

## Martin Robertson

### Antipodes

I find Orion the hunter here  
up to the north and on his head.  
Above his feet is spread  
a dome studded with unfamiliar  
configurations, star by alien star.

Meanwhile my body, through my feet  
while I look up, points home,  
clean through the stable-seeming spinning globe  
—drought-blistered, cyclone-hit,  
quake-riven earth, as though  
herself were in despair  
at man's failure to care,  
his obsessive, his mad drive to go  
on down the same old way,  
hell-bent to destroy  
himself and her.

If I could plummet down a radial line...  
But between me and mine  
the surface curves away, away  
and all across it play  
flickers of the grumbling storm,  
and through this warm  
clear air  
gooseflesh me with fear.