## **Martin Robertson**

## Reflection

There but for the grace of God go I.

I smiled compassionately, walked on complacently.

Later a figure caught my eye
—the same? another? odd.

The mirror made a rude reply.

There go I.
There goes the grace of God.

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/