Martin Robertson

Other World

A golden age, an Eden before the growth of wrong has haunted human fancy indissolubly long and cast its mirror-image against the clouds ahead: a heaven to be happy again when wrong is dead.

Today we feel behind us the struggle of the ape. The future's cloud is gathered into a monstrous shape. Yet here and now about me between two thoughts I see a sleeping beauty's kingdom that was and is to be.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/