

Ani DiFranco, Brief Bus Stop

she sat there like a photograph
of someone much further away
we shared a brief bus stop
on one of those inbetween days
she gave me her smile
and I looked underneath
at the lipstick on her teeth
she asked me for a light
and if I thought her hair looked okay
we grew out of the small talk
into stuff strangers just don't say
we discovered we are both
pleasantly furious half of the time
when we're not just toeing the line
we sat underneath the shelter
as the rain came down outside
the bench was cold
against the underside of our thighs
I said I think we need new responses
each question's a revolving door
and she said, yeah,
my life may not be something special
but it's never been lived before
we decided our urgency will wane
when we grow old
and there will be a new generation of anger
new stories to be told
but I said, I don't know if I can wait
for that peace to be mine
and she said, well, you know,
we've been waiting for this bus
for an awfully long time