

## Martin Robertson

### Divinity

Lightly blows  
the hedge-rose,  
sways, clings,  
white, pink,  
and I think  
lightly sings

“Beauty is.  
Accept this.  
God is not  
any other  
—not the Father  
of Christian thought,

not the slain Son,  
God in man.  
The Greek saw  
clearer, truer,  
when he knew  
long ago

in sun’s light,  
behind the night’s  
spangled tent,  
an unmoved mover,  
loved not lover,  
indifferent.”