

Martin Robertson

Two Cultures?

(for Tom)

Planted along the old line of the railway
a formal row, filament-flowers,
radio telescopes with lifted faces
listening
to secrets of the universe. . .

Listening? These have ears
tuned to another sound-range, eyes which focus
in a different light. They whisper
to man's mind half-intelligible truths
from inconceivable distances.

Not so different
from what musician, poet, any artist
wrests from the air, relays
for those who will tune in
a pattern partially apprehensible.