

Martin Robertson

Happiness

Between two steps, between two thoughts, breaking
like sunlight in the breast, the unnamed wrong
dispelled, happiness spreads like a bright spring
unsummoned, unreasoned, secreted long
from hours in still woods, on the wind-shaved sweep
of downs, walking, sitting, now listening,
looking, hours where the power of quiet is strong,
hours when the earth can cradle thought asleep,
content that those we love have lived, knowing
our narrow length of time eternal deep.