

Martin Robertson

Treasure

1

Treasure in heaven? Rather, the fleeting kind—
the exchanged smile, the small kindness (so small
it couldn't be remembered), joke in a queue
(a shared short laugh)—anything will do
that dies quickly but has gleamed first (star-fall).
I like to lay up my harvest in the wind.

2

Smug, you forget the other crop (tare
in the wheat)—careless insensitive unkindness,
small but so painful it cannot be forgotten
by either party. "It wasn't meant"'s a rotten
excuse, doesn't excuse. Spiritual blindness
is fault not affliction. What have I laid up? Where?