

## Stephen Robertson

### Ever

Tennison's stream, we know, goes on for ever, his  
poetry too to posterity speaks;  
Joyce has his Liffey whose recirculation keeps  
Finnegan going (despite it's his wake)—

Beethoven's music is just bloody marvellous,  
resonates on though the print becomes faint;  
just as each new generation soon finds itself  
rich rediscovering Bach's counterpoint—

frescos are fragile, but Piero's perspective will  
live on long after his colours have gone;  
learning his lesson, the great Michelangelo  
makes his work lasting by carving in stone—

me, I'm not looking for such immortality,  
life after death would not be to my taste;  
rather, look forward to final oblivion—  
when the time comes, I might add, not just yet.