Martin Robertson

Gratitude

Man and woman constantly (are we not?) are constipated or cursing diarrhoea, bad breath, bad teeth, bad skin, falling or superfluous hair or a good crop has dandruff in. You name it, we've the lot. Yet there are those who almost seem immune from all, whose skin and breath alike sing of the rose. Petals we know must fall, and not all days are good, but there are perfect days. To what I do not know, but know we should give praise.

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/