

**Martin Robertson**

**Two Poems from a New Life**

**1 Time**

'The enemy'  
people say,  
meaning Time.

Enemy indeed he tends to seem:  
longed-for hours, almost as soon  
as entered, gone;  
yet drags his feet  
down grey boredoms, the grim wait;  
always his mocking game  
stacked against us.

But no, not always.

These two days,  
two nights, when our  
long affection opened its cactus-flower,  
we noticed Time  
choosing to walk with us  
at our shared natural pace,  
and so shared joy is a shared peace,  
a home.

It had to end  
but, lived fully, still is.  
Time, this time,  
shows himself a friend.

## 2 Distance

Larks with difficulty into the wild wind  
wing, singing against it as they lift  
and their trilling is mostly scattered, lost in  
defeating gusts, but comes in bright bursts as if  
to remind me that your voice from the far distance  
is calling me always, and that mine can call  
(bursts of song) back to you, and that all  
these gales, miles, months cannot defeat love's existence.