

Martin Robertson

Waiting

Not yet the necessary word awakes
nor stir the lips,
but helpless till pass by this long eclipse
the spirit waits,
tasting in small what the true sufferer knows:
the lonely deaf, the blind
who fumbling in the paralytic dark
await no dawn, and those
exiled, to whom the hostile and the kind
are facets of one strange, barbarian heart.
Their bonds remain, but you shall to the vow
and the fulfilment come,
though in the heart sits pinioned, strengthless, dumb
the natural angel now.