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## **Bus Ride** David Ignatow

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## **David Ignatow**

### **BUS RIDE**

Now if I were Walt Whitman, I'd be sitting in front with the driver, chatting away with him, as the road fled from beneath the wheels. We would have found in common this moment as a stop against the solitude of the self. We would talk of presidents, national issues, of boredom on the job and of marriage, the children and love, however it would have happened we got into these topics—perhaps by inference of voice or gesture, our eyes fixed straight ahead on the road as we'd talk. Love and duty had to be done, not left to gestures, each of us fixed in the way we did it, which would be our pride in maintaining. Later, we would discuss the movies, because somewhere in our thoughts while rolling down the road past cottages, factories, mansions, cows and motels, the road would be like a movie, taking us from scene to scene to a conclusion we could anticipate, the bus terminal.