

# Beauty

**Martin Robertson**

Drink (your fill  
you never can)  
beauty of earth, skill  
of visionary man.  
Man, who knows  
from nature how to kill  
and breeds in his own breast,  
sows incontinently,  
noisomer ill,  
yet pursues  
beauty, and is blest.  
For all our wickedness,  
our blank stupidity,  
beauty is ours and the earth's still.