

Godot, Go Wait Yourself!

by George LaCas

Godot showed up, a German or Scandinavian man with white hair and a bone-crusher handshake. Pleasantries, small talk, but the canapés were ruined. And I find that after the waiting, there is but waiting for more waiting, a non-anticipation, angst-fraught. For now, all I can do is wait for Godot to leave. So I wait.

