



Waiting Under the Avalanche

I've heard that a pocket of air
can save your life
so I'm hunkering down in the grey
darkness of snow
and pulling cold around me
like a quilt.
I'm warming the tiny air
in front of my face
re-breathing my own hot breath...
as if I were already
home and dry
reading under my bedclothes
with a torch.

Catherine Byron

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.