

Woman with Hat and Rings

Ron Johnson

Shielding her from storms of commuters,
hiding eyes that stare
into October drizzle,
a limp hat.

She thinks, Why does it rain
the one day I must be away?

When the child ahead of her
twists around and smiles,
she waves her rings
as if to say

See what I have! Someday,
you may be as lucky as me.

She pulls the cord. When the bus
stops, she limps through the aisle,
hands grabbing each rail,
and the child sticks out her tongue.