

DEDICATION

To Vladimir and Estrogon.

When I was nineteen I went to see Samuel Becket's play 'Waiting for Godot.' Usually, when I went to the theatre, it was with friends, but this time I wanted to be alone. I wasn't sure how my friends would react - not to the play but to my interest in it. So I sat there, watching the antics of two strange characters called Vladimir and Estragon (Didi and Gogo to each other). At some point I could hear, in my own mind, these words:

- Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.

If you want to know what they mean, imagine you are Jesus Christ nailed to a cross and about to die. Then roar out:

- Eloi, eloi lama sabachthani!
- My God, my God, why have you forsaken me.

The play is about Didi and Gogo passing the time as they wait for Monsieur Godot, but the play ends before Monsieur Godot arrives. I like Didi and Gogo. I like the way they live in hope instead of sitting back and looking on and knowing everything and doing nothing. The poems which follow were written with Didi and Gogo in mind and my hope is that one day you or I might meet them face to face and recite one of my poems. I think Didi and Gogo would like what I have written.