

**Martin Robertson**

**Delos in Spring**

**for Lucy**

Time threw the columned temples down  
and broke the features of the god  
and of the living precinct made  
this beauty of scattered skeleton,  
desolation of shining stone.

No past throws up against the sense  
a reek of crowd and sacrifice  
with blood and smoke, movement and noise.  
The moment's timeless flame transcends  
imagination's competence.

Marble in sun burning like snow.  
Green, violet, scarlet, scattered free,  
and blue, shadow of burning blue  
above, echo of blues that glow  
round us (green, violet) in the sea.