Martin Robertson

Happiness

Between two steps, between two thoughts, breaking like sunlight in the breast, the unnamed wrong dispelled, happiness spreads like a bright spring unsummoned, unreasoned, secreted long from hours in still woods, on the wind-shaved sweep of downs, walking, sitting, now listening, looking, hours where the power of quiet is strong, hours when the earth can cradle thought asleep, content that those we love have lived, knowing our narrow length of time eternal deep.

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/