



# Still Waiting

I was five and you eighteen, Michael,  
Sitting among the buttercups

watching swifts  
dip for caddis fly  
above a brook  
where a miller's thumb  
slipped through my fingers.

You taught me how to play  
French Cricket  
in the lea of Pyon Hill ;  
how to wack the ball and run,

and like a brimstone butterfly  
I perched  
on your shoulders  
in my yellow cotton frock.

You were eighteen. I  
was rising six  
skipping at your heels  
below swifts that queued  
between two pylons  
for their flight back to Africa.  
And I believed

that you would always be  
eighteen, Michael,  
among the buttercups, waiting  
at the glittering water's edge.

*Miriam Obrey*

*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.*