

Stone Markers

Iain Gilmour

Have you ever wondered,
When you walk by the shore,
What are those five sculptures?
And what are they for?
They're all tetrahedrons,
Carved whole out of stone.
John Maine the creator,
And Pompey their home.

They're the stone markers,
Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
Watching us all for all time.
Stone markers,
Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
Watching us all for all time.

Always standing, always watching,
Never changing view.
Always standing, always watching,
Over-looked by you.

Laid out so you only,
See them one at a time,
A pun by the artist,
That's truly sublime.
Use to behalf dozen,
But now there's just five.
One damaged by builders,
And did not survive.

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Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
Watching us all for all time.
Stone markers,
Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
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Always standing, always watching,
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Fifty years they have been here,
Once were shiny and new.

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Now they're part of the landscape,
Disappearing from view.

Stone markers,
Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
Watching us all for all time.
Stone markers,
Five of them all in a line.
Stone markers,
Watching us all for all time.
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