



# To Make her Magic

It was strangely hot,  
the ash tree gasped in dust  
as we approached,  
dark-bud twigs cracked the sky.

All my life a Luddite  
but glad to wait beside you in that room,  
Pacific blue -  
antechamber to miracles.

You grandparents put trust in herbs.  
I made ritual,  
sent healing energies,  
secretly enjoyed being called witch,

and this sense of filaments stretched  
like Indra's Web from life to life.

The embryologist  
would make her magic next.

This morning I wait alone, dry-lipped,  
the telephone a magnet.  
*I have touched this child, know she exists.*  
Creature on the edge of skin.

*Joan Poulson*

*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.*