Martin Robertson

Music is Landscape

Music is landscape: wide grass melts to a skyline, dips to a stream.

Landscape is music: the heart's dream weaves with what we see and beguiles us.

Nature is nothing, unformed, till an eye prints an image on a prepared brain. Heart's feeling transfigures again that transposed vision of actuality.

What is real?
Nature is blind
—blank blackness
the sun's light
until kindled
by act of sight.
Sight is silence
without feeling mind.

We bring our own lights into this dark, and in the glance, dance of the beams they throw crystals glisten in answer which could not know till then they were other than the other rock.

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/