Martin Robertson

[I have you always in my mind]

I have you always in my mind (and in my heart and in my flesh),
The all but palpable presence of your warmth, of your kindness—but sometimes I'm half blinded as by a new revelation: how, having muddled through my life, for worse, for better, to this age, how do I deserve this total, this untroubled love?

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/