

Martin Robertson

A Wreck

These posts which stud
the sterile sand
were a ship once,
as swift and beautiful
at least as all ships are,
but caught by chance
or captained by a fool
drifting drove on this shore.

These are no ship.
When tide flows deep
round weedy timbers fish
smooth-threading pass.
Tide out, on bright
days children splash
in sea-pools at their base,
or climb them, sit,

look out to sea,
ships sliding by . . .
Rooted and green
these seem (though without roots,
without sap,
their greenness not their own),
seem the trees, almost,
that were before the ship,