

May Day

Martin Robertson

Now May is here. The wintered senses wake
to rack the celibate and bless the pair.
Now evening trysts in orchards reach their peak
and penances in convents. May is here.
The old remember and the happy store
their memories up. The empty-hearted fret.
The empty-bellied, the still driven poor,
who yearly add to what they would forget,
feel in stale blood renewed a prick of hate
and press towards a hope. The exile's scar
now throbs to agony. Now kiss and play
couched where they can the lovers. This is May.