

**Martin Robertson**

**In the Audience**

Still young that unknown face; yet not quite young:  
working in time tides of experience  
alone could grave those channels, from those strong  
contours erode the softness. Beautiful  
but not unravaged.

Lights fade. Darkness blots all,  
the ravage and the face. Faintly wells  
a pale returning light whose kindness veils  
jut and furrow, restoring innocence,  
restoring youth.

Innocence and youth,  
which ours seemed painful or hardly to exist,  
move us in others. Has time brought up a mist  
or blown the cloud-cap from a point of truth?