

**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?