

## Martin Robertson

### Question

The year wheels on into the same seasons  
as last year and all earlier years spun through.  
God, if there is a god, may have his reasons  
for what he did and will or will not do.  
To me it seems too odd.  
I can't envisage death  
or life as acts of god.

And yet I can't envisage life either  
(or death) as an unordered jumble of things.  
The fire, brutally quenched, was still a fire  
whose high flame, even remembered, warms and sings.  
Man's acts and sufferings seem  
equally dreadful, yet  
I love man and his dream.