

**Stephen Robertson**

**London**

*For G*

After that single fact of life, a death,  
what was left was not so much a void  
as that which in my London childhood  
we'd call a bombsite—desolate but rife  
with memory and desire, fertile earth  
beneath, a place where something would unfold,  
something hard would turn to something good  
some dormant thing would wake and sprout new growth.

And thus it was. Just past the London Eye,  
a bright September day, the river's edge,  
with crowds of people milling all around,  
walking and talking and standing still—and I,  
reaching the meeting point under the bridge  
and finding you, my lover and my friend.