

Martin Robertson

Wind

The stars are faint on the pale sky above,
the phosphorus sparkles in the foam below
like sequins on a dress—where have I seen
shining sequins on a white gauze dress?
I do not know—
old, old, infinitely old and long ago.
The wind blows in my face and shouts “Love”,
the wild fresh wind; the rest
is lifted, whirled up in the wind of love;
I open my arms and close them on the wind.