

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.