



Instant Histories

That sallow mother-of-two is, after dark,
belly-dancing champion of the Cynon Valley,

and the small bespectacled bloke in the corner
built the world's first warp drive last night.

The woman in black served her husband aconite
for horseradish (it's all right ; he had it coming).

As for the young blonde, she's dreaming
of her boss, who, alas, has time only

for the ravishing Bambi-eyed toyboy
he brought back from Bangkok. And myself ?

Oh, I'm the one who can give you a life.
Watch out for me, the one who makes notes,

who listens and says nothing. The one who writes.

Sheenagh Pugh

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>

