Martin Robertson

For Cecil

Morning's first light, spring light, a cleareyed, firm-handed geometer, built an intelligible world of surfaced shapes. Now, as then, the beam comes level through the air. What summer noon struck blankly on, obliterated and dissolved, autumn and evening form again.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/