Martin Robertson

Revisited

The sun is soft, soft the blue horizon from which a dozen greens melt towards gold. Summer and I are neither young nor old, the quiet middle reaches.

But something cries on in me, timeless and harsh. I feel harden here in my chest that lump of childish lead (and a man's framework croaks towards death, in bed above the scavenged garden).

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$