

## The Indian Bus Stop

We wait our turn as still as mice  
One of many; glowing faces, fit and nice

The Sun is getting the best of us; heads seeming light  
Curses are hurled, and novel gestures full of spite

I, within this chat and sigh, also curse my lot  
A comfortable moving seat, is all that is sought

Then suddenly legs twitch and eyes widen a while  
I surmise all the heck from the distant moving profile

Joints are greased before too long, watches showing time  
Comes here a begger begging, "Can you spare a dime?"

Brings now a sudden rush, as if of the same herd  
Grabing bars, poking heads; don't forget to be the early bird

A whistle sounds, cries are out, and the caravan moves alright  
And I, at the scene, am left desolute, rude and light

Before too long, the very sight again appears  
All squinting for the next van flipping gears

And I, who doesn't want to miss again  
Move out of the flock and up ahead  
And the first one to call out - "Hey!"

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