

WAITING



I remember sitting there
Waiting for the bell to ring,
Impatiently counting off each minute,
Each second,
Waiting,
Waiting,
For the bell to sound off another hour
For the bell to ring.
As the hands dragged,
Dragged,
Dragged to the finish line,
Like a sore-tooth child
On the way to the dentist's office,
I consoled myself to make the time
Unimportant,
By believing, that in 5 years,
Those minutes wouldn't matter at all,
That they would fade into oblivion
Along with each time
I stepped onto a crack or
Each cloud-design that passed thru my mind.
More than 5 years later now,
I vividly recall, relive, review,
Each wait minute-minute every time
I wait in a line
Or for a table
Or for a late person,
Trying to believe that in 5 years,
It won't make any difference—
I won't even remember...

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