## **Martin Robertson**

## **Meeting**

Between two stations, two or three words and smiles. Between woman and child, something of two faces in her face, a dancer and a child, long ago, long apart, each out of time and space ambered in my heart, both imaged back in this bone, this flesh, this hour and place.

I look across through my old face at the sleeper on the other seat. Dirty old men dream young and sweet.

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/