

Martin Robertson

Varangian in Mickelgard

Woods, beech and fir. Water—always
streams sounding hidden, suddenly leaping
free from the steep, white in a long fall. Water
—always rain, rough in a storm, dripping
gently, a cloud. Water—always the sea,
dark slate under a nearing storm, silver
out under lighter sky beyond the cloud,
sun-struck sometimes, but slate again soon
under the nearing storm. The sea, reaching
its firths round us, embracing rock and field.

Here too sea clings round the hard land
but other water is rare, rare as trees.
The sun, the hard master, brooks no mist.
Where are streams and drenched woods? Where is the rain?