

this time it really may,
quite possibly, be the end
of all of this ambivalence

by Rene Foran

after work
she would drive by the train station
an everyday ritual
she'd linger in the taxi lane
for just three minutes
the average length of a cigarette
she'd convince herself that
she didn't care anymore
ha! free at last!
but her heart just nodded
knowingly *yes, dear*
as she'd drive off
she'd smile
but she'd never ever wave

Peace ~ Rene 2010

