Martin Robertson

The Twenties

The war was over and the world was all before them. Never mind the rent and stain. Enjoy life as it was before the fall: sleep easy and eat freely, and again travel, and watch again Nijinsky jump. But the gay twenties got a dusty answer: with fear sounding its gong of boom and slump disaster closed, like madness on a dancer.

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/