Martin Robertson

Black

Under the light fresh day
my spirit moves like a black beetle. No,
the beetle is black by nature, and no doubt
enjoys life much of the time in its own way.
My spirit moves, as over meaningless pebbles
(which are not air, which are not sea)
a gull jerks its oil-bound strength about,
that way, this way, no way out of its trouble.

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/