



# Interludes

Not a beginning, not an end,  
this neutral place  
is rich with stillness,  
with movement in all directions.  
In the words of the prophet, we  
are travellers. So pass in peace, stranger,  
though our orbits differ,  
I too have rested here at these  
limbo interludes  
in our shared planet's rotation.  
So catch your breath and let my words  
welcome you like a friend's blessing.  
May this space around you expand  
and glow in the warmth of knowing  
that it's only a corridor ;  
not a beginning, not an end,  
but a green oasis.

*Debjani Chatterjee*

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