

**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.