



# The Tree House

I don't recall how many summers ago  
the children built that tree-house, fixed it solid  
in the chestnut branches, loved it, slept there.  
In time they fled the nest to lead their lives,  
but the tree-house remained. One afternoon  
I climbed up into it : warm, snug, drowsy  
with sunlight filtering through slats, a spider  
guarding his shadowy web, unidentified rustlings,  
a wicker chair at the one small window.  
I sat there, looking out. The crossed planks framed  
so many pictures ! - pigeons clattering past,  
two bouncing magpies flirting their tails,  
a black cat at the jasmine bush, the wink  
of a plane, and clouds, magic shape-shifters  
going about their business unaware  
that eyes at an earthbound airbound vantage  
patiently watched them and mentally painted  
their solemn progress as an artist might  
who wanted to capture the high, the uncapturable.

*Edwin Morgan*

*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.*