



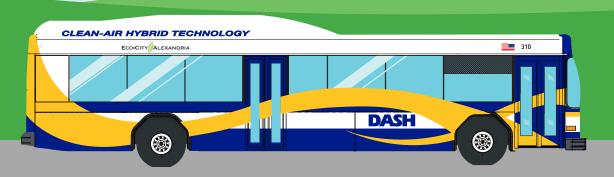


SOLIDARITY

young girls squeal and hold each other as the bus lurches forward a mother soothes her baby we exchange smiles for these bumps in the road we will endure together

- Nesima Aberra









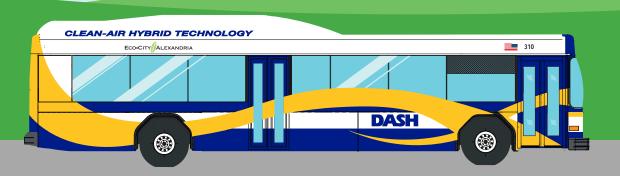


LIKE PLANETS

Like planets in their orbits, worlds unto themselves, buses and trolleys make their way around the inner space of the city, circling its heart.

- Michelle Berberet









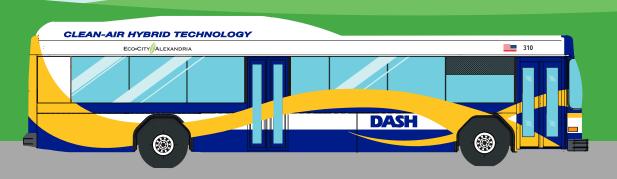


THE COMMUTE

From old town to landmark to landmarks and old sights,
The local motion of a community no locomotion, but the trolley delights,
Roads intersecting, connecting our lives from work to where we lay,
Bus, metro, or train connecting everyone as we DASH about our day

- Jonathan Fritsch









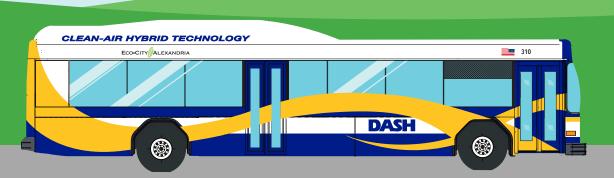


THE DRIVER

She overlooks King Street like a royal surveying her domain.
Behind the bulwark of her windshield, she wields a wheel against the world.
Storefront-glass reflections hail her:
Queen of the Road, Empress of the Commute.

- Justin Jacques









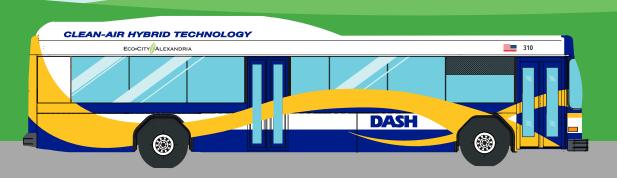


ON TIME

A beautiful day I will to create
I had to DASH; I was running late
I shouted to the bus driver, "Wait, please!"
The doors opened; I was relieved
A beautiful day I will create
Thanks to the bus driver, I am no longer late

- KaNikki Jakarta, Poet Laureate, City of Alexandria









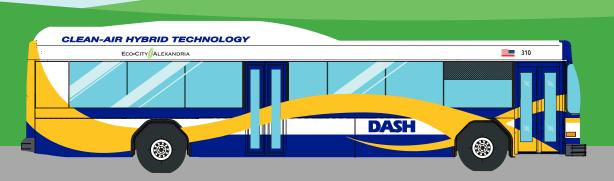


SIMPLE JOYS

A newborn cries
An old man gives his seat to a tired mother
Apologies exchanged for a heartfelt smile
The fare has already been paid

- Emily Lynch











STEP, TAP, REPEAT

Step up
Tap card
"Good morning"

Step down Chin up To work

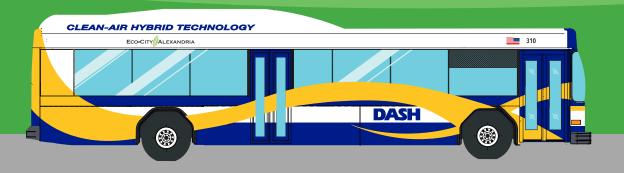
Step up
Tap card
"Good evening"

Step down Breath in Release

Repeat

- Sarah Mc Lewin











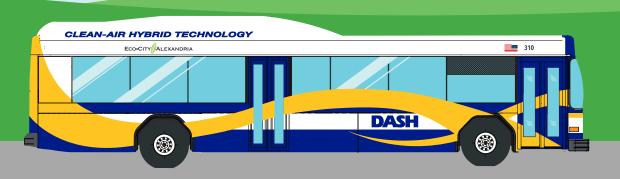
STARTING YOUNG

A cheer from the playground - BUS!

The thrill of spotting our community chariot. To the library, rec center, metro, and trolley! A valuable resource, appreciated anew through children's eyes.

- Katie Niersbach











ON A BUS

Sitting amid A mosaic Of ethnicities, Ages and destinations Conversations Paint pictures in our silence. Scenes flash by as we commit strangers' stories to memory, waiting

for our stop

- Grace Rufus

