

Mass Transit Madonna

Will Reger

She looks around wondering if
The driver remembers her stop.
She does not speak to me
But bends her white neck
To check the child she holds.
Her hair was quickly gathered—
Pinned in haste against
The wind, uncorrected.
Her young eyes watching,
Gather age, take on the first,
Bolder lines of death
As though her life had crested:
Her gathering tide has turned.
On her knees are big brown eyes
Swaddled in white. They stare
From a gray plastic car seat.
Beyond them a low counterpoint
Of conversation and snatching
Laughter at the back
Of the rocking city bus
Reminds of an earlier peace.
The eyes meet mine, then sleep,
Content in their gathering life.