

Meeting

Martin Robertson

Between two stations, two or three words and smiles.
Between woman and child,
something of two faces in her face,
a dancer and a child,
long ago, long apart,
each out of time and space
ambered in my heart,
both imaged back in this bone, this flesh,
this hour and place.

I look across through my old face
at the sleeper on the other seat.
Dirty old men dream young and sweet.