

Change

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Language and landscape change.
What we were bred to seems
immutably the same,
a timeless heritage
for us to hand down pure
as we received it.

That's a delusion.

While we dream we're conserving,
all the time our own
feet and hands, tongue, thoughts, thoughtlessness
are fretting, working on,
reshaping the inheritance
formed and re-formed before we were
as still it will be when we're gone.

Decay, corruption foster life.
Even the fossil forming in the stone
helped build a shape which was not there before.
Though change offend and hurt,
immutability
would be non-entity.

Mourn the smooth hill, the woods
you love, the fitted words
you love. Love and mourn,
but the world must turn.