

Martin Robertson

Question

The year wheels on into the same seasons
as last year and all earlier years spun through.
God, if there is a god, may have his reasons
for what he did and will or will not do.
To me it seems too odd.
I can't envisage death
or life as acts of god.

And yet I can't envisage life either
(or death) as an unordered jumble of things.
The fire, brutally quenched, was still a fire
whose high flame, even remembered, warms and sings.
Man's acts and sufferings seem
equally dreadful, yet
I love man and his dream.