

And was waste in name.  
That's how we became  
Though an earth so small,  
Justly known to fame

As the Capital  
Of the universe.  
We make no pretension  
Of projecting ray  
We can call our own  
From this ball of stone,  
None I don't reject  
As too new to mention.  
All we do's reflect  
From our rocks, and yes,  
From our brains no less.  
And the better part  
Is the ray we dart  
From this head and heart,  
The mens animi.

Till we came to be  
There was not a trace  
Of a thinking race  
Anywhere in space.  
We know of no world  
Being whirled and whirled  
Round and round the rink  
Of a single sun  
(So as not to sink),  
Not a single one  
That has thought to think.

### ***The Holiness of Wholiness***

Pilot, though at best your  
Flight is but a gesture,  
And your rise and swoop,  
But a loop the loop,