## **Martin Robertson**

## Separation

When shall we meet again? We do not know —can only dress our longing thought in dream, weak tissue woven of past and hope, of echo left on eye, on ear, on parted flesh. All dreams. But even moments of dream are moments passing—time moves to our meeting with the starting, slow, hesitant, eager, delicate approach of a child who barefoot down a pebble beach makes for the sea.

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/