Arms Wide Open

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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.