

Martin Robertson

Epithalamium

Stephen and Judith

Love you have. May he stay
with you all the way,
though not exactly as he is today
—that would be out of reason.
The hour repeats in the repeating season
and change with time you will, he will.
But love be with you still.

Love may be, I suppose,
as some have said, born blind,
but when his kitten-eyes unclose
some people find
they have chosen even better than they knew.
May that be true
(indeed I think it may) for you.

May you live free
(as far as love allows) from jealousy,
his meanest avatar.
Love keep you kind to others and each other.
Love make you presently
to those who call you father, mother,
as dear as to your own you are.