Martin Robertson

Advent

Up through the opaque water another year is nosing its way. I seem to see a sharp dorsal fin already cutting the air, betraying a shark

(yet dream still of a shapely innocent form, a dolphin curving clear, scattering diamonds. Man was born to hope).

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