Martin Robertson

[Most of us, somewhere along the road]

Most of us, somewhere along the road, find the way lost and the dark wood a fear.

I, already old, successful, happy, mourned a hollow failure of the heart. Your joy of life, your shining feeling that everything is possible, faded from you in a narrow walled alley with no escape.

Now, outside hope, the late sun breaks through and round us, me and you touching, the fairy world, flowers and birdsong, is again ours.

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/