Martin Robertson

Gunnar of Lithend

Riding down to the ship of exile waiting in the firth below his horse threw him. He rose, looked round, and said "Beautiful are the cornfields, white to reaping. I will not go." And stayed, and in a little while was dead. On marble and gilded bronze the sun is burning by the laughing sea. Among the emperor's guard the wine goes round with rattle of dice and song, and some are thinking

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of some at home dead in the ice-hard ground.

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/