

Revolutions

Outside

Each morning, at 7:39,
 The school bus passes a tree.
 It was a sapling at first,
 Using all its strength
 To push its green, fragile leaves out
 From under its brown skin,
 Trying to stretch its thin figure
 Towards the sky.
 Then it was a little older,
 Its bushes of green leaves
 Fuller and harder,
 Less likely to fall down
 With one push of the wind's gentle fingers.
 Eventually, it was tall enough
 To see me at the window of the school bus
 As we rode by.
 Tiny specks of green
 Dotted its tender, thin limbs that spring.

Inside

My ears slowly adjust to the near
 silence,
 The only sounds to be heard are
 The hums and whirrs
 Of the moving bus,
 Or the quiet beeping
 And occasional melody
 Drifting away from an airpod.
 My eyes wander over
 The familiar sight of grey seats
 And pressed uniforms,
 The only sign of life
 A muffled cough,
 A stifled yawn,
 A quiet sigh.
 Bent heads and curled-up bodies
 surround me,
 Their hair falling over their faces

Soon it dressed in garments of flowers, Like a shield from the world outside.
White, pearly beads timidly kissing its arms. Bags fall unheeded to the floor
And the year after that, it had branches In the rocking arms
That spread out in all directions. Of the machine beneath us,
That summer it bore fruit, Bottles clank against the metal walls,
Thick with flesh and juice Slipping away unnoticed
That fell to the ground, Into the cold air,
Planting more of its own kind The frigid wind rams the bus,
In the soil from where it came. Playing with the flurries of snow
Its leaves changed colour in the fall outside,
To rippling reds and resplendent yellows A cough breaks the muffled stillness,
Like all the adult trees surrounding its young Amplified by the quiet around it,
frame. But still they don't look up.
Today, I push my hair out of my eyes Instead, they sit transfixed, bewitched
As a man shouts at a woman By the small, bright objects
singing in an alley, They grasp in their hands.
An empty hat at her bare feet, And as the bus draws nearer to school,
And I gaze out at its barren arms, They caress them like
Glistening icicles dripping from its branches They are the most important thing
Like a picture frozen in time. In the world.

Nothing changes

Yet everything does.