

# **Becoming**

**Martin Robertson**

Curled up you sleep, or stirring  
kick in the darkness of an imageless dream,  
trying your strength. Rapt stranger  
what is your sex, that we may give you a name?  
your tastes, that we may make our house your home?

What is your form, your nature,  
that love may know the object of its thought?  
what secret force could gather  
you, form and soul, in this drop, mingled straight  
from love's well and the fountain of delight?

Waters distilled, secreted,  
strained through the sand and rich soil of our lives,  
and all those lives of others  
the silt of whose brief or eternal loves  
now beds the wood where ours are now the leaves.