

Martin Robertson

Divinity

Lightly blows
the hedge-rose,
sways, clings,
white, pink,
and I think
lightly sings

“Beauty is.
Accept this.
God is not
any other
—not the Father
of Christian thought,

not the slain Son,
God in man.
The Greek saw
clearer, truer,
when he knew
long ago

in sun’s light,
behind the night’s
spangled tent,
an unmoved mover,
loved not lover,
indifferent.”