



# Burning Newspapers

Burning last week's hot news  
to kindle this cool night's fire ;  
burning big names from the news,  
making ash of their faces and views,  
ha ha, as the flames jag higher  
in hungrier and hungrier desire,  
I love to pretend I could choose  
a more face-saving way to expire.

But burning is something we share  
with the Sun (and the Guardian and Mail)  
on a planet compounded of air  
and the wonderful stuff in its care.  
We've been given bit parts in a tale  
that is burning us, female and male,  
in a furnace of joyous despair.  
No bribe to secede can prevail.

*Anne Stevenson*

*This poem was commissioned by the poet David Hart on behalf of the Arts Council. It is part of a collection of fifty poems by different UK poets - each on the subject of waiting. The poems are for display in waiting rooms.*

Poems for...waiting

<https://poemsforthewall.org>

