**Bus Ride**

Tired but happy

the game won

she rushed

for a bus

a commuter’s nightmare

Crowded ride

coat over tunic

books askew

forced to retreat

to the stern

a pew

in the middle.

She closed her eyes…

her stop was called

she moved forward

and recoiled

then pushed past

the arm

a weapon

that groped

for her innocence.

Shaking, weeping

after the stop

fearing…

she succumbed to silence

not voice.