

Martin Robertson

Hermes of Olympia

After the others—struggle or charged stillness
of heroes, centaurs, gods from the temple-gables,
weight of a winged power
out of the wind alighting—
your smooth-polished lackadaisical perfection
grates. I move away
admiring perhaps, certainly disliking.

But today
meeting your face suddenly, dark photograph
in a blown-up snapshot of Anne Frank's wall
—her pin-ups, marking her strip of that confined world
the house behind the house in Prinsengracht—
I find it in my heart
to love you after all.