Martin Robertson

[Time is a child]

Time is a child busy with his own play, glancing occasionally towards the grown-ups (to check that they are there).

Give him a smile sometimes. Do not speak when he looks your way. Do not interfere. After a little while (or longer) perhaps he'll come, and lay gently in your lap his favourite toy for you to enjoy a little, not keep.

He'll take it back again but then you'll know that you and he are friends.

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/