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## Arms Wide Open

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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.