## **Martin Robertson**

## [Noon. But the sun is low]

Noon. But the sun is low, coldly bright in light blue sky. Everywhere a thin beauty. Even the glow of autumn leaves is mute, palely yellowing towards winter. Everything is withdrawing, concentrating with us, in the long wait for spring.

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/