

**DARK  
COTTAGE**

Paul Hasluck

## Space Probe

Here I found peace within the radius of a bird song  
And happiness within a zone  
Of quiet hills and honey-coloured plains.  
Lying on earth, I looked on heaven,  
Through ruffled branches saw a patch of sky.  
I found a vision in the structure of a tree.

You went away loudly and have come back  
To the small hushed ripples of the sea.  
You have explored the surface of the moon  
And outer space and gazed on silvery earth  
From far away, found stars beyond the stars  
And still know nothing more than I have known  
On one small hilltop, drowsing at mid-day  
Where on a swaying thistle stalk  
A winter robin perched.  
And the brilliant declaration of its breast  
Shone as a revelation of all life.  
The emptiness of space  
Shrinks to the fulness of this patch.  
Here flames the red-breast truth.  
From here the living Me,  
Lifted in exaltation,  
Inhabits without vehicle the whole universe  
Hearing the singing sound of space illimited  
And the small noise of beetles in the grass.

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You do not lie in death alone  
For some of me went with you there  
And rests forever where you rest.  
And you walk with me everywhere.  
Thus I, still living, not alone  
Will often share with you,  
Still bright and active, ever here,  
Memories of all we used to do.  
In loneliness but not distress  
I draw from stores of happiness  
Not only consolation but a breath  
Of your quick Self beyond the body's death.