

## Martin Robertson

### Nadia

Flute with no reed, violin  
left unstrunged.  
Instrument evolved, built  
with loving skill,  
not, like this, to be silent.

She lives behind a wall of glass  
which speech, touch do not pass.

But what she sees lives. A flat illustration  
jumps off the page—  
the rider reins his galloping horse towards here, blows  
his trumpet over her head. The cock crows  
triumphant in her face.

Not seeing only. Her untaught child-hand  
impossibly catches the movements and their sound.

Faces express feelings, release words.  
She looks away from them, down, towards  
hands sometimes, more often lower  
to legs, feet, which unaware  
betray so much.

These too her pencil catches,  
these and their inwardness.

But kind patience pushes, pulls her to people.  
Caresses, words, make occasional contact.  
And now the vision begins to mist. Hands seeking  
other outlets  
forget the pencil.

(And out of what depth, fingered on a steamed-up pane,  
can that loud trumpeter charge again?)