

Waiting for a Sign

Wayland Bryant Jackson

She looks at me expressionless.
If she would nod, or wink, or smile—
She does none of those.

She sits straight.
If she leaned toward me, or shifted in her seat—
She does neither.

She turns away, then back.
If she raised an eye brow, or parted her lips—
She gives no signal.

She straightens her shoulders.
If she extended a hand, or turned her gaze—
She is like a statue.

She pushes her hair back over one ear.
If her falling hand reached out to me—
It does not.

She sits hands folded in her lap,
Like a lighthouse on a calm night.
Does her heart beat for me?

I must know, or die.
She loves me; she loves me not.
She loves me; she loves me not.

She loves me.
I can't believe it! She loves me!
SHE LOVES ME!