## **Martin Robertson**

## The Lilies of the Field

They think as they take breath, bearing no trace in mind or eye.

Glowing, drooping in spirit and in face momently like a flower they touch the absolute value of each hour where lightly, thinly lie the veils of memory, of hope and fear.

Like a bird, like the wind they take their certain, incalculable way, and passing lend our eyes perception of a clearer air a brighter day.

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