

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?