



Outside

You take off your gloves, spread your fingers
to the air. Anonymous for a moment,
let yourself be turned into a bay tree.

Recover it all : the courtyard's lease of light,
the bracketing warmth of the brick,
and something subtler, something like

the invisible punch of a tuning fork
that keys you into oxygen pulses,
sucklings of honey, the aroma's climb

from the rose. Slip through the chemistry
of the leaves, become the eye of the uprush,
A quickness in the air that seems alive

to itself. You push the gloves aside,
lean forward over the table, one foot braced
against the other, gathering pace.

Roger Garfitt

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.