

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.