

# Waiting

## *Keith Waterland*

August exhaled its inferno breath,  
sending the sun to a molten grave.  
Evening splashed cool  
on two bare-foot boys,  
waiting with fishing poles  
fashioned from willow saplings,  
string, and safety pin hooks.

They awakened at first light  
on adrenaline's exotic,  
electric, excitement  
remembering Dad's promise  
of secret fishing places.

Practice casts and cork bobbers  
nibbled tortured patience,  
as time stretched itself out  
like a summer sun cat.

And now they wait  
as shadows lengthen  
stretched to dusk,  
for a father—lost again  
to the seduction of the night.

Stabbing headlights promise  
and then quickly fade,  
illuminating two little  
forgotten faces...  
Wishing they may  
with all their might  
Hold back the twinkle  
of the first starlight.