

**Martin Robertson**  
**Against Pedestals**  
**for Jody**

Our idols fall. Not that their feet are clay  
—their feet are ivory, their hair is gold,  
all we believed is true, except the old  
pretence that they were gods. We have to know  
God, if there be a god, cannot be so.  
The handsome plinths we built for them were all  
plaster painted for marble. These gave way  
and gold and ivory shatter in the fall.