Waiting

I imagine a whole year like this
a whole year of waiting

what are we waiting for ?
feet dangling
over the Eucharist,

speaking the voices
out of our heads

I only write it down
patterned irregularly

like the scallop-shell edge, the
birds' erratic dawn foray

discounting the dust
under my feet

actually
you spend most of your time sitting &
one third of your life in bed

you only get one call
better be ready

Wendy Mulford

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