

8:01 a.m.

sunlight
rolls its beams around on the floor of the bus
like the Gatorade bottle that girl left last week
the bus bumbles along
bouncing us to our destinations
bad shocks and tacky yellowness in tow
my stomach gurgles in dismay

sunlight
reflected off the glass windows of downtown
blinding me as I watch in silence
warmed by penetrating rays
buildings wink with humor and happiness
at the possibility of day

sunlight
the world's own sprite
golden-yellow and happy
dancing your way into the nooks and crannies
that people alone cannot permeate
every day you perform for us
elegant beaming and bright