

The initial flight  
I can see now might -  
Should have been - my own  
Into the unknown,  
Into the sublime  
Off these sands of Time  
Time had seen amass  
From his hourglass.  
Once I told the Master,  
Later when we met,  
I'd been here one night  
As a young Alastor  
When the scene was set  
For some kind of flight  
Long before he flew it.  
Just supposing I -  
I had beat him to it.  
What did men mean by  
THE original ?  
Why was it so very,  
Very necessary  
To be first of all?  
How about the lie  
That he wasn't first?  
I was glad he laughed.  
There was such a lie  
Money and maneuver  
Fostered over long  
Until Herbert Hoover  
Raised this tower shaft  
To undo the wrong.  
Of all crimes the worst  
Is to steal the glory  
From the great and brave,  
Even more accursed  
Than to rob the grave.  
But the sorry story