



# Waiting

I imagine a whole year like this  
a whole year of waiting

what are we waiting for ?  
feet dangling  
over the Eucharist,

speaking the voices  
out of our heads

I only write it down  
patterned irregularly

like the scallop-shell edge, the  
birds' erratic dawn foray

discounting the dust  
under my feet

actually  
you spend most of your time sitting &  
one third of your life in bed

you only get one call  
better be ready

*Wendy Mulford*

*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.*

Poems for...waiting

<https://poemsforthewall.org>

