## **Martin Robertson**

## [The grass in the next field]

The grass in the next field is greener? No. Ours is emerald.

Our grief is other: how seldom can we go cropping it together, being penned in distant corners of the wide acreage that is ours. Surely we in the end shall find ourselves made free to roam the pastures side by side?

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/