

# Waiting Well

by Angie

I await them here,  
I await them there,  
My hunger seeks them everywhere  
Are they for heaven?  
Are they for hell?  
The answer waits inside my well

Beneath rough bridges  
And spiral ridges  
Below the steps that tilt a smidge  
A shredded rope  
A desperate grope  
My well invites the end of hope

Roiled mists conceal me  
No ears, no plea  
I wait for feet that slide and flee  
What one comes now?  
Will they endow  
My hungry throat and open mouth?

The years are vain  
Yet I remain  
An Abyss swallows every pain  
What many seek - mine to gain.

