

Stephen Robertson

Random walk

Looking backwards, I can see
mistily, the shape of things:
the steps which, added up, construct
my life.

Most of the steps are small,
following, if not a line,
at least some vague direction.

Once in a while, though, they seem
to switch a gear, and take a lurch
at some acute, unmeasured angle.

Last September, meeting you.

The world looks different now.