

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THE WAIT LIST

Arriving at the airport,
Seeking my way home -
All the seats are taken,
But for one to Rome.

They place me on the wait list,
I watch the hours' sands,
And pray that just one someone
Will make a change in plans.

In this private moment,
As in all our days,
Unknown lives connected -
Who can count the ways?

Now for that one stranger
I do hope and wait,
And say a silent prayer -
That they're running a bit late!

For home is where I'm heading,
It's where I long to be,
My fate is in another's hands,
May they deliver me.

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