



# Portrait of my Mother as a Pair of Shoes

The more I stare at the nurse's polished shoes,  
the more I get the rather unpleasant feeling  
these shoes aren't simply just a pair of shoes,  
they are in fact - how odd - my own mother,  
still very much alive, and having fun  
breezing in and out of the waiting room.

*Selima Hill*

*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.*