

Waiting

By Angella Rodriguez

The sun was out,
but we could only feel
the grasped of the wind.
The only thing we had on
were our summer dresses,
which struggle to fight
the enraging coldness
of the North.

We were waiting.

Waiting for a white woman
to offer us a job.

Waiting for an opportunity
to make money.

Waiting for the time
when we could work
in our dream jobs.

Waiting for our inherited nightmare
of discrimination to disappear,
and never come again.

Waiting and waiting
was all that we could do,
while everything around us
reminded us that the fight was not over yet.