

Martin Robertson

Touch

No, there's no substitute
for arms around one another,
two bodies warm together.
... Yes, in the end love,
when we're really put to it,
brought to the final crunch,
is the one thing that counts.
But as we live 'No man
is an island' or, if
brine-girt by circumstance,
a desert island then.

... Yes, there is still love.
Loving, being loved, save
from total withering.
But this distortion of
self spoils too much
—twist induced by the ache
attendant on the lack
of loving, mutual touch.