

**Martin Robertson**

**And Then**

And then  
never, it says, he never smiled again.  
I doubt it, though;  
or were it so  
that fixed face was not moulded on his heart  
but on his will.  
Can any misery kill  
the natural unpremeditated start  
of happiness welling suddenly within,  
secreted from a life-time, and released  
if not by nothing, at least  
in its own moment by almost anything?