

Greyhound

by Bill Yarrow

I'm riding on a bus sitting next to a woman eating a yellow tomato. We both need a bath. Outside the window is Kansas. Then Nebraska. I note that in my ratty journal, take a banana from a paper bag, and pretend to shoot myself. All the reading lights are out: no one can see me. It's the chilling middle of the night. I hallucinate my future. I'm a CPA with asthma. I'm a zoologist with MS. I'm a baby who died of SIDS. The bus pulls into a rest stop. I buy a grilled cheese, a vanilla shake, some corn chowder. I covet a pearl-button denim shirt. In the men's room, I read the offerings on the vending machines. Two truckers come and go talking of Tupelo. Stumbling back to my seat, I stare, out a dirty window, into the sanitary blackness. We're 300 miles from dawn.

