

**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.