

Against Pedestals

for Jody

Martin Robertson

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.