

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.