Martin Robertson

Recessional

Your freedom, which our fathers stole in careless, unregenerate days, and we enjoyed, we hand back whole, improved indeed in many ways,

encrusted with the interest of road and parliament and school, the priceless blessings of the West to make your future viable,

your ordered future.

Hardly seen, all in a mist of blood is hid.

Not upon us our fathers' sin but on your children visited.

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/