

The Wait

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Just sitting in a waiting room

Browsing, months old magazine

An oil change not a long wait at all

Muffled voice rubs my mind

Muzzle blasted ears

Don't grab syllables as well anymore

One more thing left behind

In a fire- laced paddy years ago

Voice strengthens, "Excuse me"

"You were in Viet Nam?"

A nod in return, can't deny the hat

"I want to thank you for your service."

Heard it before, always appreciate it

"Something else, I owe you

An apology, I was one of them

Welcomed you with jeers and revulsion."

A second's pause while tamped bitterness

Rips its roots and marches past

In this grandmother's eyes

Sincerity glows, touching, touching

A wordless nod, eyes moisten

Forgiveness offered, taken, a bit

Of light enters under heart's scars

A step is lighter, a smile broad