

**Martin Robertson**

## **Two Glimpses from Dante's Hell**

### **I Accidie**

“Joy we denied,”  
they mutter in the mud, “out there  
in the sweet air which takes delight in the sun,  
secreted smog within.  
Now, here,  
under the black, thick tide  
we learn  
all about despair.”

### **II Brunetto Latini under the Fire-Rain**

He ran like those who race for the cloth-of-green  
through the fields outside Verona,  
and among those runners he seemed  
not to be one of the losers, but the winner.