

Martin Robertson

Summers

This afternoon lying in the long grass
sun on my face, eyes shut, remembering
sixty years ago I suppose it was
lying in long grass, eyes shut, sun on face,
imagining—no, pretending rather—
this isn't the edge of the school playing-field
but a corner of a garden (before that house
was sold five or six years before) a child
happy in the long grass, the hot sun.

Open my eyes now on what afternoon?