

**Martin Robertson**

**Other World**

A golden age, an Eden  
before the growth of wrong  
has haunted human fancy  
indissolubly long  
and cast its mirror-image  
against the clouds ahead:  
a heaven to be happy  
again when wrong is dead.

Today we feel behind us  
the struggle of the ape.  
The future's cloud is gathered  
into a monstrous shape.  
Yet here and now about me  
between two thoughts I see  
a sleeping beauty's kingdom  
that was and is to be.