

# Ani DiFranco, Brief Bus Stop

she sat there like a photograph  
of someone much further away  
we shared a brief bus stop  
on one of those inbetween days  
she gave me her smile  
and I looked underneath  
at the lipstick on her teeth  
she asked me for a light  
and if I thought her hair looked okay  
we grew out of the small talk  
into stuff strangers just don't say  
we discovered we are both  
pleasantly furious half of the time  
when we're not just toeing the line  
we sat underneath the shelter  
as the rain came down outside  
the bench was cold  
against the underside of our thighs  
I said I think we need new responses  
each question's a revolving door  
and she said, yeah,  
my life may not be something special  
but it's never been lived before  
we decided our urgency will wane  
when we grow old  
and there will be a new generation of anger  
new stories to be told  
but I said, I don't know if I can wait  
for that peace to be mine  
and she said, well, you know,  
we've been waiting for this bus  
for an awfully long time