

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.