

Midnight Bus

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Last night

You had abandoned the warm yellow lights of the city
For the quiet darkness of the outer suburbs

You had to meet someone

In a small white house

There was a threatening figure underneath a tree

You stayed too late

You had to take the midnight bus

It stopped at all the dying malls in the area

There were fifteen people on the bus the whole time

No one got on and no one got off

And when you looked at them out of the corner of your eye

They had the faces of aliens