

Too many on the bus. We slowed down. We stopped. We couldn't start again. People were mad. People were crying. People were too much.

I tried to lead them all in a song. "Help" by The Beatles. No one found it funny. Some sang along. People knew the word.

Someone gave a speech. Named themselves leader. "Let's rush the doors". People agreed. We tried. No luck. The doors felt no hurry. We stayed stuck there.

The AC was off. It was hot. It was unbearable. People started to strip. Soon we were bare. Standing on our clothes. No one looked at each other. People were embarrassed. I made eye contact with someone. I made a friend.

Someone made a speech. The leader. "Let's hang the driver". People agreed. We tried. No luck. We couldn't find him without his uniform. We were all sharing a uniform.

Outside people were gathering. Hands and faces on windows. Shouting muted through glass. We shouted back. Covering ourselves. Saying "push! push!"

Outside they spilled behind us. Laid hands on the bus. Bowing their heads. Stretched. Strained. Feet firm apart. They pushed us.

We began rolling. Picking up speed. Leaning forward towards the front. Together all leaning. Pooling our gravity. Making weight work. Our great naked strength.

First we drove fast. Feeling new freedom. Cheering each other. I smiled at my friend. They were everyone. Our driver was back. Forgiven.

And I thought we'd keep cheering. Or moving that fast. But soon we were on schedule. Picking back up our clothes. Stopping on purpose.

The bus emptied out. I regained my seat. I looked down and saw my shirt. I'd grabbed the wrong one. I'd grabbed something new. Looking up I understood. A few blocks from my stop.

Some still wore earbuds. Some still looked at their books. Some still sang "Help". Or maybe just [me](#).

