## "Unknown prjct_

In buses, many things happen.

## Part 1

Others enter, others come out,
others run to catch up.
Others just wait.
And others are looking out,
enjoying the route.
Many things happen in the buses,
But also nothing.
Drivers, passengers, ticket collectors,
kids, teenagers, young people, adults, seniors,
rich people, poor, employed, unemployed,
locals, strangers, tourists,
More, and more, and more









In their journey they meet
and other buses.
Similarly the passengers,
they meet the same passengers,
Maybe not.
But the buses continue,
and go, and go.
The same stops,
the same routes.
Every day, week, month, year.
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## Don't they see me;

They don't hear, the sound of the camera;
Where are they lost;






They see me, they hear me,
but the times are few.
Sometimes they pay attention,

## sometimes not.

And I? I pretend to be indifferent.
The bus continues, so do I,
it moves on, so am I.

## 





