

Martin Robertson

Winter Recalled

for Dominick

Wrist locked over wrist,
wrung hands between knees,
hunched shoulders closing
across the sunk glance,
knotted, shrunk. This
is not stillness of peace
but that movement is pain.
Can the natural dance
ever break out again?

Wait. If you like, pray.
Though you do not know what to,
some words, some things remain.
We believe in love and truth
though not knowing what they mean.
If our love can keep its faith
there is a chance (chance?)
the frost will break, youth
break to its natural dance.