## **Martin Robertson**

## **Survival**

I don't suppose out of the grave any of me will last, to grieve and joy with those I love and leave.

And any other way of living on I can as little wish for as conceive.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$