

EDWARD LENSE

Going Home

With my knees on the seat I could just reach up
and jerk the bellcord with my fingertips
to stop the bus, get down, get off.
When it rang *stop now! stop stop!*
I wanted the driver
to turn around with a little smile
and go on down the darkening streets.
We were always alone in the bus,
at dusk, as the first lights went on;
we followed them between wide lawns
where children whirled with arms out stiff,
buckled at the knees, fell laughing on the grass.
Dogs barked at us, silently,
men watering their lawns
looked up and waved at us.
I wanted to go back,
but we turned down little streets
whose names I never knew.
A dirt road led into the woods
at the edge of town. We went on.
The trees reached around us like welcoming arms.
When they ended we came to a hill, and went on
into the hill.

When we stopped it was dark, but my parents came
and took my hand from the cord to lead me out, saying
"This is the way home."