonight.
Don't look her in the eye, she fights, she bites,
she scratches. There's some sort of inward sore
that ravages her soul, 'body and mind, and hitting
out, fissures the pus of her wound. See,
one girl has touched her, annoyed her
and viciously she hits, others cringe around.
Yes, the female knows to cringe from violence, this
one doesn't. Violence is her everyday expression,
it rides on that bus like a paid
customer, barely contained, wandering its
leash in rough jerks and back biting.
How sour and sorry her life, that
goes from home to school and still
finds no gentle ease, just a grim satisfaction
in a brief reign of terror.

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