## **Martin Robertson**

## Out from the Cliff

Out from the cliff birds wheel wild, a white fan, scattering wide over the water, dwindling, lost. Fledged presently, son, daughter, circle, take flight from ours to outer world, build worlds in differing ways their own. When we fold fond revisiting loves, cheek will be cold, salt from sea-wind.

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/