



# While I Wait for You

*Tosca* on cassette, and the mountain road  
swooping into a valley of windless lakes :

last night's mist threadbare but surviving  
into today ; seed-pod canoes huddled up

in their winter wraps. Then a side turning,  
a halt. On this terrace next, and brittle ice

cracking in your vodka while I wait for you,  
though you are here before me and the sun.

*Andrew Motion*  
*UK Poet Laureate*  
*1999– 2009*

*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**  
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