Martin Robertson

What Do They Feel?

What do they feel, two old people who part knowing quite certainly they will never see each other again? Friends, not necessarily intimate friends, not lovers—old friends who have known each other well, quite well, from youth; years, many years.

How does it feel when they say good-bye for good?

No, I see no tears, but a sharpening of the senses, heightening, glow, ray from a red sunset, deepening the colours in the hangings of memory. Not fear, not defiance, but consciousness that night is coming, to drain all colour from a cold world.

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