

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.