



Winter is coming

Winter is coming,
I think I'll survive.

Kids are growing,
I think I'll survive.

Women are driving,
I think I'll survive.

She wants a divorce,
I think I'll survive.

Shops are open until 12,
I think I'll survive.

School education means a computer,
Hard work and hard work,
I think I'll survive.

Winter, but winter,
I think I'll survive.

Robbie Melbourne

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>

