

A Bus Shelter at Midnight

I make sure passengers are not exposed to the weather,

The rain and snow as well as the sun in summer.

And they keep me company, as I listen

To their idle chatter, about how the bus is late,

Or what they are buying for dinner.

Sometimes the young ones deface me,

Writing their names or who they love,

On my Perspex sides, but I do not mind

The decoration, for it makes me unique.

Now the last bus has left,

Taking the noise with it.

People going home from work,

Or going out. Now I have no-one

To listen to, to keep me updated,

On the latest news. It is my time

To rest too, and contemplate the day,

As I remember the man who got refused

A trip on the bus, for fighting ~~previously~~.

And the people who were late for work

And school, when the bus was delayed,

And three came along at once.

I wonder what they said to the boss,

And if they were believed.

I must wait till morning to find out.