Martin Robertson

A Hot Bath at Bedtime

OI

The Necessity of Purgatory

Heaven I don't covet.
Timeless nothing's enough.
I feel so dirty though,
I should like to believe God
will have me on the mat
to tell Him and myself
everywhere I went wrong.
Then, all the dirt out,
admit me to the furnace.
After that, nothing.

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/