

The Woman Waiting

On the hillside,
children pluck
houndstooth daisies,
weaving laurels.
The woman waiting watches;
her fingers
stroke the shadows
of their heads,
locks and curls tousled
in rolling down
the gentle incline,
tumbling like milkweed
in an August breeze.
The woman waiting
passes a straying hand
over her lonely belly
as a Gypsy's glass ball
knows a barren womb.

The King of The Hill
shouts his proud laughter,
his tossed crown a gauntlet.
It is all important
to be Napoleon of the prairie
in this summer hour,
though at seven
all he'll think of
is the size of his cut

of hot rhubarb pie.

On the hillside,
the woman waiting
plucks laughter from the air,
chases the lilting sound
like soap bubbles.

Back in her apartment,
dishes wait like subway riders,
cluttering the kitchen sink;
the white linen of the bassinet
is today's fresh.

The woman waiting
loses the woman
and becomes her waiting.