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In the Waiting Room

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a tenuous linking of eyes subtle searchings and
a twisting a shifting of posture hoping that at
another angle in another light you might see
some spark of reciprocation a veil behind the
blue of your eyes trying not to seem desperate
but your hungry expression gives you away we
are in the waiting room glancing over the tops
of slick and glossy magazines we are in the
waiting room our seats are carefully picked not
to seem too obvious you compliment my shirt i
choke out thanks in a ragged wisp of awkward
sound an uncleaned throat and clumsily shaped
lips we are in the waiting room i draw a
question mark on the back of my hand and
gently raise it to brush my hair back from my
face you show no sign of understanding of
receiving i sip water from a paper cup looking
up flashing my eyes lasciviously giving it all
away you’re turned away my other hand twists a
piece of string around my barely shaking fingers
you have turned away we are in the waiting
room i tie myself to the seat

Erik Reuland