Martin Robertson

[The municipal building stood square in my dream]

The municipal building stood square in my dream: a white stone façade of Edwardian baroque. In letters of gold from an architrave block PUBLIC LIBRARY winked with a welcoming gleam. Within, book in hand, I looked down at a page which sang to me likewise in letters of gold "If it's hell to be young it's the end being old so gather the roses of ripe middle age."

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/