

Tristi Fummo

Martin Robertson

How

how, when you have happiness, see beauty,
can you succumb to an unreasoned gloom?

This way and that I love and am loved; happy

I—could not help being? rather, I deeply am.

Yet look just now:

water in patterns under the wind's touch,

fast falling of waves regathering slow

—so much joy to be seen;

but the idle spiteful soul sits on the beach,

blind to the bright wind and the sound of the sea,

throwing stones at a stone.