TREASURES ON THE ROAD

It is the budding tree branch reaching like a dancer in leap, the onyx dog bouncing next to her human, the citrine sun sparkling in the clear lapis sky. Listen to hum of the wheels on these bumpy roads we travel resplendent in treasures.

Wendi R. Kaplan, Poet Laureate, City of Alexandria

CHANCE

Bus door opens
You step down
Look up into the coal black eyes
smiling at you

Your heart skips
But you pass one another entering | leaving and never see each other again.

Renee Adams
700 STOPS

Meet at the DASH stop
Just down the street.
A smile, a nod
Regulars greet.
New riders join
All along the way —
700 stops to
Connect you night and day

Susan Clarke Behnke

WELL-TIMED BUS RIDE

Senior citizen stands alone
Everyone else on cell phones

DASH bus timely arrives
Loneliness in her beautiful eyes

Offered a poem
Silently she read

Moved
Heartened
She nodded her head.

Jillinda Jill Glenn

DASH FRIEND

Rainy day, no umbrella,
DASH door hisses.
Dark eyes smile.
I see his beat-up shoes,
He sees my downtown clothes.
We talk about Alexandria,
No longer strangers
on the bus.
Devin Reese

NIGHT LIFE

Night life,
city lights,
stargazing
on a bus.
Coming home,
long day;
cluttered sidewalks,
mazes of people,
too many choices –
not enough reason.
Another stop,
two more:
home
safe.

Molly Rufus

ON THE BUS

On the bus, an Arabic speaker
wore a black T-shirt with white letters
announcing Ramadan Mubarak!
The words bright, like stars at night.
He smiles. Wheelchair glides.
His charity inspires

Yerusalem Work