Martin Robertson

Label

The objects in this case were taken from a grave:

a pair of ear-rings, gold, simple design; a bronze mirror, its shine a roughened green but on the back still, delicately lined, a leaf-fan on whorled stalks, above the tang which held it in the handle, doubtless of wood (no trace of that remained); two jointed dolls of clay; likewise of fired clay, half a dozen crocks, five of them black, prettily formed but plain, the sixth (small like the others) a masterpiece of shaping and drawing.

These were lifted from a girl's grave, put there by friends, by her parents probably, to be there always in the dark ground with the dead child.

Popular name for archaeologist is grave-robber.

Not without reason.

Still, might perhaps the master potter-painter like to have known his handiwork seen, shown, loved again?

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/