

**Martin Robertson**

**Seasons**

The bare trunks of the beech-trees  
rise out of the bluebell-lake,  
and everywhere the clear green  
(soft and strong as a child's skin)  
of earliest summer. This is  
life, which live things by nature  
(their nature, its own) forsake.

Does it matter?

Aconite, snowdrop, give place to primrose,  
bluebell to buttercup, dog-rose.  
Flower-seasons return  
but not the season's flowers.  
And why should we mourn?  
Why accept the pattern  
for these, question ours?

It matters and doesn't matter.