Martin Robertson

Tristi Fummo

How

how, when you have happiness, see beauty, can you succumb to an unreasoned gloom? This way and that I love and am loved; happy I—could not help being? rather, I deeply am. Yet look just now: water in patterns under the wind's touch, fast falling of waves regathering slow —so much joy to be seen; but the idle spiteful soul sits on the beach, blind to the bright wind and the sound of the sea, throwing stones at a stone.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/