

# Water in a Wood

Martin Robertson

Five terraced meres  
dammed from a slow small stream.  
Black still water images  
every trunk and leaf, dark but clear,  
a Claude, a dream.

A sword was never tossed in here,  
and if it were  
no hand would rise to catch it.  
This is a place without legend  
but not less magic.

Blue thin brilliant dragon-flies,  
swallows' acrobatic flawless flight.  
A fish jumps at the corner of my eye,  
back into black unglimped  
as some thoughts dive out of the light.

Ripples are quickly still. Again seen  
in the mirror's tinted grey—leaf-greens,  
white birch-trunks, blue sky caught,  
hide darkness where that fish is moving  
like an escaped thought.