Martin Robertson

Scheme

A word, a gust of wind, and our delightful plan is dust. The loved, the long worked-over, the lived through, the too good to be true, is nothing, and we bear self-pitying now our anger and despair, and like the nephews of a poisoned Pope relinquish every hope.

Oh plan no more the exact, unreal scheme, no more live by the dream, the light that lies and blinds.

Open your eyes, and yet may come to pass your unschemed hope, as the new morning finds dew on the grass.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$