Martin Robertson

Shelved

That dream, like many another dream, is now no longer a what-might-still-be (though you know it never will) but just a what-once-might-have-been (although you know it never would). And between those (in spite of these nullifying parentheses) is all the difference in the world.

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/