

# Waiting

**Molly Love**

**Second Prize: Poetry section, 2023 Marysville writing competition**

Yellow hands against blue sky, waving until  
plucked from limb by Wind to kiss  
the misted lake.

Morning sun spreads as hands of flesh  
caress Earth's green hair –  
twisting, curling, plaiting, threading.

Ears listen for crunch  
of treading feet on winding path.

Basket says, Eat!

Ball says, Play!

Wind brings a voice from far away.

"I stayed late with the moon but will be there soon.

I promise no later than noon."

The path is teasing – playfully promising,  
but failing to bring as the sun strikes the hour  
and the clouds roll in.

Currawongs lament over idle cake.

The ball has met its twin in the lake  
when Wind breaks through the dying leaves.

Voice decrees, "Aunt Lark has come for tea.

Can we agree to meet at three?"

The hour brings shower and muddy spray.

All is quickly cleared away.

Shadows sharpen the snaking path.  
Arms shiver. Birds perch. Eyes search  
'til Wind blows in a merry verse.  
"The rain won't abate, and I know I am late,  
so why don't we meet tomorrow at eight?"

Leaves glitter. The air is still.  
The lonely path shines with dew.  
Droplets count minutes past time due.  
One. Two. Three – footfalls on the forest floor!  
"I am here to stay, so forget yesterday.  
Who needs cake and games anyway?  
Come, sit by me. The storm sparkles on the trees.  
Why do you frown when the world is so happy?"  
Upon a leaf, a clumsy droplet slips and  
is caught by another leaf, but  
sends more droplets tumbling, and suddenly  
the tree is raining.