

## Waiting

Waiting...I'm waiting on the beat, the beat of the drum to move my feet.

My drum is always on time, even if its late. So, I sit and wait and wait in a patient state.

As soon as my drum arrives, I feel a chill, with a chill up my spine elated I feel.

Up on my feet, I start to dance. The drum, the beat, and I are intertwined in a romance.

Soon, the pessimist, the somber, and the crestfallen came. Despite their malicious attitudes, I danced in the rain.

They look upon me thinking, "Dancing in the rain, that can't be done." But the beat and my feet, dismay could never break that bond.

The skeptics realized I would never stop, so they went away. And the beat from the drum continued to play.

So, I dance and dance and dance, but I don't tire. I feel as though someone crawled into my soul and lit a fire.

Soon came another group, but they did not bring rain. They only had kind thoughts of me as they were entertained.

They showered me with accolades and adulation. They told me my dance was such a sensation!

But then came time for the good to go away, but the beat from the drum continued to play.

Still, I dance and dance and dance with all my heart and soul. I wonder will this beat ever get old?

Will a new drum come, playing another beat? A new beat? A different way to move my feet?

Whether its on time, or whether its late. I'll dance, waiting in my patient state.

Waiting...I'm waiting on the beat, and maybe a new way to move my feet!