## **Martin Robertson**

## Wind

The stars are faint on the pale sky above, the phosphorus sparkles in the foam below like sequins on a dress—where have I seen shining sequins on a white gauze dress? I do not know—old, old, infinitely old and long ago. The wind blows in my face and shouts "Love", the wild fresh wind; the rest is lifted, whirled up in the wind of love; I open my arms and close them on the wind.

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