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She Waits in the Shadows

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She Waits in the Shadows

As old as tomorrow, as young as the mountain,
as fair as the water that plays in the fountain;
She waits in the shadows for one who can free her,
but where she is waiting no one can see her.

She sits there in silence, her visage all lonesome,
she blames all the tyrants for making no motion,
to note her existence or speak of her beauty--
she would be contented if one would have pity,
and give her a moment fo true admiration,
or even pretended to give her attention.

The virtue of patience she has cultivated,
and such great endurance has
seldom been fated
to so many hours of fruitlessly
dreaming
and hoping and fearing and wishing
and grieving.

Lorien M. Edman