Martin Robertson

Relax

Clouds roll off. Summer is truly summer, green sea foaming in cow-parsley and may, sun-streaked with dandelion and buttercup.

Light air lifts the silted vapours away to deep heaven, which like the deep ocean takes everything to itself and remains pure.

And if the sea has oil-slicks, the upper air mortal contaminations, today is lovely. Enjoy today's beauty and forget care.

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