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## The Wait

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## The Wait

*Prasanna Durairaj*

Parched, the earth sleeps  
Despairing, the trees sway  
Pained, the tear-filled eyes search  
Questions torture the mind  
Will he come?  
Like a chant, my mouth repeats  
“Rescue Me,” it says  
“Rescue Me from me”  
Slowly, the hours pass  
The wind whispers  
The sun smiles  
Expressions dance on my glowing face  
Happiness elates my soul  
Radiance fills my eyes  
Oh, I see Him!  
The trees sing  
The earth awakens  
To welcome Him  
Yes, here He comes...  
Only to part again.