

**Martin Robertson**

**Man's Seasons**

The lines recur, the poem closes.  
Once more the still-miraculous spring  
drowns as green summer settles in.  
Now from the hedges drop the roses,  
and now before my donkey-nose is  
nostalgic autumn beckoning  
—the lines recur, the poem closes.  
Once more the still miraculous spring,  
summer and autumn. . . Man proposes. . .  
winter's carved boughs. . . and hark, how sing. . .  
Man's seasons, though, link in no ring  
but join two points as Time disposes.  
The lines recur, the poem closes.