

Carolyn Gregory

Waiting

A woman sits in a wheelchair, bare legs sprawled.
In a wrinkled cotton dress,
she looks a little worn.
There's a bandage on her forehead.

Across the aisle, a mother and son read.
They wear the same shade of shocking pink.
One will be a donor, one a recipient.

The doctors scurry, plotting charts.
Will it be radioablation therapy today
or CyberKnife,
laparoscopy or a liver transplant?

The sun pours through the windows
though clouds hang overhead,
some hands held in prayer,
some texting the unknown.

A door opens to the exam room.

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