Martin Robertson

Vision Between Waking and Sleep

A child standing in a wilderness of snow looking in at my door: a face I was in love with long ago, a dancer's face. Why do you eye me so? All loves in love have place. Come in from the cold moor.

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/