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Afternoon Transit

Armani Morrison

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AFTERNOON TRANSIT

By Armani Morrison

Yeah, I said to her, something like that. It didn't matter that she hadn't said anything. Or that I was possibly wrong. It didn't even matter that she hadn't heard me, if indeed she hadn't. We remained as we were—she sat with feet apart yet legs touching at the knees, slouched over like a crumpled piece of newspaper, and I stood a yard away, holding on to the hanging ceiling loops, staring at her so as to not concentrate too hard on the odor drifting from another, uncomfortably close commuter. Bracken Square stumbled through the windows and the bus slowed to a halt. Jerking herself up from her post, she half-sauntered, half-stomped her way past the standers and the sitters to descend the handful of steps that led to home, I assumed. For a second I thought I saw her turn and wave goodbye to me or fix her belt or sneeze violently, but I don't think she did any of those things. She mounted the curb and didn't bother looking back, although my eyes never left her. She would be back. Tomorrow maybe, or next Wednesday. And we would pick up our conversation where we left off, and maybe she would hear me and maybe she wouldn't. And that was okay with me.