Martin Robertson

[Bare trees black]

Bare trees black against the south's cold brightness where the sun is climbing from cloud to its low noon. The wind-swept flat horizon under the high-cloud-mottled pallid blue offers all colours equally subdued.

Winter beauty's in tune with love parted, which is in no way less itself for that, but can't show all it is.

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/