

**Martin Robertson**

## **How not to listen to music**

The music parts and joins, parts  
like strands of hair under a comb,  
like currents traced in foam  
on fast water.

My thoughts  
lift from the stream, dance upon  
the secret motions of the air,  
there and here, up, down,  
settle at last back on the stream,  
the water swirling under them,  
sure on its own course, unaware.