Martin Robertson

Seasons

The bare trunks of the beech-trees rise out of the bluebell-lake, and everywhere the clear green (soft and strong as a child's skin) of earliest summer. This is life, which live things by nature (their nature, its own) forsake.

Does it matter?

Aconite, snowdrop, give place to primrose, bluebell to buttercup, dog-rose. Flower-seasons return but not the season's flowers. And why should we mourn? Why accept the pattern for these, question ours?

It matters and doesn't matter.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/