

# **Out from the Cliff**

**Martin Robertson**

Out from the cliff birds wheel wild, a white  
fan, scattering wide over the water,  
dwindling, lost.

Fledged presently, son, daughter,  
circle, take flight  
from ours to outer world, build worlds in  
differing ways their own. When we fold  
fond revisiting loves, cheek will be cold,  
salt from sea-wind.