

Martin Robertson

Lamps

We are the passing contacts of two worlds.
Power out of space and time
touches in us into a life's short light
the temporal earth.
Calm shine some, in whom power and deadweight hold
a steady balance; some
smoulder an age; some flare smokily up;
some by a chance blow are untimely over;
on others
presses too hard the splendour of the power;
glows like a star their mould, but in an hour
burns out.