

**Martin Robertson**

**The Rift**

**for Matthew**

The scar-lips of the wounded wood  
watch the sleek sweep of the road.  
The exposed trees absorb the fumes  
which seep into our smoky rooms.  
Yet houses, rooms, these woods too, are,  
no less than cigarette and car  
creations of humanity.  
From the astonishing age when we  
(in Nature's cyclic sleep long curled)  
woke to ourselves and to the world  
we have been forced to fight and fear  
the natural world, that's yet our dear  
mother and love. This paradox  
(a rift in the firm-seeming rocks)  
rives all we've done and all we could  
do, as the car-road rives the wood.