

# In the Waiting Room

*by* Agnes Ezra Arabella

She sits and waits

On a chair that is hard  
With a neck that hurts  
And an eyeball that stings.

She sits

So stiff  
On a chair that is hard  
With a neck that hurts  
And an eyeball that stings.

She sits

And the hand on her lap  
Has a joint that cracks  
With a neck that hurts  
And an eyeball that stings.

She waits

On a chair with a leg that creeks  
And the hand on her lap  
Has a joint that cracks  
As the knuckle snaps  
With a neck that hurts  
And an eyeball that stings.

She waits in the room

And the vent to her left  
Has a motor that raps  
As the TV hums

While her lip snaps.

