

Martin Robertson

H.A.R.P.

How could this traitor live a lie?
watching his step, watching his speech,
watching himself—‘What am I?’
Well, but what am I to preach?

Am always I, are always you,
is always any human being
not only to his own self true
but shown so to his neighbours’ seeing?

Each of us sometimes wears a mask,
most of us often. Such as he,
taking up their ungrateful task,
must fix it irremovably,

till where’s the mask and where’s the face?
Yet, turning to ourselves again,
is there so huge an otherness
between that and the run of men?

—

The mangled reputation lies
stoned, to be spat on as we pass
by those who dare not recognise
that all our houses are of glass.