

WAITING

At the outskirts of a small village near Vichy France
Looms the antediluvian castle, the Chateau des Morelles
Housing not grand dukes and duchesses
But children from Germany, France, Italy waiting
Lost from their individual families
Scattered by the Third Reich.

They eat their meager food
Pretending it is the feast of royalty.

In high-ceilinged large rooms they get ready for bed
Resting in cots next to each other, talking about parents
Remembering what it was like to be loved by them
Recalling their looks, their smells, the joys they had being touched by them
Finally, they sleep dreaming of being reunited
Waking in the morning, waiting
Waiting for some letter to arrive to let them know that they are still remembered.

The director of the children's home calls

“Come to my office.”

Not knowing what to expect,

Heart pounding with fear or happiness

Running wildly down the winding staircase

Opening the large wooden door to her office

She smiles and says

“You will be reunited with your parents in the United States.”

The letter has come, there will be no more waiting.