

The Waiting Room

A puff of smog-filled wind
Enters the still room
And blows her hair
Which she tries to tame
With her fingers.
Through the window
She sees a flat city
Endless
Factory-burnt
Grey. Empty.

Picking up a magazine
Her mind turns blank.

She looks out the window.
And imagines
Being a bird,
Soaring.

It is her turn.
The doctor smells of antiseptic.
He checks her out,
Says something....

She nods, agreeing,
Seeing the bird
Soar above the flat, grey city.

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