Martin Robertson

[Late October hedges]

Late October hedges along this lane coloured with flowers (seasons are late this year): pink of campion and wild geranium, toad-flax, cow-parsley, yellow stragglers, a single honeysuckle.

The bushes though are berried—hawthorn, blackthorn (remnants of blackberry-flower among the berries), a few rose-bushes burning with red hips, and suddenly among those a white rose, and another white rose.

The wild rose was my flower. Good that these late flowers are here for me, you, us now in this late out-of-season summer we are giving each other or fate is giving us, which is at any rate (whomever we thank for it) ours.

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/