Martin Robertson

Death

1

Does time embrace existence or existence time? Revelation implies the latter, but can I believe it? (revelation being something I neither have nor covet). Without that, can I stand outside time? May I think, as I need to think, that because one existed so strongly, warmly, and is now gone, her existence is more real still, now and here, than this meaningless cessation I do not share?

2

Autumn is here and lovely, the season she loved most. An extra twist that she should die in high summer, this autumn lost. Her own summer already past but winter not yet come, what this death blasted was her autumn.

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/