

**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.