

Provider of My Commute

I crane my head forward

To view around the bend.

A flash of blue and gold

And, in a **DASH--**,

The sound of brakes and air.

The doors slide back

To the smile of the driver,

Perched high in her chair.

Guardian of the route.

Keeper of the way.

Provider of my commute.

-Teddie Dyson, 2015