

Martin Robertson

Credo

Blossom and greening.
Recurring wonder.
For me this year not you recurring,
for these our children soon not me. Then
for theirs not them.
One day perhaps for no recording eye.
One day certainly
not recurring,
the planet dying, dead.

This planet, tiny speck
circling an only little less tiny spark,
one of uncounted millions in a galaxy
one of uncounted galaxies sailing space.

Perhaps
these huge galaxies are only atoms
of a vaster matter (as the electron's charge
might hold a universe). Or perhaps
our time, space, matter are not
their own reality, are really
a section through an other-dimension world,
all seeming happenings here a chance effect
of happenings there (and so on).

But on the simplest model of the cosmos
this our world is infinitely small
and in no sense a centre.

Yet here we are. And here's our apprehension of beauty and good (also of bad and ugly, but those are negatives, shadow to light). And somehow I believe without doubt in the absolute being of good, beauty, love, and that beyond the irreparable errors, the irreplaceable loss, the truth of love, somehow, is here and never lost.