

Martin Robertson

Delos in Spring

for Lucy

Time threw the columned temples down
and broke the features of the god
and of the living precinct made
this beauty of scattered skeleton,
desolation of shining stone.

No past throws up against the sense
a reek of crowd and sacrifice
with blood and smoke, movement and noise.
The moment's timeless flame transcends
imagination's competence.

Marble in sun burning like snow.
Green, violet, scarlet, scattered free,
and blue, shadow of burning blue
above, echo of blues that glow
round us (green, violet) in the sea.