Martin Robertson

From a Train

Young, I thought "One day I shall walk these rough woods, those hills that climb and part, this clear shore." No more. Mind knows Time has closed that door. But still the untaught heart would, half believes, half persuades me even, we could.

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/