## **Martin Robertson**

## What Hope?

Dreams of good drown in angry blood.

Romeo and Juliet, Leila and Majnun, loving children cheated by a feud, sundered, bewildered, dead, breathe from the tomb. to hover on the chill of fury and hate a fugitive goodwill, hardly to be before it dissipates.

Oh, humanity!

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