## **Martin Robertson**

## [Released from cloud the low sun at my back]

Released from cloud the low sun at my back brightens suddenly across the greenness of the water-meadow a grey steeple against a blue-black cloud mounting blue sky.

I look through my own eyes and others too, the dead who see nothing, perhaps another who reads this after I'm dead, but especially yours. You must see all I see.

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/