

# Waiting

Waiting for the wait,  
I feel your fingers wrap  
around mine as I keep my hand  
laid flat against my thigh.  
I wait, I wait.

I wait to be summoned  
inside his office, directed  
to the visitor's chair.

I wait to watch him sit  
across from me, hands  
neatly clasped and folded, fingers  
interlaced as in prayer.

I wait, he reaches  
for my file, spreads  
the papers, while I fret  
with sweaty palms.

I wait to hear  
which word  
falls from his mouth:

"Yes" or "No."

**Rose Bromberg**

# Esperando

Esperando en la espera  
siento tus dedos abrigando  
los míos mientras mi mano  
reposa sobre mi muslo  
Yo espero, espero.

Espero ser llamada  
a su oficina, dirigida  
hacia la silla de visitas.

Espero verlo sentarse  
frente a mí, sus manos  
pulcras y apretadas, los dedos  
entrelazados como si rezara

Yo espero, él busca  
mi folder, esparce  
los papeles, me estremezco  
con las palmas llenas de sudor.

Yo espero escuchar  
qué palabra  
alumbrando desde su boca:

"Si" o "No".

*translated into Spanish  
by Antonieta Villamil*

*This poem completed in 2010 has been printed by permission of the poet and translator*

Poems for...one world

<https://poemsforthewall.org>

*John Lewis Partnership*

**NHS**

ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND