

**Martin Robertson**

**Anniversaries**

Speeds gather as lives hurtle down  
the helter-skelter of the years—  
a tower whose far base disappears  
in cloud (like Brueghel's Babylon  
reversed) when first we're launched. But soon  
spiralling on one almost hears  
speeds gather as lives hurtle down  
the helter-skelter. Of the year's  
pattern we mark flash off, flash on,  
the signal-lights repassed, of tears  
and happiness, while upward rears  
now the tower, round whose channelled stone  
speeds gather as lives hurtle down.