

**Martin Robertson**

**Macrocosm**

Look up into the night, but not to extend  
divine order spun from the thoughts of men.  
The dry moon hangs, skull to a Magdalen,  
a mirror to the earth of beauty's end.  
Among those sparklers, set like frozen spray,  
are some as cold: all their mutations done,  
their spectral light's a lesson to the sun  
on what attends an incandescent day.  
The star-swarms, the vast-wheeling galaxies,  
dwindle to pin-points in speed-gathering flight  
from a lost centre: seeming to press back  
dimension's imperceptible boundaries,  
lose one another in the widening black.  
Look down into your life and know the night.