

# Martin Robertson

## Consider

Consider this shrunk ball  
(words circle it in seconds, you and I  
in twice the time perhaps the sun  
seems to take)  
stacked with our miscreations, which by one  
choice, by one mistake,  
can leave an uninhabitable  
waste, humanity gone  
and all our dream.

If, considering this, we can suppose it is a state of being that's compatible with reason, can imagine war is still (if it ever really was) a viable way of settling anything, we must be stupid over the edge of idiocy.