

Stephen Robertson

Recorded syllables

Together and together and together,
Indeed there will be time, there will be time
time for all the timeless moments, taken
out of time.

—

Afternoon in winter, on the ramparts
looking seaward, sun behind us, low,
yellow light-beams almost horizontal;
East Hills aglow.

Winds moaning round the corners and the rooftops,
rushing wild clouds across the sky,
lying abed beneath the cobwebbed rafters,
warm and dry.

On waters of the creek as smooth as satin,
drifting or paddling gently side by side,
through clear and cool and quiet evening stillness
on evening tide.

—

Decisions and revisions and reversions,
reversings and reversals—these as well.
But we shall leave such counterpoints behind us:
time will tell.

Those are not the moments to remember:
they can be consigned to passing time.
For all the real and everlasting moments,
there will be time.