

## Listening to *A Moon Shaped Pool*

By Anton Lushankin



I feel stuffiness,  
when I get on the bus.  
It's moving. The world outside the window  
seems to float.  
Shells of empty mistakes  
are lying on the floor somewhere.  
My ears are starting to hurt from the headphones.  
Some girl is looking  
at me. Her eyes are young,  
but her hands are wrinkled  
like the desert.  
We exchange  
business-card-glances,  
and our faces light up with smiles.  
But you can't see them under the masks...  
I wish this would turn out to be  
something more than just  
a (casual) glance.  
The music seems to slow down time  
enveloping my eyelids in ether.

We get to the end of the line,  
and everyone stands up  
looking at me  
with their (as if)  
confused eyes.  
The bus is like a spaceship.  
I'm looking at the people outside  
like they're aliens,  
something new.  
And the space and the heavy air  
of the cabin  
envelops us  
with something infinite  
like an insatiable  
feeling of love.

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