Morning Thunder

This morning, scarcely awake, we hear the thunder. It is not loud. The sky through the window looks no darker than it would at early dawn. It makes smooth slippage into day, a rumble so contented in its lumber through the clouds it might be made by strollers: made not by a pair of young impassioned lovers but an older two — a husband let us say and wife who move along a customary walk well-swathed in years, decades three or four of partnership and family, joints a bit dilapidated, anxieties not idle but in some repose. And if they chuckle in a rumble, they do together at a joke they know and understand before disruption of the punchline so they make an innocent weather as they walk, the two of them. While we — we hear the rumbly morning humor, touched by the shower of contentment, lying in the dawn together.
Bus Terminal

All seats are temporary.
The air's a marketplace
of smoke and odors too long
molded by the yeasty walls.

We sit in transit, sealed
as it were in a Mason jar
so the outside air, damp
and cool under dripping prairie clouds,
cannot fellowship.
A locker bangs. A girl
appears to pitch a frown
as she makes change for a Hershey bar.

The clock on the wall takes time
we're made of, ticks it past
each set of postures, each
ringed in by bridled muscle. Here

enclosed in waiting, staring
past a scallop of shoulder,
suitcase heavy at hand,
boredom disperses itself without

an echo, like idle talk
for which there is no listener.