

Martin Robertson

[I have (what seemingly you do not see)]

I have (what seemingly you do not see)
an attested capacity
for causing irritation to those I love
even though they love me.

You have (you tell me, what I've no inkling of)
a temper that flares high on a short fuse.

A bad combination, one would suppose,
a recipe for trouble.

Yet

neither of us really believes that.
Less because of our partedness (together
only in fragments of a honeymoon).
Much more because
we feel our chords so faultlessly in tune
how can there be
the makings here of a disharmony?