



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