

Martin Robertson

[The bare, beautiful borders]

The bare, beautiful borders, cruel borders
where thieving and loving alike are things of passion
and every passion, or nearly, ends in a killing.
Only, it's not the end:
loving and thieving, passion and blood, live on
in song.

And there's a further border. The world of faery
is on the other side of the short grass on the hill,
reaches out into the thieving and loving,
into the killing,
into the song.
This border, that border, these kingdoms live on.