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.

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/