

# The Wait

Michael S. Woodard

I waited for you in the fog  
Underneath the funneled light of the lamppost.  
The theater district swelled and receded  
as the performances began and ended.  
My heart jumped and fell in moments of elation and sorrow as footsteps  
approached me.  
I looked for you in the fog.  
Figures appeared from the mist. Heels clicked on cobblestone.  
Still I waited for you.  
I saw a young couple sitting on a bench across the street from me  
lighted by the hazy neon and muted bulbs of the marquees.  
Their image and spirits warmed by the glow of the night lights.  
And there sat the embodiment of open futures  
and raw hope.  
I waited until the wait became the thing itself.  
And I saw you then as you have not seen yourself.  
The fog framed and confined my memories of you.  
I could say without fear of retraction that up to the moment of recognition,  
you were my life in complement and destiny.  
But by either premonition or divine intervention  
I stepped out of the narrow stripe of artificial light  
and walked cautiously home along the cobblestone.