Martin Robertson

[The track up the wild stream]

The track up the wild stream, blocked by a fallen tree, beyond it fades and fails between rock-broken falls and rough growth of the steep difficult slope.

People have scrambled up. I try to follow, but too steep, rough, hard for this old body. I yield, a little sad.

Not very. I've had a good day; now at evening aware of so much more to bless me than I could dare hope, it would be curmudgeonly to lament more than gently this slackening strength.

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/