Martin Robertson

I, Who Know My Inner Man

I, who know my inner man for a sensual puritan, the puritan in history and the sensualist I see hate most bitterly. Hate... what is it then? What indeed but envy, jealousy?

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/