

# Happiness

**Martin Robertson**

Between two steps, between two thoughts, breaking  
like sunlight in the breast, the unnamed wrong  
dispelled, happiness spreads like a bright spring  
unsummoned, unreasoned, secreted long  
from hours in still woods, on the wind-shaved sweep  
of downs, walking, sitting, now listening,  
looking, hours where the power of quiet is strong,  
hours when the earth can cradle thought asleep,  
content that those we love have lived, knowing  
our narrow length of time eternal deep.