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."

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