

In the Audience

Martin Robertson

Still young that unknown face; yet not quite young:
working in time tides of experience
alone could grave those channels, from those strong
contours erode the softness. Beautiful
but not unravaged.

Lights fade. Darkness blots all,
the ravage and the face. Faintly wells
a pale returning light whose kindness veils
jut and furrow, restoring innocence,
restoring youth.

Innocence and youth,
which ours seemed painful or hardly to exist,
move us in others. Has time brought up a mist
or blown the cloud-cap from a point of truth?