

1944

## Bus Stop, Wartime

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### Recommended Citation

Hopkins, Joseph. "Bus Stop, Wartime." *New Mexico Quarterly* 14, 4 (1944). <https://digitalrepository.unm.edu/nmq/vol14/iss4/23>

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## TWO POEMS

## BUS STOP, WARTIME

The buses are an unpleasant proposition  
 Leave me with an altered disposition.  
 Each a.m. brings the fearful debate  
 Walk?—run the block! Or . . . wait?  
 A hopeless kind of decision  
 The bus speeds by with precision.

Walk—run—or skip  
 Hate-filled, casual, flip  
 Tears blind your eye. Halt, villain!  
 The bus speeds by.

On certain mornings in the falling rain  
 I am reminded of a childhood game—  
 Catch me if you can!

(Inside)

The gas-fumed, swaying aisle  
 Hang, hang, and smile.  
 Cockeyed, experienced-eyed girls  
 Lunatics, and dissipated churls  
 Meet the warlike people!  
 You're close to the pulse of the people  
 (A doctor could make money here).  
 She's wearing a girdle.  
 Red light. The people gather  
 like a moment in political history  
 to surge forward. No one hurt.

## BACKGROUND

regards the winking mirror  
 thinks name's jack jones  
 greets all with hi-hello