

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.