



# Waiting

*(for Anne Peaker)*

Nine metal chairs  
fifty-five-and-a-half floor tiles,  
a black spot on the wall

I glare at, closing my right eye  
then left, shifting it from side to side,  
up and down, as in a kiddies' game

while other people bury their eyes  
in magazines,  
first the Agony Aunt  
then a half completed crossword.

The cream cake on a recipe page  
makes me forget where I am.

*Peter Street*

*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.*