Martin Robertson

Early Train

These fields and trees would, if grey clouds were even on the sky or if the sun were bold and high, an ordinary landscape seem; where now an otherworld of art or dream (the spirit's two alembics) lies built out of frost and mist and level light before our ordinary eyes.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$