

# The Messenger

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## BUS

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# BUS

*By Clayton Helms*

There is a bus that rolls forever  
Where the streets merge ocean's tide  
Where the whitened leaves turn and grow  
Where the lights at midnight burn and glow  
Where the clay not centered loves to throw  
Where the driver sleeps and trusts the ride

Lets laugh and love and ride this steel  
And leave the sidewalk trees behind  
Lets bring my brother legged four  
Past the hidden wire door  
And ride to prankster's shifting shore  
On the bus that rolls forever

Lets dance and stamp our shoeless feet  
On the line that skies divide  
The steady amber from the blue  
The shades that block the morning hue  
And through what pranksters shuffled through  
To pale and chilling weather

We built this bus that rolls forever  
Out of grins and tears and hands  
That mend each other without thought  
And search for what these makers sought  
In tying light into a knot  
For this bus that rolls forever

And lines the page with pheasants' feather  
From the barrel of more perfect cause  
From the greenest eyes in all the land  
From future's present's former sand  
From music playing for the band  
In the bus that rolls forever

On this bus that rolls forever  
We built no belts to keep us safe  
For this vessel can't collide  
With blue and amber unified  
And love replacing air inside  
This bus will roll forever