



# The Meeting

I sometimes wonder what it  
would be like to meet God.

I'd talk to him  
and he'd talk to me.

He'd forgive me  
and I'd forgive him.

But then, just as God was leaving  
I'd slap him, just once, hard  
in the small of the back.

And THEN we'd be friends forever.

*Jayne Greathead*

*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.*