**This Bench**

*By J.B. Rage*

I sit in this spot. You know the one I sit in every day. As I sit there looking around it's not the duck pond Iam looking for because I am waiting. The families sitting nearby picnicking are not the reason I am here either, my reasons for being here are for a whole other reason altogether. I am waiting. Waiting here on this bench.

I don’t have much longer to wait because every day between 4:50 and 5:00 he will walk by on his way home from his job of which I will learn on the day I truly learn to speak to this magnificent Adonis of a man. Whose face and body could of been carved by the gods.

“why haven't I said anything? How long have I been waiting?” well that’s a story of its own.

It all began back in November I came strolling through this very park I stopped at this bench to in this very spot for a breath of fresh air. It was a Tuesday afternoon a cool crisp day. The sun was glimmering through yellow and red leaves and they danced along with the wind. And as I sat there on this very bench on that day he walked by and as this amazing man walked by, he stumbled and he ended landing right on my foot, smashing my toes. I screamed in pain and as he turned to apologize my eyes met his gorgeous ocean blue eyes. And I've been here every day since.

But back to my point. I'm here every day and on most days I say hello and everyday he walks on by as if I was not even there.

“then why do you still sit here and wait for him every day?”

Well my friend, I was raised to fight for what I believe in. I was also taught to never give up. So, I'm here on this bench every day because one day that man is going to notice me. Some day he will notice me. On that day that this man cant help but see I will be here.
 So, I sit here every day knowing that man is meant for me and that’s not something I will ever give up on. Either way I see it, be on this bench forever. Because I will either we will grow old sitting on this bench watching the duck pond and the families picnicking or I will die alone on this bench watching my perfect match walk by every day without a clue that happiness has been sitting here on this bench.