

Waiting

(the Longest Concession)

16:48

The torture begins
as I sign in.
Appointed for 5
I must sit and wait,
battered by the molesting din
of chit-chat and musak
(ironically, "I Will Survive.")
Biological intruders
from overcome patrons
permeate the thin,
stifling air.
Everywhere
there are penetrating yelps,
gnawing sniffles, and
painful wails
from mischievous children
fleeing mother's dispose.

18:32

Waiting...
I am long past my due
for 5 minutes of Q&A
(mostly Q)
and the bill to pay.
A woman,
hair twice her head, asks
"Do you have the flu?"

Nice people,
so annoyingly crude.

—*Michael Pracht*