



WAITING

Moe Fawaz



Under the heavy rain, and in the middle of the night, under the shining stars, I stand there, thinking, dreaming, fantasizing, wishing she would come, to see me and hug me after all of this absence.

I wait hours, and hours, and hours, but, she doesn't show up. I get soaked, but I still wait, and still dream, hoping she'll come.

Stars watch me with a look full of tenderness, while the moon looks at me, stunted, surprised how a person can wait this long for another under this heavy rain.

Clouds tell me,

-Go in, you'll get sick-

but I still wait, and she still doesn't show up. I ask the stars,

-, do you see her anywhere?-

But they don't respond, and they look at me like a hopeless ghost of a mother who would watch her ill son struggling with pain.

I realize the morning had come. Stars vanish slowly, begging me good bye.

I remain standing, shocked, sad and depressed; still dreaming, still hoping she'll show up, to hold me close to her breast, and tell me,

-, I love you.-

I remain standing, while the sun, the sun hides behind the clouds that continue to pour more rain before switching to snow.

I finally see her, wearing a white dress and she holds me close to her heart, and for the first time in years, I feel cold. Colder than the snow.