

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.