

## **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.