

# Lamps

**Martin Robertson**

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.