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Patience

Mariela Renquist

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Patience // Mariela Renquist

Patience is a virtue they say
Well, let me tell you something about waiting.
It's a virtue because it's hard to do
To spend every day watching a ticking clock
Tick tock tick tock tick tock
Like a child in a horror film, my pulse begins to
 speed
Tick tock tick tock tick tock
I hear the monsters under my bed begin to walk
Tick tock tick tock tick tock

We are the culture of instant gratification
I want- I want- I want
So why is it so hard to say yes or no?
We play with people more carelessly than objects.

Patience is a virtue they say
Well, let me tell you something about waiting.
I've been waiting my whole life.
I simply slept in the womb, didn't cause a fuss
When my momma was ready, she'd give me up.
I stood under a tree for days at a new school
Not speaking, not playing, just waiting
Until someone came along who would hold my hand
 and run.

I spent four years of my life waiting for a boy that
 would never love me
Maybe next year, he said. Maybe then. Never again.

I spent 3 months waiting for my best friend to speak
to me

She who had decided I suddenly wasn't worthy.

I spent 4 months waiting in bed because my body
gave up on me

And 9 months after that waiting for food because I
didn't think it should be given to me.

I spent six months waiting for a boy that finally
cared

And a year spent waiting for him to say so

343 days spent waiting for him to come home

22 spent waiting to see him

90 spent wondering where I would go

150 spent waiting to get there

2,208 hours spent waiting to get back

72 hours spent waiting for judgment when I made a
mistake

1,440 hours spent crying when he left

216,000 minutes spent waiting to feel alright

57,600 minutes waiting for something new and
finding someone

129,600 minutes spent waiting for my brain to
realize I truly cared

And 60 minutes spent watching it crumble.

So when you asked me for time and space I said,
oh yes.

I know time and space.

I, who know what I want the minute I find it,

Yes I know how to spend time.

188,870,400 ticks of the clock, monsters under my
bed, waiting for them.

515,808,000 seconds spent waiting for others to
decide what they want with me.

So can I wait for you?

Well, let me tell you something about waiting.