

**Martin Robertson**

**Full Circle**

Uproot the rich hedges that roads may be wider  
that more cars may carry more carcass-loadings  
farther, faster, in their frantic, red-queen,  
heartblank hunger to out-hurry time.

The sea-edge solution, salty, bloodwarm,  
lay quick with life, with love, with mansoul.  
Now we pump back poison from our panic deathwish,  
slip to lasting sleep in a sterile slime.