

Waiting

by **Adina Rath**

All alone he stands there; his feet in the dirt, the golden hair
blowing in the wind.

Waiting.

People pass him by, but they don't see him; he isn't pretty
like the others. He just stands there.

Waiting.

The sun burns down and the rain falls but he still stands tall.

Waiting.

His golden hair turns grey but he keeps on standing.

Waiting.

Finally, a little girl comes along, stops by his side, picks him
up and blows dandelion seeds into the waiting world.