

**Martin Robertson**

**[My grandchildren are stamping the ice-puddles]**

My grandchildren are stamping the ice-puddles,  
dirty and sometimes deep. Fountains of muddy  
water are splashing. Their mother, I'm afraid  
won't be amused. But a good time's being had.

I walk apart in our own good other time,  
you beside me. And for a moment I'm  
sure of your actual presence, and the peace  
floods me that's always in that happiness.

Longing's back at once with a quick pang.  
But the constant consciousness that we belong,  
our love, keeps happiness living in pain's teeth.  
... But only the real presence brings us that peace.