

Martin Robertson

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“All that happened when he was eight. He’s older now and knows better.”

“Children of Hyacinth’s temperament don’t know better as they grow older; they merely know more.”’ Saki

... of Hyacinth’s temperament. Just such a child
mankind appears: of knowledge insatiate,
secret on unwrapped secret greedily piled.
But knowing better? Hardly a trace of that.
Impossible Hyacinth, though, was a child yet,
and man’s an infant still in earth’s life-span.
If he doesn’t burn the house and himself in it
might he mature into a wiser man?

Feminist, reading this, do not resent
the unacceptable words ‘mankind’, ‘man’, ‘he’.
I use them in this instance advisedly,
hoping faintly that mankind’s temperament
might now find itself worked by womankind
towards a better-knowing humankind.