Revisited

Martin Robertson

The sun is soft, soft the blue horizon
from which a dozen greens melt towards gold.
Summer and I are neither young nor old,
the quiet middle reaches.
                But something cries on
in me, timeless and harsh. I feel harden
here in my chest that lump of childish lead
(and a man's framework croaks towards death, in bed
above the scavenged garden).