

## **Martin Robertson**

### **Two Poems for G**

#### **Tender and Merry**

Tender and merry. Other things of course too,  
But these are uppermost in my thoughts of you.  
Funny and kind.  
You know bad trouble, mind  
your troubles, mind others' troubles more,  
taking them seriously  
but not allowing them to be a bore.  
These make for me  
your special power to bless:  
laughter and tenderness.

#### **Lüneburg Heath**

I haven't seen (only with the mind's eyes)  
those acres of heath and wook, free and wild,  
under a bright, a grey, always a wide sky,  
your riding country, where you played as a child  
growing the you I love. Yet that land  
I move through in your words, love through your eyes,  
I've known before.

Under that free sky stand  
alleys of huts. Crowded miseries  
fenced with high barbs, eyed from towers, stain  
earth and sky with their stench, sky and earth  
black with that chimney's cloud. Squalor and pain  
reek under the clear sky round your birth.

Anne Frank lost her breath into that air  
just when your innocent steps were starting there.