

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.