

Ours is to behave  
Like a kitchen spoon  
Of a size Titanic  
To keep all things stirred  
In a blend mechanic  
Saying That's the tune,  
That's the pretty kettle!  
Matter mustn't curd,  
Separate and settle.  
Action is the word.

Nature's never quite  
Sure she hasn't erred  
In her vague design  
Till on some fine night  
We two come in flight  
Like a king and queen  
And by right divine,  
Waving scepter-baton,  
Undertake to tell her  
What in being stellar  
She's supposed to mean.

God of the machine,  
Peregrine machine,  
Some still think is Satan,  
Unto you the thanks  
For this token flight,  
Thanks to you and thanks  
To the brothers Wright  
Once considered cranks  
Like Darius Green  
In their home town, Dayton.

1962 "In the Clearing"

