Martin Robertson

Whom the Gods Love

Considering our mortality and that most of us will not die before at least our better side has long been longing to have died, do not be too sad for those whose flame was blown out while they had unflawed happiness of the hour, unquestioned certainty of an infinity more.

Weep for that trust betrayed, for brief despairing pain of these untimely dead.

Weep more for who remain.

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/