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Bus Vibrations

The vibrations of the California bus wake me from another dream, the kind of dream that makes me hop on my better foot until it sweats. The bus is gassy and sounds as though it's saying 'oops'.

People get off the bus looking sorry and mad and clumsy, interrupting each others bodies, robbing each other of something.

I can't shoot my words straight anymore... and it's as though someone has turned the electricity off.

Everyone knows, how a man's eyes dart like bullets toward soft new hills. Young men wear rain-repellent clothing and do not use umbrellas anymore. In movies they own iguanas and parrots and have affairs with funny women played by funny women.

But today, what matters is that I finally own a cell phone, and that my cell phone, when it rings, sounds like a cat fight, or like an affair, and sure - someone will like that. So I get off the bus and I am in the wrong place again.