Martin Robertson

Homage

Moonlight transfigures marble.

When I think of that beauty I think of Richard Hughes.

I was not young, nor was he old, but he had wisdom I felt, good wisdom.

I sat contented at his feet on the midnight Acropolis listening among marble and moonlight.

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/