

WAITING

Emily Shaffer*

Sky is gray, mountain's brown,
Shutters bang in the wind,
Storm is coming, not a sound,
Black clouds moving in.
Beat up trailer barely stands,
Beat up Cadillac to the right,
Weeds circle a beat up fence,
Nowhere a soul in sight,
Clothesline tied to the oak tree,
Garbage can lies on its side,
Backless chair on the front porch
The crooked fence can't hide.
The hound sits at the front door,
Still as a piece of stone,
Eyes narrowed against the cold wind,
He keeps his vigil alone.
He rarely strays from the front porch,
He whimpers through the night,
If it rains he hides under the rotting boards,
Keeping the road in sight.
The abandoned trailer is empty,
The car, a deserted shell,
This place is dead and lonely
Like a bitterly cast spell,
But the hound is watching and waiting,
Watching with eyes that yearn,
Waiting with a heart grown hopeless
For someone who will never return.

* **EMILY SHAFFER** grew up in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and has been writing poetry, fiction, plays, and essays since she was ten. She has an MFA in film production from Boston University and has worked in publishing and film in New York. She is currently co-writing a script and writes book reviews on young adult fiction for several websites. She has lived in Israel, London, and France, but considers home to be New York City.