

Anniversaries

Martin Robertson

Speeds gather as lives hurtle down
the helter-skelter of the years—
a tower whose far base disappears
in cloud (like Brueghel's Babylon
reversed) when first we're launched. But soon
spiralling on one almost hears
speeds gather as lives hurtle down
the helter-skelter. Of the year's
pattern we mark flash off, flash on,
the signal-lights repassed, of tears
and happiness, while upward rears
now the tower, round whose channelled stone
speeds gather as lives hurtle down.