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She Waits In Hoping

Megan E. Herrman

St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss2/20
The most beautiful woman in the room is staring at the wall because she has never realized the full potential of her beauty. She feels unapproachable, and unknowingly reflects it. She is poised and stoic—like one of Degas’ ballerinas in her lemon shoes and ruffled dress. Her espresso colored hair pulled away from her frail face that can’t help but reflect sadness. She finds interest in the Sunkist orange lamp, unable to grant eye contact. She is not antisocial. She is frightened. She glances at other women standing close to men and wishes she could be them. Wishes that she could draw that affection—wanting a man to stand close enough to fill her nostrils with the scent of clean aftershave. She watches and waits for the faceless man in the center of the room, tries to fill his thoughts with the desire to come toward her. Hoping that she can somehow will him toward her. But she waits, Grows lonesome, and feels her mouth fill with sand.