

**Martin Robertson**

## **Otherworld**

When I was a child I shall come to you  
a child too in the old garden.  
A spring morning, light green, dark green,  
sun-shadows and a sparkle of dew.

Light as the air our hair our feed.  
Love will be there and not need making,  
light bodies lightly touching. Waking,  
the dream gone you shall keep the sweetness.