## **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.

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