



Volume 7
Issue 1 Fall 1998

Article 9

12-1-1998

Slice of Life

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Recommended Citation

Thompson, Karen (1998) "Slice of Life," *The Promethean*: Vol. 7 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss1/9>

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Slice of Life

Karen Thompson

I walk down to the bus, and get on.
Dark windows offer me no chance to look out to
the grey sky.
Inside, dark; outside, lighter, but not light.
It's twilight.
Window's open a little, so I can see.
Focus on the light, see through the pane.
There's no pane there, no dark window to blur the
vision and reflect only the inside.
See the outside, not focus in, not.
Outside, bright, cheerful lights are on the trees,
And I see people enjoying themselves.
We all watch as we go by, then watch ourselves again.
Look out the untinted window, the free air, and see
life.

I get off at my stop, and when I get on again, it's
more crowded.
I've been talking with a friend, but have to go back.
We say goodbye, and I stare at the black again.
Black comes between us, but hopefully not for long.
More people now, but just focus on the people and
you'll be fine.
Getting close to home, now; start watching for the
sign.
Say goodbye, and come home where it should be
safe and bright.
Into the room, but my mind's still out there in a
slice of life:
A bus keeps on traveling this night.