

# Shipwreck

**Martin Robertson**

The waves move on uncharted courses  
to lose themselves, or break on sand,  
rock, shingle—continent or island,  
coasts lost down bare horizons.  
In widening intervals the wind  
drowns scattered voices.

By star and compass these as one  
kept their fixed course—where does not matter  
now, nor under cloud or clear stars  
what wind casts on what shore  
these baulks to which they cling, this water  
in which they drown.