

## Movement

Take unto the roads,  
these places of between,  
and revel in the moments of going.  
With the rumble of wheels,  
the sound of passing worlds,  
drink in the limbo moments —  
not yet where you will be,  
no longer where you've been.

Tori Lane, Poet Laureate  
City of Alexandria



## Homeward Bound in Del Ray

Our eyes meet,  
me walking along the avenue,  
your forehead pressed on the wide bus window.  
I wonder about your day in this blue dusk, orange threaded  
light before the dark cloak of night wraps itself around us.  
Have you swept offices, helped the sick,  
ticked words onto your computer, served coffee today?  
Are you going home to your hound  
who sits sleeping by the door  
awaiting your footsteps?  
Do you too, wonder about me?

Wendi Kaplan





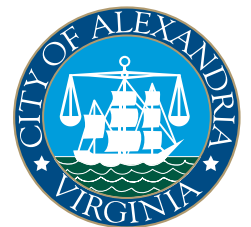
## A DASHing Sonnet

Like swimmers in Alexandria streets.  
DASH buses color-coded make their way.  
These hippos glide forth every single day  
In spite of weather—whether rains or sleets.

I enter as the friendly driver greets  
Me, navigating though the frenzied fray  
Of little cars who honk as if to say,  
“Get off my road! A curse on you, big beast.”

Yet in the shell we riders drink the calm.  
We sleep; we read; we text; we game; we work,  
As chaos grows around us. Yet a psalm  
Forms in my head and brings a tiny smirk.  
The belly of this beast is where there’s peace  
“cause holy DASH makes traffic woes all cease.

Barbara Karn

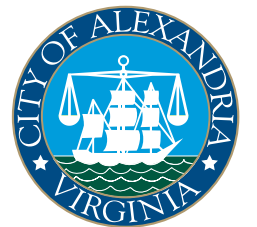




## New Tricks

“Leave the car” she shouted as they dashed out the door.  
The bus, he thought, I’ve never taken the bus.  
On time, clean, and cheap. He was impressed.  
Maybe he didn’t need to buy that electric vehicle after all.  
“But how’d you figure this all out?” he asked, really wondering  
when his 12-year old daughter got so much smarter than him.

Pete Raack

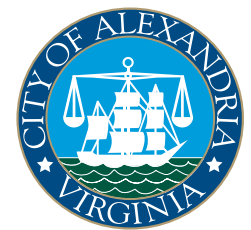




## Favorite Seat

Right here,  
From this spot,  
For how many years  
Have your eyes  
Spied new babies,  
First buds, last leaves,  
Broken hearts, fresh starts,  
and headlines in progress?

Amy Thomas





## Poem Taking Place on a Bus

If you are riding this bus, you might be reading  
a novel-of-considerable-length.

You might feel the weight of its spine in yours  
as you stand or sit.

Or you might be reading an eBook whose weight  
is imperceptible.

If not, you might be reading these words as they move along this line.  
It might be rush hour. You might be stopped. In traffic.  
Idling.

Amy Young

