



## Dannsa 'san t-seòmar-feitheamh

Thà ar beatha gu leir  
'san fheitheamh.  
Lorgaidh sinn aig an àm sin  
ar sinn-fein do-àireamh:  
trioblaideach, dòchasach, critheanach,  
miannach, eagalach, mì-fhoighidneach.  
Thà.ar faileasan-dannsa gu leir an sin  
ag imrich ann an leth-sholus  
do mhì-reuson,  
dòmhlachadh le-chèile  
ann an teasachan do ghluasad,  
gun fhois, gun aonachd.

'S nuair a chanas gùth 'An ath dhuine',  
bidh danns ùr  
ri tòiseachadh.

## Dancing in the waiting room

All our living  
is in waiting.  
In these moments  
we find our myriad selves :  
anxious, hopeful, trembling,  
wishful, fearful, impatient.  
All our dancing shadows are there  
flitting in the half-light  
of unreason,  
crowding together  
in fevers of movement,  
never still, never one.

Then a voice says 'Next',  
and a new dance  
begins.

*Angus Macmillan*  
*translated from Gaelic by the author*

*This is one of fifty poems commissioned by the poet David Hart on behalf of "Poems for...the wall." All fifty are about waiting. They are for display in waiting rooms.*

**Poems for...waiting**  
<https://poemsforthewall.org>

