Bus Poems

Louis Bury

M15 to the Holiday Cocktail Lounge, 2/23/07
M66 home from John Jay College, 3/12/07
M30 to JJ, 3/14/07
M30 to JJ, 4/30/07
6 to the Bowery Poetry Club, 4/21/07
M66 home from JJ, 5/21/07
6 to Bruce's (his b-day), 4/22/07
M30 to JJ, 4/23/07
6 home from the GC, 1/29/07
M66 home from JJ, 3/14/07
M15 to the Holiday Cocktail Lounge, 2/23/07

the local
moves
like a dinosaur
in
a tarpit
which is to say
not much
or
at best
in ponderous
molasses
lunges
of prehensile
foot
advancing
determinedly
towards
extinction.
M66 home from John Jay College, 3/12/07

Alice Tully Hall
Holy Trinity Lutheran Church
Central Park
Central Park
Giorgio Armani
Godiva Chocolatier
Hunter College
Trump Palace
Talent Unlimited High School
Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center
M30 to JJ, 3/14/07

Liberty Travel
Super Runner’s Shop
The Manhattan Ballet School
Ralph Lauren
Central Park
Central Park
Bergdorf Goodman
GNC
The Vitamin Shoppe
Ameritania Hotel
M30 to JJ, 4/30/07

sprinting for the bus
arriving panting
only to be greeted by a candidate
for State Assembly
**Micah Kellner**
pale, young
two potatoes for cheeks
he offers a limp greeting
and a perfunctory handshake
as if to acknowledge
none of us commuters
give a fig for his desires.
I very much want to vote for this man.
6 to the Bowery Poetry Club, 4/21/07

man with enlarged pores
dude with dragon shirt
demure woman with flowing dress
man with dirty chin hair
lobotomy patient
tattooed rebellion
sleeping child
YANKEES fan
diva accessories
weekend dad
Playwright
French intellectual
Abercrombie chick
M66 home from JJ, 5/21/07

far be it from me to deprive the driver of what pleasure he can
though it indicates, clearly enough
Please Do Not Talk To Operator While Bus Is In Motion
it slows us all down your shapely breasts
the way he keeps glancing at them, laughing
talking about what a great pianist his daughter is

6 home from the Graduate Center, 4/20/07

Before my Bahamavention,
I used to soak myself in castor oil
to maintain a glossy, orange sheen.
Now I no longer suffer
from constipation of the soul.
6 to Bruce’s (his b-day), 4/22/07

Maybe people like Jameson
because its ads are drunk
on the chilled white wine of rationality
a sober, velvety green
framing the regal bottle
like dreams do our waking hours.
M30 to JJ, 4/23/07

In the grandstands, the gamblers stand, contented.
6 home from the GC, 1/29/07

rush hour again
and I feel, as always
not a part of this strange species
fedoras, earphones & blotchy skin
this lonely huddle we call herd
M66 home from JJ, 3/14/07

poetry time again:

afternoon
s t r e t c h

arms
agape
touch

vocabulary
in the belly
of routine

the

toes
About the author