

Waiting

By Jan Rees

(Inspired by the painting - At a sunny window by Ethel Gabain)



The waiting was the problem, for the telephone to ring
She promised not to rock the boat, she promised not to cling
He told her she was different, she was funny she was kind
He loved her willing body, he loved her lively mind

He told her he was married, but said he'd tell his wife
And then they'd be together and start a brand new life
But days and weeks and months went by, he said he had to choose
The perfect day, the perfect time to break this special news

He took her out to dinner when his work brought him to town
He sometimes had to cancel, he sometimes let her down
She tried hard not to mind too much although it grieved her heart
For the time they spent together was worth the time apart

He sometimes sent her huge bouquets then he'd be round that night
Full of smiles and promises that filled her with delight
This was the way things had to be until he could be free
She knew and understood this and waited patiently

Then one day at breakfast time, she started to feel sick
She chose to think of something else, that usually did the trick
But when she went and did the test and saw the thin blue line
She knew that he'd be overjoyed, she knew that it was fine

He hardly touched the meal she'd cooked, he said "This can't be true.
Whatever made you think that I would have a child with you?"
The blood within her veins turned cold, he left her there and then
She knew that she would never see or hear from him again

She made a call and packed a bag, arrangements put in place
She did her best with make-up to hide her tear-stained face
The waiting's nearly over now, the taxi's on its way
To take her to the clinic and end her dream today

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