

Finalist, Poetry

How I Made My Peace with Waiting

By Anuja Ghimire

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I would lie still on the bed
And lean on the left
That night
It rained forever
As if a dance, footsteps stopped
Somewhere else
Lightning lingered
Right above the hollow tree
Sprung out of concrete
The autumn splashed outside my window
I smelled the daisies, heard the knocks
Enter another door
Seven
That is when the shifts changed
The grey rooms were rearranged
Perhaps the streets were flooded
I could have watched the news
The truth was always there
Beyond the bed, everything was unreal
What would be the use?
Nine
That is when the thunder sang
It only rained for me
And the shadows were heavy, too
Forgotten for just a few hours
I would lie still on the bed
And lean on the left
That night
Water taught me that one day,
When we least know it,
We no longer wait

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