Martin Robertson

Song

for Thomas

The girl in the train looks out with brown eyes fixed and lost. What is she looking for? What is gone? Why this black frost on a spring face? She really can't be said a pretty girl precisely, rather a cleverly remade pretty doll. Bright bleached hair curves in a cunning fall round masked skin. Only the fixed brown eyes seem to reveal someone within. Self-made? self-murdered? blank as a solitary prisoner she is looking blindly through those lost eyes for her brown hair.

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/