

Martin Robertson

Stray Thoughts at a Wedding

Glance lifts to a crucifix.
Form of the sacrificial Man,
drained of urgency and pain,
timeworn image, will not fix
the shifting look.

Lift it again.

Naked under brutal lamps,
fine Jewish features suffering-sunk
down on the collarbone, hangs
the drawn body of a young
girl.

I see Anne Frank

on the cross, offering of
our indifference, of my
indifference.

You will have
your own haunter, nailed to die
on the dry tree, failed love.