

# **Stones**

**Martin Robertson**

One hurt by one he loves hurts those that love him,  
spreading (circles from stone dropped in water)  
pain; and worse (last  
worst twist and waste)  
transmutation of love to cruelty.

I see  
the final bomb fall wide in open ocean  
—harmless? Look—circles of desert spread:  
seas and rivers, all water, sap, blood,  
all springs of earth and life dried soon,  
leaving a dusty cavernous lump gaping  
at the sun, at the dead moon, dead as the moon.