

Martin Robertson

Another Summer

1

A dandelion examined
is unsubtle, unkempt;
distant, streaks a field
with clear puddles of gold.
Two truths to accept
with a crooked neighbour's love
before Struwwelpeter and straw-gold vanish
in a silky puff.

2

Sweetness spreads about
from hawthorn-conquering may.
The buttercup's purer gold
puts the dandelion out,
Children undress to bathe.
My crooked heart grows old.