

Martin Robertson

Anniversary

“Half-way along life’s road. . .”
half threescore and ten.
Half a lifetime ago
a thunder-flash put out a glow
and then
another light was water-quenched.

Life goes on, finished lives recede
and remain.
New lives we love do not know,
do not need.
Is it a tangled or an infinitely
intricately woven skein?