## **Martin Robertson**

## Freedom

The gate groans to behind, thud of finality.
Strange town at closing-time, the street-cold world lies wide before the prisoner free.

What now? Follow the wind away, follow your will.
To what joys will it lead?
Dancers on the green have followed the fairies under hill.

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/