Martin Robertson

Scorched Earth

I scorched my heart's earth retreating miserably before the dark army pursuing me.

Threatening shadow on the horizon's rim —burn every blade of grass that might be green for him.

Huge sound trembling through remote air
—pile the brooks with muck lest he find them clear.

Charred field, clotted stream. I have spoiled my world for a bad dream.

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/