Martin Robertson

Lost

The path across the quaking bog lies not quite where the others said. (The seaman casts his thought ahead, but sandbanks shift under the fog giving the lie to chart and log.) We must be careful where we tread: the path across the quaking bog lies not quite where the others said. Watery mud-holes suck and clog and to our vision's limit spread flat as the sea, and sea-like fed on hopes that sought (but found the quag) the path across the quaking bog.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/