

Martin Robertson

Music is Landscape

Music is landscape:
wide grass
melts to a skyline,
dips to a stream.
Landscape is music:
the heart's dream
weaves with what we see
and beguiles us.

Nature is nothing,
unformed, till an eye
prints an image
on a prepared brain.
Heart's feeling
transfigures again
that transposed vision
of actuality.

What is real?
Nature is blind
—blank blackness
the sun's light
until kindled
by act of sight.
Sight is silence
without feeling mind.

We bring our own lights
into this dark,
and in the glance, dance of
the beams they throw
crystals glisten in answer
which could not know
till then they were other
than the other rock.