

Stephen Robertson

Reflections

High up above, at the edges of the air
and the beginning of space
the sky is dark, but the raging fire
of the sun marks passing time.
Far down below, the earth
is mostly water.

From across the waters
blow the evanescent airs
moistening the many-coloured earths.
In forests and in open spaces
there are times
when the imagination fires.

Pots are thrown and fired,
crops are watered.
Seasons and years are counted and timed.
Philosophies are aired,
temple columns spaced,
lightning rods earthed.

On the dark side of the earth,
in the light of a fire,
and faint starlight from space
reflected in inky water,
the cool night air
slows down time.

Now is the time
to lie on the earth,
smell the air,
feel the warmth of the fire,
listen to the lapping of the water,
and gaze into space.

We have the space
and the time
to cross the waters,
explore the earth,
and send signal fires
blazing into the air.

Our space is the earth,
time lives in fire,
leaving us the water and the air.