

Full Circle

Martin Robertson

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.