Martin Robertson

[Age's bony knuckle]

Age's bony knuckle (mean fighter) takes me in the mouth, and as I spit another tooth out I wonder if the lack'll offend you to see.

Never doubting that you do love me and long for me as I do long for you, love you.

... but toothless old?

Hard not to be repelled.

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/