Martin Robertson

Moment and Memory

The shutter flicks; the fleeting moment stays pinned on time like a butterfly on a board, dead. But passing moments do not perish, build memory and life; the artist's captured moment lives like a memory and, would we live, we must let moments pass to memory, form the phases of our life, not like the camera catch the fading moment to hold it like a dead leaf in the hand.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/