

Bus ride home

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Its an old poem I wrote when i had a cruse on some kid that rode my bus...

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Bus ride home.

You sit there unblinking

I sit there keep thinking

You look of in space

Without knowing you are

You never smile

But look straight ahead

Your eyes dart

But your neck never bends

I wait for something spoken

But all is the wind

Again you look forward

Your head never turn

No sign of a weakness

No sound of a word

But still you look forward

Your neck never bending

Still I sit thinking

My heart soar from pending.

