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The Wait

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The Wait

Prasanna Durairaj

Parched, the earth sleeps
Despairing, the trees sway
Pained, the tear-filled eyes search
Questions torture the mind
Will he come?
Like a chant, my mouth repeats
“Rescue Me,” it says
“Rescue Me from me”
Slowly, the hours pass
The wind whispers
The sun smiles
Expressions dance on my glowing face
Happiness elates my soul
Radiance fills my eyes
Oh, I see Him!
The trees sing
The earth awakens
To welcome Him
Yes, here He comes...
Only to part again.