



Gaps

There is a thin woman in my soul
who makes me buy the kind of clothes
a skinny woman would look good in.

My inner vision thinks I'm willowy
so it's a shock to glimpse a dumpy person
walk towards me in each shop window
wearing my clothes.

The dictaphone startles me with a stranger's voice
growling words I recorded earlier
in the silky voice that lives inside my head.

My home I see as very beautiful,
all renovation projects completed,
so it's amazing to realise that other people
think it needs a television makeover.

If I force myself into the ring
with my fickle cousin reality
will I be half this happy ?

Miranda Tite

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

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