

Martin Robertson

A poem you may like to see

Watching the children shouting in the pool
a powerful hurt hits me
that Cecil can't hear, see,
can't watch the change, the growth. But after all
it won't be long before I'm out of it too.
That's how it goes. More than grieve for her
missing, love what she had and was, is,
and live this for her while I'm here.

And if, as is most likely, you
live on after me, please
keep me with you that way.
I don't say
don't grieve. Of course you will. But share
what matters with me (you will) as though I'm there.