

Martin Robertson

On the Towpath

He is tall, his hair is raven;
hers is sunbright, she is slender.
His teeth flash snowy in his wit,
hers with the laugh that answers it.
—Yet are they all that they pretend? (a
pair of sets of teeth so even. . . ?)

Look round. His black is thin behind,
her blonde is mousy at the root.
The laugh too, and the voice, are faked. . .
So what?—The image with the cracked
torso, tilted on a clay foot,
stands crowned with gold and is mankind.