

The Adverts, We Who Wait

Who wait in the cafe and magazine.
Who wait for morning or fag machine.
Who leave it all unfinalised,
And undecided...
We who wait.

Who wait in the bus queue and prison cell.
Who wait for illness to take its toll.
Who wait for God knows what.
Sometimes it's not clear to...
We who wait.

I have been dancing in the penny arcade.
I'll hug the symbols of my apathy.
And hog the taste of anarchy and animosity.
It's any means of escape...
For those of us who wait.

Who wait in drinking and lost career.
Who wait for letter or high summer.⁴
Who want some kind of clue.
It's not just two plus two to...
We who wait.