

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.