

# The Waiting Room

*Stephanie Robinson*

Six Desks

Six single chairs

Three Tables

Six 12 Lamps

two bulbs a lamp;  $12 \times 2 = 24$  bulbs

1 TV, and eight hours of time

Wood paneling everywhere. pecan stain

I hate the color..

The more I stare at it the more it stares back at me, (into me, my broken body)

Once posh, upscale and varnished interior, meant to reassure “of course we know what we’re doing, just look at our modern design”

Now a taunt.

It’s the same color as my high school auditorium paneling.

A place of assemblies, of meetings, of waiting,,

How could an inanimate wall taunt me? My brain rots and tortures itself

Or maybe I’m impatient (im a patient now). Can’t occupy myself. Anxious. Scared.

Third floor.

13 boxes of tissues 13 bottles of hand cleaner

ten ceiling lights

waiting