

God fearing people ride the bus

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Huddled together in our seats, my seat mate now leaning on my shoulder asleep.
Kind to introduce herself and offer her hand: "God protect us on this journey."

A wrong turn and we approach an unlikely intersection of highway and cemetery
Bright green inmate suits afar are dragging something long over the land, leaning in twos.
We drive past headstones tipped off their bases by potato chip bags and plastic *THANK YOU*s
blown up into half balloons twisting off at one handle.
Empty forties and broken glass tossed over twigs and lurching reeds and roots.
The plots leveled by the amazing accumulation, names buried under the cacophonous plastic and grit
unkindly woken, kept awake and left unattended.