Martin Robertson

Causes

Children of the mines on hands and knees in dark, weight of the roped truck cutting naked loins.

But that was long ago, long before naked Jews were herded into gas. And that is past too.

World about us now West and South and East all's not for the best. But that is far away.

On our own doorstep (sink that searching gaze) stinking jetsam lies. Here. Now. No escape.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/