

## 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.