

Martin Robertson

Buttercups

Low to the grass—tall, branching—massed together,
a wash of gold across the water-meadows.

Like other things this year (may, daisies, roses)
late coming but, now come, here in profusion.

We are ruining the nature we know and love,
but nature is not ready to go under.
How strong she is. The decimations, distortions
we are inflicting she'll turn to her own ends
and run the world's course at her own pace
long after we have thrown ourselves away.

We must weep
our follies and our wickednesses, our failure;
not least, for our own sake,
what we are doing to nature as we love her;
but need not in a longer view, I fancy,
worry that we have hurt her.