

Scheme

Martin Robertson

A word, a gust
of wind, and our delightful plan is dust.
The loved, the long worked-over, the lived through,
the too good to be true,
is nothing, and we bear
self-pitying now our anger and despair,
and like the nephews of a poisoned Pope
relinquish every hope.

Oh plan no more the exact, unreal scheme,
no more live by the dream,
the light that lies and blinds.
Open your eyes, and yet may come to pass
your unschemed hope, as the new morning finds
dew on the grass.