Martin Robertson

[Feelings of guilt]

Feelings of guilt, feelings of resentment (resentment worse perhaps, but hard to say since each carries the other at its core) pollute love, discolour grief. But from my old long love now and its grief these stains are being washed away by the strong stream of our love, which flows clean of those.

A further bliss to bless you for.

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/