
POETRY | SPRING 2013

The Waiting

By Dorothy Woodman

Waiting –

Clumsily wrapped in faded striped hospital garb
in a line, frozen against the walls as others,
clothed in the outside world, where time barely touches down, glide past.

Waiting –

Chilled in our souls, small breaths dissolving
as air-conditioning wafts over legs held still,
suspended in our thoughts, our eyes slide over ragged magazines.

Waiting –

Names called out, spectral forms move only to be captured again
in examination cells where clocks break down and weep,
as stories, frozen shards,
scratch all surfaces.

The future,
malignly captured by each dividing cell
in a strenuous present.

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