## **Martin Robertson**

## Hebona

I could not in my orchard sleep that day knowing much was not well between my queen and me. I thought of many things (most if not all true) done or left undone to set us wrong. The truths we think are not the home truths though. A bird sang from a bough and drowsing I began to lose my thoughts, and then "You fool" fluted "you fool" the liquid song "you fool, you had the love of her whose gift, above all her warm gifts, is loving. You fool, how could you lose her love, unless because, you fool, you fool, of having simply become, you fool, you fool, unlovable? Fool, fool, fool,"

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$