

**Martin Robertson**

**Fair Exchange**

Everything we love  
puts on features of  
all that we loved before,  
and perhaps of all  
that we ever shall.

We love a landscape or  
a picture or a face  
—person, thing and place,  
though we may love it for  
(it seems) its own unique  
self—yet they partake  
of one another and  
the others of their kind.

Sex is everywhere  
as Freud made us aware,  
and he was surely right  
but wrong surely to say  
the traffic is one-way.  
Sex lends her delight  
to every joy, her stress  
to all our wickedness,  
yet's as much taker quite  
as giver—throws upon  
her basic monotone  
scents, colours, notes, the whole  
dream-treasury of the soul.