

hanging from your dew-shimmering net.
The sun behind you.

ANNE COOMBS

THE PLAY

I wait, as millions have waited
for a voice on the end of a line.
And each time it comes, and
each time there is nothing to say.
This short play has been staged too many times.

Who is this persistent director
who refuses to take a hint?
Must we throw lemons? Hurl abuse?
Audience and actors alike
threaten to leave the hall?

But we stay — actors and audience,
which is which one can never be quite sure.
It is the sort of play
where the drama changes
with the point of view.

So we wait, on either end of the line;
we wait for a direction,
a breakthrough in the action.
We wait
and hope our ticket has not been bought in vain.