

Stephen Robertson

Wells in winter

We take the path beside the wood—the fir
and silver birch along the dunes that run
between the marshes and the sea. The sun
is low ahead of us, the sky is clear.

Across the wood, onto the beach. We hear
the gulls, and faintly, far away, the churn
of waves upon the sand. Eastwards we turn,
along the open beach, in rich sea air.

Look up, look up, my love—the sky is calling.
Dark shapes are calling each to each: a throng
moves north against the fading evening light.
Slanting lines are forming, breaking, forming
ordered chaos with a raucous song:
A thousand geese are flying into night.