Martin Robertson

Lamps

We are the passing contacts of two worlds.

Power out of space and time touches in us into a life's short light the temporal earth.

Calm shine some, in whom power and deadweight hold a steady balance; some smoulder an age; some flare smokily up; some by a chance blow are untimely over; on others presses too hard the splendour of the power; glows like a star their mould, but in an hour burns out.

 $This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at {\tt http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/linearity}. The {\tt http://rtnl.org.u$