

**Martin Robertson**

## **May Day**

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.