



## poems / The Waiting Game

I ache to grow, but something holds me back.  
A nameless dread that leaves my spirit slack.  
What inner chains prevent me from my track?  
I ponder this, yet answers I do lack.  
Attention's warmth once filled my empty cup.  
But now its absence leaves me drained up.  
My empathy a flood, my soul used up.  
I crave connection before time is up.  
The lioness, her claws left wounds inside.  
Rejection's sting burned heavy, wouldn't subside.  
Like players in Squid Game I've got no guide,  
Though greatness calls, I've got no place to hide.  
Lost in the wild, unsure which way is right.  
The city calls with false electric light.  
I'll move when ready, prepared to fight,  
But for now I'll wait until my vision's bright.  
The woods shelter me until I find my way.  
Patience and hope will guide me day by day.  
When it's time I'll burst forth without delay.  
But for now I'll sit and learn while I may.

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Slow intimacy

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