



AN ARRIVAL OF AN IMPORTANT GUEST

Anticipation of almost there,
Wet hands grasping handles
And fogged windows.
The vessel silently cutting through solid air.
You are numb and forty
With the expression of a farm face.
You keep hearing heels clicking
From a distant race.
Why such wear on your fragile system
Leaves you breathless without
Conclusion.
Face so close to equal face,
And stares mistaken for glares.
But all in all,
I think you found the place.

Dennis Wujcik