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Arms Wide Open

Sarah Schindler

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Arms Wide Open

Sarah Schindler

It must be raining in North Kingsville.
I can feel the chill in her bones,
her small body shivering underneath a pink umbrella.
The rain is coming down
harder now.

Waiting for the bus she wonders
why her mommy can't be there to pick her up.
She doesn't understand the ways
of the cruel adult world.

When the bus pulls up she closes her umbrella
but before she can get through the door
a raindrop falls onto her forehead
and rolls into her eye.

She falls into her seat still shivering
as she tries to escape the damp cold air.
I can almost hear her stomach rumble
as she digs through her lunch box
looking for anything to eat.

As she impatiently watches the others
running up their driveways, her mind begins
to wander. Wondering if I'll be there
to pick her up.

The bus seems to be moving slower now.
As it approaches her house she sees it,
mommy's car in the driveway
waiting there just for her.

I can see the joy in her eyes
and as the doors close behind her
she runs to me
with her arms wide open.