Martin Robertson

Where?

Where are they gone, where? Into thin air—into thinner far than air, into a world where all the winds are fallen for want of anything to keep them up, a lightless cave whose emptiness takes all in and remains empty.

Their net of feeling and thought compassed the cosmos once, now let drop is seemingly simply not.

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