

The Poetry Bus

It's like a bus. "we're all full up"
"try again next spring". nobody steps off.
it's the perennial bandwagon.
tickets marked acceptance, someone falls off
of their own death, room for another. they line up
credit lists in hand, their eyes flowering
smart metaphors.

nobody wants to take tickets in anymore, but
to move to the back of the bus where the singing
and drinking goes on, waving from the windows.
on a bus going, going.

it's an old bus, lots of flags
and we read of the happy accidents;
it never gets to the last depot. It goes round
the same town again and again.

they're always advertising the grand tour.
and they don't see a damned thing, they're always
running to catch it; and everything whisks by them
waiting for someone to walk by

to discover the world like an out of
the way place, that never gets back
to us by word of mouth, since it's
always the last place
we left behind.

— *Pier Giorgio Di Cicco*