

**Martin Robertson**

**[The clouds that pressed the air]**

The clouds that pressed the air  
heavily on my heart  
are quite away.  
I drink the brilliance, am a part  
of this cold, rare  
new day.

You and I are still apart,  
only the sullen grey  
grieving's not there  
but piercing longing to be where  
whatever day  
wakes your heart.

A pang that's like the joy  
of being together,  
its double, its true counterpart.