

Martin Robertson

[White foam sweeps]

White foam sweeps along the grey-brown shore
from grey-green sea under a grey-blue sky,
Low bright sun in the south, and from the north
a steady wind blows cold and colourlessly.

A child's children play by the shifting run
of white water, where children played their mother
played as a child; where she and I, young,
walked together, in love with one another.

Our children, grandchildren; your sea, your land;
our good love in its best time, here, now is
with me warmly; and in that glow I find
the image of you with less pain and more peace.

And you, my warm love now, it's our love that melts
the ice-cap on that love—its living force
shifts into proportion resentments, guilts.
And oh I pray it can do the same for yours.

But death, though it froze the guilts, the resentments,
is easier accepted than a living trouble.
I don't know how to help you, but our intent
is firm as our love, and perhaps we shall be able.