

And Then

Martin Robertson

And then
never, it says, he never smiled again.
I doubt it, though;
or were it so
that fixed face was not moulded on his heart
but on his will.
Can any misery kill
the natural unpremeditated start
of happiness welling suddenly within,
secreted from a life-time, and released
if not by nothing, at least
in its own moment by almost anything?