



Results

Of course it was always going to be secret,
an envelope no one would know had arrived,
that I'd lock myself in the bathroom to read.

Nothing like coming down late to breakfast
and you saying, "How you failed history
I'll never know." Or standing in a queue

in the only taverna with a land line,
the owner grinning between black teeth,
while I ask you "How did it go ?" and wait

for a pause that might mean well, or not.

Out on the terrace the dog gets up
and drags his chain two steps to the shade.

Siân Hughes

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.