

# The Girl Who Waited Forever

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*Not much to say about this. It's a poem/story that I made a while back, and it's kinda funky... and sad. It made me sad when I made it, so... here it is.*

# 1. The Girl Who Waited Forever

The Girl Who Waited Forever

She was alone, at least for the time being. Alone on his front porch& waiting&.

He was gone, long gone, been gone for some time& but she kept on waiting.

She was a fool who only did good things, trying to make everyone happy.

Do this, they would say. Do that, they would say.

No problem, her reply. Of course, her reply.

To everyone, she was the fool who did everything.

If there was a problem, she would fix it. Any work or jobs, she would do.

She never asked for money, or toys or clothes, or anything.

She would just smile politely and say yes.

A fool beyond fools&

She did everything for nothing in return, and was only made fun of by others.

A slave, they laugh. An idiot, they laugh.

No problem, her reply. Of course, her reply.

As if she wasn't foolish enough& she waited for him.

Him. He. THE He& The hottest boy on Earth, the sexiest man alive.

I want you, he joked. Be my girlfriend, he joked.

No problem, her reply. Of course, her reply.

It was a joke, a prank, a foolish game for a foolish girl.

She works so hard, did everything as told, and only tricks did she get in return.

But there was never a frown, always a smile. Like as if she couldn't feel sadness.

He never wanted her, in fact, he was moving away to another place.

He told her to wait for him outside on his porch at his house, at the end of the street.

He promised her a wonderful date and to be together forever.

He left, he moved away. He had gone away and would never return.

He left& the night she came to wait&. laughing as he drove on to his new life.

She arrived at the gray house, nothing but a dead tree in front, leaves covering the ground.

No lights inside, no movement, the wind as cold as ice.

She knocked and waited. Knocked and waited&

He never answered the door; he will never answer the door.

But she didn't know. She only waited, out there in the dead of August.

With a smile on her face and a song in her foolish heart&

No problem, she told herself. Of course, she told herself.

Winter came& she never left. He was living the good life& she died&

No one remembers her, no one cares&

She died on his front porch, waiting forever for a dream that would never come true.

She wasn't in pain when she died, oh no. She was happy.

She never knew sadness, or maybe she didn't understand it.

With a smile on her face and a song in her heart,

Her spirit lives on, sitting on the front porch, alone.

She plans to wait forever until he comes to the door,

So she can smile and say with joy,

Let s go, she would cry. I love you, she would cry.