

# Separation

**Martin Robertson**

When shall we meet again? We do not know  
—can only dress our longing thought in dream,  
weak tissue woven  
of past and hope, of echo left on eye,  
on ear, on parted flesh. All dreams. But even  
moments of dream are moments passing—time  
moves to our meeting with the starting, slow,  
hesitant, eager, delicate approach  
of a child who barefoot down a pebble beach  
makes for the sea.