

## Yet we all wait by Nicola Smith

Yet we all wait  
For the moment to arrive  
Standing at the bus stop  
Drive, just drive

The watch says half past  
It will bloody be here soon  
I will be able to relax then  
Love is taking the back seat

Yet we all wait  
We anticipate  
The moment when the fears will dissipate

Hope seems never close enough  
But hope is our main meal  
It was brought to our table  
But, we don't know when we are full

We wait to reach the next stop  
But the time is now  
The bus arrived  
But we never boarded

They are all here among us  
Faith, hope, love  
There is magic in the boredom  
The monotony we wish to escape

We all wobble and think they left  
But they stubbornly stayed  
We are looking for something that is nailed to the ground