

The Wait  
by Carol Sandford

Just a little while; Just a few more minutes until I come face to face with you again.

So much waiting, so much pining, so many tears, so much hope, just to get me here.

Just to come face to face.

I wonder what you will do. Will you sweep me into your arms with joy, swing me around, hug me tight and tell me you've missed me?

Or will you gently, silently just pull me into your arms and kiss me? A kiss that would melt away all those years of waiting. A kiss that would instantly make us one again.

Or will you stand before me and look down into my eyes and whisper ~Imzadi~?

If only.

If only dreams were made like that.

But I timed it wrong.

Instead of finding you alone, I came face to face with you in front of others.

I felt denied.

I wonder what would have happened if it had all ended differently, if it had gone the way that I had planned.

But I didn't get swung around, nor did I didn't get the kiss, and I never got the word, the one word that I wanted to hear.

Needed to hear.

And now never will.

So long, I waited so long...