Martin Robertson

Another Summer

1

A dandelion examined is unsubtle, unkempt; distant, streaks a field with clear puddles of gold. Two truths to accept with a crooked neighbour's love before Struwwelpeter and straw-gold vanish in a silky puff.

2

Sweetness spreads about from hawthorn-conquering may. The buttercup's purer gold puts the dandelion out, Children undress to bathe. My crooked heart grows old.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$