

# She Waited for Him

*by* Bill Yarrow

Station after station, she waited for him,  
and he waited for her. That was part of  
the problem. Misalignment. But neither  
understood the geography required  
for connection, how locus expands,  
how the Atlantic Ocean becomes Texas.

When he held her, he thought of Racine,  
and when she held him, she thought  
of Cheyenne. Of course, there was nothing  
in between. Except for love. But what  
is love? Perfume worn by saints. So they  
stalked cathedrals for the odor, breathed  
in sandalwood, candles, holiness, mold...

And when their noses were full, they took  
that to mean they had found it. We all  
want to believe we've found love, but  
what smells like love may not be love at all.  
That's the cross. It may just be worship.

