

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/2

*Gene Twaronite*

### WAITING FOR THE BUS

It's just a hole-in-the-wall convenience store  
Doubling down as a bus terminal  
On the road to the El Dorado.  
Beyond a wall of warehouses and power lines  
Projects the hazy image of Las Vegas  
Against a screen of blue desert mountains.  
It is already ninety and, with still half an hour  
To kill, I go inside.  
A decrepit office chair announces  
The waiting room of damned passengers  
Forced to sit for eternity wedged  
Between bookcases of DVD porn  
With titles like *Drop Your Drawers*,  
*Ass Candy* and *BodASScious*  
And a long showcase stocked like a  
Museum of the tawdry with marijuana  
Papers, bongos and pipes of all colors,  
Detoxifying products like *Urine Luck*  
And *Ready Clear*, a Venus de Milo-shaped candle,  
Dagger paperweights and CO2 cylinders,  
Radar detectors, gargoyles topped with  
Little glass plates to serve up snort,  
Long knives with silver and gold  
Handles shaped like cobra hoods,  
Even a corn cob pipe and bronzed shoe.  
Over my head is a rack of *Hustler*, *Playboy*,  
*Penthouse* and others harder still.  
There is no escape.  
I try to pass the time with the local  
Entertainment rag laced with  
Lusty leather-strapped women advertising  
Cabarets and gentlemen's pleasures.  
I put down the paper and clutch my book,

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Reading it deliberately as if to  
Cleanse myself of these primal images  
With a baptism of pure words.  
Just in time the bus comes.  
I scan the islands of passengers  
Scattered among the mostly empty seats:  
A tidily-dressed retired couple,  
Two young women in silver-sequined  
Running suits, and a gray pony-tailed guy  
With frazzled beard and vacant eyes.  
Gazing at my fellow voyeurs,  
I wonder what vices  
And passions they harbor.  
Together we travel in darkness  
Afloat in a wanton sea of desire  
That defies my sensibilities  
As I delight in being part of it all.