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Aguacero

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Lorna Van Gilst

We line up in a row of umbrellas
Each enclosed in a tiny private rainroom
File politely into the monster bus,
Drop two dull gold coins into
 an outstretched hand,
Slide into a seat too narrow
 or stand, braced, in the aisle
Swing down the *avenida*,
Jerk to a stop
 take on a few more bodies
 that wedge into the human sculpture
Spin in crazy rotations around
 traffic circles
Slam to a stop.

Here and there somebody
 breaks from the mold,
 worms through the mass
 toward the open door.

“*Gracias*,” she says. “*Gracias*,” he says,
 fading into the dusk.

We spin another loop,
one by one, peel ourselves
from the mold
of another day.

Gracias. Gracias a Dios.