

The Bus Stop

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Alone at the bus stop
Wishing a car comes
pick me up

Air around is lazy
Reminds of me the peace
in the backseat
I don't have to speak
I can see the wind
I almost fall asleep

The letter I just mailed is all in white
Like people's faces I never care in mind
They said memory is made to forget
Have you already erased it?

There comes an empty bus
Waiting to take me somewhere nice