

**Martin Robertson**

**[The municipal building stood square in my dream]**

The municipal building stood square in my dream:  
a white stone façade of Edwardian baroque.  
In letters of gold from an architrave block  
PUBLIC LIBRARY winked with a welcoming gleam.  
Within, book in hand, I looked down at a page  
which sang to me likewise in letters of gold  
“If it’s hell to be young it’s the end being old  
so gather the roses of ripe middle age.”