

Martin Robertson

Another Summer

Roses in the hedge
scattered prodigally,
eye and heart filled.
Poetry?
This year...

beauty is not enough,
truth too difficult,
too many questions begged,
undefined terms—‘love’.
I fall silent.

Death one would think is
a fact one can’t disguise,
especially violent
death. But have I learnt
to look it in the face,
the disfigured face?