

## **The Bus Stop**

I have made love  
To old women  
At bus stops.

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Muffled against the cold,  
Their backs bowed  
From lifetime's grocery shopping,  
Stand beside me,  
Three old women,  
Waiting for the bus.  
Age fits each one so well,  
So snugly,  
That it seems strangely ridiculous,  
That each  
Once sported,  
The ephemeral  
Glad rags  
Of youth.

Maybe this first one,  
On whose head there rests  
A kind of tea-cosy,  
Once gloried  
In the same long tresses  
Of rivered honey  
As those  
That bound my dreams,  
Some time ago.

Whilst centre stage,  
In the loquacious natter  
Of the second,  
I half discern  
The faint afterlight  
Of a beautiful  
Prima-Donna  
Who plays her varied roles,  
Whether on  
Or off  
The stage.

And,  
In the flabby folds  
Of the body of the third,  
Could there resonate  
The vague memory

Of a silk-soft  
Naked form,  
Such as one  
Which arched  
And yielded  
To the naive movements  
Of an unsure mouth?

\*\*\*\*\*

On paying the bus driver,  
I smile a secret thank-you  
For his being late.  
For only by waiting in line  
Did I truly learn  
That when I have made love,  
I have made love  
To old women  
At bus stops.

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