

**Martin Robertson**

## **Cosmology**

The sky is a firm dome bounding earth's plain  
whence the inconstant gods send dearth and rain  
and playfully allot our joy and pain.  
Life between earth below and sky above  
is work and breeding and the spark of love.

A sphere the earth is and the sky a sphere  
—no, many spheres; and all, the far and near  
wheel in one harmony about us here.  
Pure light of the last sky that does not move  
is God, who moves them all, moves us, through love.

Earth is a speck whirling about a spark  
that dying traces aimlessly an arc  
across the curving but uncentred dark.  
Beyond forgets its meaning like above,  
nor any place remains for God but love.