

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 hardier,
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.