Poetry and prose

Together and waiting

The people in the waiting room at the hospital cannot help but wonder just what is wrong with everyone else.

   The old woman in the borrowed wheelchair.
   The man with the bandaged right hand.
   The brown child whose mother is crying.

Someone has taped paper flowers to the wall.

   A person in a green outfit will come for them soon.
   They will learn, one at a time, the names of

   The old woman in the borrowed wheelchair.
   The man with the bandaged right hand.
   The brown child whose mother is crying.

   They all just want to be OK,
   for the person in the green outfit to tell them so.
   Then they can be happy again, happy
   to be gone from the waiting room at the hospital.

And they can forget
   the colors of the paper flowers taped to the wall
   and the names they had learned one at a time.

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