

# **The Lilies of the Field**

**Martin Robertson**

They think as they take breath, bearing no trace  
in mind or eye.

Glowing, drooping in spirit and in face  
momently like a flower  
they touch the absolute value of each hour  
where lightly, thinly lie  
the veils of memory, of hope and fear.

Like a bird, like the wind  
they take their certain, incalculable way,  
and passing lend  
our eyes perception of a clearer air  
a brighter day.