## **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.

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