

## Martin Robertson

### Naples

St. Januarius's blood  
froths cold in its gold-mounted phial.  
In canyons of the high-slummed hill  
sick children sell themselves for food.  
Song... and blue sea... and on the blue  
distance, Tiberius's isle.  
Blood spurts, dries soon... but hot blood still  
reliquifies the sun-dried blood.