

WAITING

AY Dorsey

“I have a fire inside of me,” the woman said to the man sitting beside her. She sounded like she was discussing the fine day displaying itself through the window. The man, who had smiled at her when she began to speak, quickly shifted his eyes. His lips tightened.

“I have a fire inside of me!” she insisted, lightly touching his arm.

The man’s face colored with unexhaled breath.

“I have a Fire inside of me!” Desperation stained her voice.

The short lady across the waiting room slid her feet under her chair, crossed her arms.

The woman jumped to her feet. “Why Won’t You See?” she cried. “It’s There Inside Me! Just Look!”

No one looked. No one spoke.

The woman twisted in a circle with arms outstretched, then reeled out the door. She left a loud sob to burst in the center of the room, like the moist pop of a giant bubble.

The people in the room waited for the sob to die. They stared at the floor and the walls and through the window that held the fine day. The brave ones looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

“Well, who doesn’t?” said the girl with the brassy hair.

“Yeah,” agreed the man in the orange shirt.

The short lady slid her red shoes from under her chair.

Ashes drifted by the window.