

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.