

In the Waiting Room

by Sara Lelyveld

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.

