

The Wait

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I stand at this window and I wait and watch
As the red sun sets and the temperature drops
And my eyes won't stray from this winding road
On which my Love must travel home
His journey has carried him a world away
To a volatile land where I've never been
A killing field with angry men
And a merciless searing sun
Living each day in deafening uncertainty
He prays that each sunrise is not his last
Paying a debt that he didn't create
He endures his present with memories of his past
And I can't help but love him for giving so much
Yet sometimes I hate him for leaving so much 'cause many days
I've yearned for a flash of his face
Many nights I've longed for the heat from his touch
His absence has left the bends of our bedroom
As my only companions in the still of the night
My lonesome eyes dance on their cold azure angles
Till slumber arrives to free me from my sadness
But tonight as I sit here and wait and watch
As the red sun sets and the temperature drops
The heat from my heart will slice through the cold
For my waiting is almost at end
Elation engulfs me as two bright yellow beams
move slowly up this road where our lonely house rests
And I realize that breathing is more agreeable now
No more waiting; my love has come home