

Martin Robertson

Song

for Thomas

The girl in the train looks out with brown eyes
fixed and lost.

What is she looking for? What is gone? Why
this black frost

on a spring face? She really can't be said
a pretty girl

precisely, rather a cleverly remade
pretty doll.

Bright bleached hair curves in a cunning fall
round masked skin.

Only the fixed brown eyes seem to reveal
someone within.

Self-made? self-murdered? blank as a solitary
prisoner

she is looking blindly through those lost eyes
for her brown hair.