

'As liberals we're willing to give place  
To any demonstrably better race,  
No matter what the color of its skin.  
(But what a human race the white has been!)

I heard a fellow in a public lecture  
On Pueblo Indians and their architecture  
Declare that if such Indians inherited  
The condemned world the legacy was merited.  
So far as he, the speaker, was concerned  
He had his ticket bought, his passage earned,  
To take the Mayflower back where he belonged  
Before the Indian race was further wronged.  
But come, enlightened as in talk you seem,  
You don't believe that that first-water gleam  
Is not a star?'

'Believe it? Why, I know it.  
Its actions any cloudless night will show it.  
You'll see it be allowed up just so high,  
Say about halfway up the western sky,  
And then get slowly, slowly pulled back down.  
You might not notice if you've lived in town,  
As I suspect you have. A town debars  
Much notice of what's going on in stars.  
The idea is no doubt to make one job  
Of lighting the whole night with one big blob  
Of electricity in bulk the way  
The sun sets the example in the day.'

'Here come more stars to character the skies,  
And they in the estimation of the wise  
Are more divine than any bulb or arc,  
Because their purpose is to flash and spark,  
But not to take away the precious dark.  
We need the interruption of the night  
To ease attention off when overtight,  
To break our logic in too long a flight,