## **Martin Robertson**

## A poem you may like to see

Watching the children shouting in the pool a powerful hurt hits me that Cecil can't hear, see, can't watch the change, the growth. But after all it won't be long before I'm out of it too. That's how it goes. More than grieve for her missing, love what she had and was, is, and live this for her while I'm here.

And if, as is most likely, you live on after me, please keep me with you that way. I don't say don't grieve. Of course you will. But share what matters with me (you will) as though I'm there.

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