## **Martin Robertson**

## Stray Thoughts at a Wedding

Glance lifts to a crucifix. Form of the sacrificial Man, drained of urgency and pain, timeworn image, will not fix the shifting look.

Lift it again.

Naked under brutal lamps, fine Jewish features suffering-sunk down on the collarbone, hangs the drawn body of a young girl.

I see Anne Frank

on the cross, offering of our indifference, of my indifference. You will have your own haunter, nailed to die

on the dry tree, failed love.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/