Martin Robertson

Lady into Fox

Sally Gilmour dancing

The lady of the house shrinks from a shrilling horn. Slips from the empty gown a vixen to the gorse. Loving from loving hands inexorably drawn moves mastered by an inner law, a narrow supple vixen on quick black pads.

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/