

A Bus Stop in Every Differential

Laura B. Frankenstein, MD

Lynn, Massachusetts

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It left as we watched
Muddy, defaced, wounded by
Bullets
But it was ours, and had been for decades.

Abducted on a flatbed truck,
Yanked from the hard earth so near
Our door
Without notice, without alternative.

Now, if they came, they descended
Bus steps six blocks from our clinic's chaos.
Unfamiliar
Scary blocks, wet, cold, or searing hot, often dark blocks.

Inside the clinic we continued to care for people.
Or did we? Why did he miss his visit? Why did she
Stay at home
With her febrile infant's swollen red eyelid?

The day they took it
They said it was a mistake, changed the route,
"Forgot"
The stop served a clinic for the medically indigent.

Didn't mean to abandon the elderly, the frail, the
addicted,
The wounded, the ill, the newborn of all colors, really.
But
Can't change a route for a year. "Takes that long."

"Takes that long" to alter a bus route, but
At least it might happen before a generation slips by.
How long
Before we value people, especially those unlike our-
selves?

Together we scrambled, using mighty phone and
Pen, tried a few connections, and waited
Longer
Than a full-term pregnancy.

They heard our noise about the bus stop, but not our
Outrage about insidious sanctions that allow poverty
to fester,
To flourish,
That make it OK to shove away the undesirables.

We were students, residents, patients, members of staff
And board, determined to be heard.
We got it
Back, just outside our rusty door, and people came again.