

## WAITING ROOM

There are five of us,  
practiced sitters, digging channels  
in our outpatient heads. We devoured  
all the magazines last month.  
Disjointed phrases settle like dust,  
syllables regroup, connecting knuckles,  
elbows, a string of beads.

Our impatient cells divide quietly.  
The pimply girl stares the brown floor tiles  
into forbidden chocolate.  
The young stud in bandages  
disconcerts the collective mind  
numbed with drapery swags, wallpaper ivy,  
yesterday's song fragments--  
all steeped in predictable scent  
from behind the inner door  
making sure we don't stray far  
from the bodies brought in to be explained.

In common we have the clock  
with its unsteady hum and impaired face  
probably damaged by our eyes.