To all who wait

I waited for a pause
in the conversation
but I fell through the silence.

I waited for a sign
between arrivals and farewells
but forgot my destination.

I waited for my turn
to pop a question
but the chairman missed my eye.

I waited for the right moment
to say the right thing
but time and words passed me by.

I waited for the opportunity
but when it knocked
I must have been out or on the phone.

Do I have any regrets ?
No, there are times I confess
when waiting is its own harvest.

John Agard

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