

**Martin Robertson**

## **Greece**

Sea; rocks and sea; rock and pine,  
red earth and olive, pine and bare rock,  
broken rock climbing to a point of snow,  
to the blinding blue of sky; diamond air  
edge to knife-edge with the naked rock  
breaking down in a pine-torrent of green  
or rock straight to an olive-pearly plain,  
straight to a blinding or a peacock sea.

And here and there like stalks of asphodel,  
few and broken but straight, gold in the sun,  
the cities of Greece: which flowered in her own spring,  
withered through the dog-days of Macedon,  
through Rome's opulent autumn, all but vanished  
in the long white winter of Byzantium.