Martin Robertson

Mariana in Miniature

She waited for him, waited. He did not come. She waited. Unnoticed the formal garden found itself as a jungle. Round her the house grew old slowly, quietly rotting, dustily, gently flaking, dropping to pieces round her. She could not lift a finger with all the time in the world. "Oh God, I'm tired" she said. "I wish I were dead."

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/