

# People Watching and Missed Opportunities at the Bus Depot

*by Anthony Van Hart*

I was in Memphis on business once.

No. Not real business.

Just business.

The trip was finished and I had some time to kill at the bus depot.

Now, if you've ever had time to kill at a bus depot, you know that time to kill at a bus depot is a lot different than time to kill anywhere else.

I'd even say that it's different than time to kill at a train depot but,

that's a story for another time.

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At a bus depot-

Constants are:

Belly aching babies.

Maniacally laughing street people with dried spittle in their beard.

Maniacally laughing street people with dried spittle in their beard taking care of (?) belly aching babies.

And you'll almost always, always spy -

Two guys taking pulls off of the same cigarette and passing a bottle of something urine colored.

The more homeless looking one will pass the other, Rock Hudson looking fella, some pills from his sweaty palm.

They'll then both ingest the sweaty pills with the urine

and nod off while the baby pauses his belly aching and crawls in what looks like fresh urine with the cigarette in his left paw.

Out of nowhere you'll be asked-

Take you up on your services?

You have how many parking tickets?

A BLOW WHAT?

Of couses you'll say no. It's obviously not necessary.

Especially not from a jagged toothed,  
androgynous teenager.

You'll mull it over for a minute or two but in the end decide to  
keep

your silver.

At least that's what I think you'll do.

