

Samsara Counts

Rest

Sunbeams breaking in the bus' smudged windows framed
the deteriorating seat I curled up on, arms hugging knees.
The metallic chill numbed my jaw but did not
impede the creeping up my throat. Stop the bus,

stop, stop, my words hanging
in the solid, stale air. The frost
crunched under my knees as I surrendered
my breakfast and dignity to the frozen earth.