Martin Robertson

[Wind is chilly on shoulders]

Wind is chilly on shoulders. Buses pass but not my bus.
Comforting glow, warmth of drink, food begin to fade.
Lovers close, held together, feud against wind.
I stand alone, shiver. But not alone ever again.
Apart we are, but you are with me continually.
Odd chills are chance. Destined the steady glow our loving knows.

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/