Martin Robertson

Presage

Cassandra screamed that Troy would fall and no one noticed her at all. But Hector, heaving out of bed, saw under the three-thousandth day the ships along the shore, the tents about the plain. Armed soon, as before, he kissed his wife and said "I must go fight again, who once believed they could be fought away."

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/