

**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 crueller 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?