

Martin Robertson

Grace

Two tall beautiful girls
both in white dresses
walking in the dusk
under wide trees
of a well-ordered park.

Like a poem by Yeats.

Well, this park was the campus
of a small East Coast college,
the girls young academics,
one as it happens Greek,
the other one Italian.

Well, so patterns shift.

The campus was beautiful,
grass and tall trees,
grave colonial buildings.
These serious scholars, teachers
were also beautiful.

I felt the presence of grace
like Yeats at Lissadell.