Martin Robertson

Shipwreck

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.

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