

## **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*