

## Patience

Patience is a virtue, that's what they all say  
And I agree, I really do  
I do it every day  
But now I'm here, in this, with you

And all I can think of is, am I a fool?  
Are you waiting out there to trap me?  
Can romance be kind or is it doomed to be cruel?  
All I want is to know that if I open my heart, will you hold the key?

Will you see me for me and not step aside  
Letting me fall, not holding me up?  
Will you over my silly ramblings preside?  
And not turn away when I hold out my cup?

I don't need this to work, I'm not a girl in a tower  
But this hope is a treacherous climb  
And I can't deny the growing power  
Of possibility that you could ever be mine

Here with my ink-stained fingers I'll wait  
Poetry skipping from pen to the page  
Twisting with the threads of fate  
Watching for my cue to make it to the stage