

Martin Robertson

From the Air

i Flying high

Far down past melting drifts of cloud
remote and faint lies mother earth.
Above the station of our birth
we ride the sunlight, swift and proud.

The wing-heeled boots, the crooked knife
lent us to hunt a monster with,
misborn into a crueler myth
we use against our mother's life.

ii Flying low

That corner where the road
turns from the fields into the wood,
we met there sometimes—we?—
at dusk, would linger... we?... they?...
later, each separately,
found the night-slow
familiar way
home to the lit farmsteads... Who?