Martin Robertson

New Year

"Ring out the old, ring in the new" but you can never catch the changing years. Time flows unbroken through.

What of that clearer frontier, ranging life against death? surely a true discontinuity, estranging

and yet that mortal moment too escapes dimension, time and space: not interval but interface.

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/