



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
Poet Laureate