Martin Robertson

Joy

Ask no surety of this flawless morning for noon or afternoon. Take what may come—bright or broken day or dull. Though unreturning this clear brilliance, it will live unlost sealed in the amber past.

The ugly duckling flowered into a swan; and if this child's beauty, ephemeral, fade rebuke no promise, made and broken—there was none. Beauty owes nothing: by having been has put the world, rather, in debt.

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/