

Martin Robertson

Shipwreck

The waves move on uncharted courses
to lose themselves, or break on sand,
rock, shingle—continent or island,
coasts lost down bare horizons.
In widening intervals the wind
drowns scattered voices.

By star and compass these as one
kept their fixed course—where does not matter
now, nor under cloud or clear stars
what wind casts on what shore
these baulks to which they cling, this water
in which they drown.