

Waiting

by [Rina Terry](#) in the [June 14, 2005](#) issue

*As for me, I can explain nothing,
but stammer with the fire that burns
inside me, and the life that has been
bestowed on me.*

Lorca

It is no mistake that what bears us up has the power
to draw us under—and the melody of either sphere
can deflower the heart with pitiless persuasion.
We are always stringed things waiting to vibrate.

Do angels lick their lips in the full-heat of noonday
or shudder as the clouds pass over the sun? Yes,
is the only word they know when the hems
of their robes are singed and their feet become ash.

Still they ascend and descend, heavily winged
and hovering in sublime indifference.
Which is why

Yes, is the word I most like to hear you speak.
When you say it, I know I will wait
for your next call. . . .

I am standing now and lifting my arms to the sun,
arching my back and tilting toward the shadows.