## **Martin Robertson**

## **Full Circle**

Uproot the rich hedges that roads may be wider that more cars may carry more carcase-ladings 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.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/