

Martin Robertson

[Some exiles know]

Some exiles know
they will not, cannot be recalled.
No overthrow
of tyranny
will clear the way
for their return. Too old,
their thoughts dwell in a vanished world.

But clear, how clear
its beauty in their memory burns,
seeming so near
one step will set
them home in it,
their home—those golden shores,
flower-wooded hills, which loved them once.