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.

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/