Martin Robertson

The Wave

Easy to live in the lands above the sea, claim nothing within the sea's reach. Easy to live below the built wall, forget the exiled sea.

I am the wave that sweeps over the wall, sets your houses awash, drowns your creatures, your friend, sib, spouse, child, you and you. I am the sea. Do not forget me.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$