

Martin Robertson

Hebona

I could not in my orchard sleep that day
knowing much was not well
between my queen and me.
I thought of many things (most if not all
true) done or left undone to set us wrong.
The truths we think are not the home truths though.
A bird sang from a bough
and drowsing I began
to lose my thoughts, and then
“You fool” fluted “you fool” the liquid song
“you fool, you had the love
of her whose gift, above
all her warm gifts, is loving.
You fool, how could you lose
her love, unless because,
you fool, you fool, of having
simply become, you fool,
you fool, unlovable?
Fool, fool, fool, fool.”