

# Time to talk

Confusions from the other person,  
making asses out of both.  
Sediments of life  
layered down by layers of conversation.  
Nod,  
been seen at the bus stop,  
but what do they see?  
It's raining again,  
warmth of recognition,  
infinitely seen.  
But the bus is not due for an hour,  
proffer a response.  
The hug, warmth, acknowledgement of need,  
scared child within receives reassurance.  
What layer at the bus stop?

M. Green, April '20



Note: part of the  
lent series, the  
image is from  
the web. We  
meet people,  
and never know  
where they are  
coming from,  
what they need,  
what I need ???