## **Martin Robertson**

## The Two Ways

Jesus, digesting the meal Martha served, pronounced that Mary's was the better part. How like a man. Martha of course deserved better than such a knife-twist in the heart.

Rapt Mary sat and drank all he could give. Martha was tired and cross and so to blame. (I speak as a fast-dyed contemplative, but one not quite without a sense of shame.)

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/