

**Martin Robertson**

## **Change**

Language and landscape change.  
What we were bred to seems  
immutably the same,  
a timeless heritage  
for us to hand down pure  
as we received it.

That's a delusion.

While we dream we're conserving,  
all the time our own  
feet and hands, tongue, thoughts, thoughtlessness  
are fretting, working on,  
reshaping the inheritance  
formed and re-formed before we were  
as still it will be when we're gone.

Decay, corruption foster life.  
Even the fossil forming in the stone  
helped build a shape which was not there before.  
Though change offend and hurt,  
immutability  
would be non-entity.

Mourn the smooth hill, the woods  
you love, the fitted words  
you love. Love and mourn,  
but the world must turn.