

## Martin Robertson

### Villevieille

The church is very still.  
True, I don't believe,  
but after all  
centuries of love

and misery have sought  
here in the blank of loss  
ways to live with it,  
a path towards peace.

Sought, and sometimes found.  
Peace is present here,  
as though what some have gained  
informs this air

Peace is won, though, from  
effort. This still  
place affords me room  
to think as well as feel,

to study what I owe  
and how it might be paid  
in part—a penny in  
each generous pound?

This and this I see  
there for me to do,  
work I owe to love  
and might achieve.

Not much, not enough,  
but make a start with these  
breathed from the stillness of  
this vaulted space.