Martin Robertson

Delos in Spring

for Lucy

Time threw the columned temples down and broke the features of the god and of the living precinct made this beauty of scattered skeleton, desolation of shining stone.

No past throws up against the sense a reek of crowd and sacrifice with blood and smoke, movement and noise. The moment's timeless flame transcends imagination's competence.

Marble in sun burning like snow. Green, violet, scarlet, scattered free, and blue, shadow of burning blue above, echo of blues that glow round us (green, violet) in the sea.

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