

The Waiting

You returned. But only for a day or two. Why couldn't you stay? What drove you on?
She'd waited for you. For two long years she'd waited. You never once told her once how long the waiting would be.

She was seated at the table after everyone else had gone off to bed. I heard her pray, "Lord, I can't stand the waiting. How much longer will he be away?"

You saw her. You were there at the window. You listened to her. The window was open. You wanted to shout, "Here am I! Don't cry!"

But you didn't.

Someone called out, "Let's take off for the mountains!"

But your mind was already set on the sea. In your thoughts you were already halfway across it. However, wide it might be (you thought), it must have an opposite shore.

I'll grant that you had one friend (though where is that one friend now?). You told him, "We'll find out once we get there."

"Find out what?" he asked.

"What it is we have to find out."

In the street I see you, your back bent over with the burden you still think you are carrying. Say goodbye. The night will swallow you up, like they say. What are you waiting for now?