

*Waited for One Thing or Other.*

*By Robyn Hossack.*

*Standing here in my doom of depression, in my dungeon of disrepair, my living hell. As I gaze at the old sky lights with cobwebs hanging like dirty chandeliers and the old paint flaking off the ceiling, falls quietly to the floor. I don't know how I got here or maybe I do, it is easy to blame others for your failures and for life's wrong doings. I don't look in the mirror anymore, I don't like what I see, a fifty plus women, gravity has set in and nothing is where it use to be. Grey hair surrounds the skinny face that has become hard with age. The face use to be plump and alive, it is hard to imagine in the early 70s this face donned the glossy magazines, the face of Max Factor. I use to smoke, cost was too much, but I think it helped--- my sanity, now I drink too much to kill the pain. But I am still waiting, like some crazy person, when the post comes, I rush to the letter box, thinking there could be a letter from the past, telling me who I am. A long distant relation or maybe someone who had kept a secret and now could let it out of the box. Or maybe I have inherited some money and I could be free. NO the post has only left me bills. As I gaze down the road, the town with 40 plus people who you never see. Oh I will wait, like I have done all my life.*

*I remember being that little girl with the dark brown eyes and dark curly hair, that no one really wanted, I had so many fears, like a scared rabbit and I never felt I belonged anywhere and always frightened with tears in my eyes. Being dragged through that huge railway station, trains coming and going, so many people, pushing and shoving, whistles where so loud, doors slamming. I wanted to run away, but the short large lady with white hair had my hand so tight. I sat in the train and it was raining, like tear drops down the windows. So many buildings, frightful experience, I will be good and sit here and wait, maybe I am going home, where ever that is.*

*I would sit on the stairs, day in and day out, staring at the front door and waiting. Being so good, I didn't want to be naughty, they may never come—I would wait. Maybe I had a little brown suit case, it might have a photo or letter in it, to tell me who I am, maybe it got left in some railway station, faraway place, it could be still there covered in dust. I will sit here and wait.*

*I try not to be angry, but I hate my life, I will try and be good today and not hate the world so much, I will sit and wait.*

*I remember the voices calling me over and over, so scared I would put my hands over my ears and cry, so frightened, like a chat from some faraway place, voices of a spiritual being calling me. I was taken to a place not far from where the Children's Hospital is. It was a Art Deco building*

*with curved walls and a huge foyer with large wooden doors and lots of glass. I was taken down the hall way and told to sit and wait and wait I did. I was taken into a dark room, where a large man with glasses, started to yell and slammed his hand on the desk. I sat like a scared rabbit, then I was dragged down the hall way to a large room with rusty steel beds down one side and beds down the other side. The faces of the people all looked the same and they were tired to their beds as they moaned and groaned. The decay you could smell in the walls and the smell of urine and vomit almost made me sick. A stern voice brought me back from my shock.*

*“Now we are not going to have anymore voices, are we, you are naughty, this is attention you are after.”*

*“You want to end up here.”*

*So scared, I could not speak and fighting back the tears.*

*Then I was dragged down the road, to wait for a green tram to come, I sat in the tram trying so hard not to cry, I really did not like these people who I called mum and dad, something was not right. I will wait and be good. The voices did not stop, I would sit in the corner of my room and put the pillow to my face, so they could not hear me, I didn't want the strap or be sent to that horrible place.*

*Voices calling me, like a spiritual cry carried on the wind. One night about seven years old the voices did stop and a loneliness came over me and has been with me ever since. I always felt I was outside looking through the window, watching life go by with no feelings, not really involved in what was going on. Like some cheap corny play, I was acting out a part, filled with thugs, stand over men and criminals and waiting—so I could exit out of this strange life and weird people. Their drinking, wife swapping and the truck loads of goodies that came off the wharf and stored in the shed. Their high and mighty friends who sipped on champion and ate lobster dipped in a French sauce at the race track and one who was high profile and was on t.v, and had a very important job at the Flemington Race course. He came to live with us, every night I would wait, I can still here his footsteps and I waited and I waited for months to tell the truth. When I did, I was curled up in a ball with my hands over my head as the belt hit me over and over and I laid there and waited for it to stop. You see they could not call the police, so I was told to shut my mouth or I would end up dead. I don't think I was the only child to be sexual assault by our high profile friend, but he got away with it, swept under the carpet. So most of my childhood days I would stay in my room and stare out the window and I waited for hours to go by, I was so lonely and hated life and I could never have friends over because of their strange life. I always wanted to run away, or fly like the birds high in the sky and go to some magical place where I could be*

*happy, but I stayed, I believed she was my mum and not a good one. So I became their door mat, the problem fixer, house maid and being abused, punching bag. She was the first one to get sick, in and out of hospital, year in and year out, I waited hours in the hospital and I waited hours for public transport and waited on her hand and foot and she treated me like a dog. At the funeral someone opened their mouth, it turned out she was not my mum, my life was like a puzzle with lots of pieces missing and her last words now made sense, whatever you find out, please forgive me. Well you will have to wait and wait for doubt I will ever forgive you.*

*In those terrible years, I had a friend and his name was Nicholas and he was pretend and I loved my Nicholas so much and I really needed a friend and I would call my Nicholas and spend hours telling him about life .*

*“You know Nicholas, I get so mad when people say—life is what you make it--- Bullshit—Circumstances—what you are born into.”*

*“As a child you can’t say this is how I want my life to be, who gave the green light for these people to have a child, they were not fit to have a child under their roof—selfish people who gave me a rotten life, who gave me a imprisonment of loneliness and self doubt, feeling guilty if I enjoyed myself and my talent that I had to hide, being made to feel bad*

*if I involved myself in the arts, being trapped all my life which I have never been able to shake off.”*

*And even today I still feel guilty-- thank God I had Nicholas to talk to.*

*I remember all the days I waited by myself and the hours would drag by, how I would stare out window and day dream I was somewhere else.*

*Well I waited and the years rolled by and my life did not change that much and one by one I took care of them, in hope of a fit of madness they might tell me the truth, who am I and where did I come from.*

*And I waited and I dug around and tried to unearth anything, but their secret was well hidden and never to be found. So I waited and prayed that somehow I would find my way home. I would wait for hours in hospitals and wait on them hand and foot and spent half my life looking after them and I waited and watched and waited for their last breath in hope they would tell me who I am, but they are all dead and they took it to their graves. So all the years I waited was in vain.*

*Now it is like a cancer slowly eating me away, never to know the truth.*

*So now I wait get out of Dodge City the ghost town, we live here because it is cheap, oh my God, what happened to the days where Australia was great, the price of living has gone through the roof and the price of food and the politicians do nothing, so I wait for my other half to come to his senses.*

*“Waiting for him to say--Oh I think it is time to move on.”*

*No I think I will have a very long wait.*

*Then there is the argument --*

*“You want to move, where do you want to move too, you don’t know, how can we move if you don’t know where you want to go.”*

*So I point my finger at the map, then I stand back and wait!!!!*

*“You can’t go there it is too cold, or it is too hot, or too windy.”*

*So I stand and wait for his Discursiveness-Panic-Negativity and every reason under the sun why we can’t move out of this isolate and lonely place. And I wait for the storm to pass and hide the map, how dare I suggest we move back to main stream. So I just wait and day dream of faraway places and wishing I could be anywhere but here. I sit here and stare into space and suck on my wine that numbs the brain in dead silence.*

*But I would hate to think that my soul purpose on this earth was to look after these selfish people who put a roof over my head and made me feel I owed them till the end and to think they tried to have me committed to a asylum at the age of six years because I became a loose cannon, hearing voices and I might draw attention to them and their criminal friends and the underworld. I have waited all my life, to find a reason for my being*

*here and I have waited all my life to find my way home. I guess you could say I have waited all life for one thing or other.*