

**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.