

**Martin Robertson**

## **Heron and Gulls**

The heron manoeuvres its slow galleon-sails,  
writhes its proud neck,  
as the attack  
of the quick-winged hounds,  
sharp-circling sloops, prevails  
forcing it from its fishing-grounds.

Nature's brutal economy holds a mirror  
to human doing,  
unflattering  
comparison  
to shame us, but no error—  
naked image of what gets done.

And yet those silent weavings in the air  
are beautiful—  
sad, an old tale,  
fable, romance. . .  
False? But there's something there,  
the beauty's there. A kind of dance.