

Blind bat, unseeing that Romance is living,
Born with new births and nursed with new desires
To growths undreamed of old—fresh fuel giving
To feed the Poet's fires.

Do you not hear her harmonies enweaving
The traffic and the tumult of the times ?
Threading the tuneful years, and ever leaving
A rising scale of chimes ?

Do you not feel her throbbing pulses, glowing
Where bitted steam or bridled thunderbolt
Champ their stalled strength while you prate all un-
knowing
Of ampere, ohm and volt ?

"Machine-made men," you cry at us, whose labors
Have caught and coined and passed the word along—
Us, who have bridged the world, and made your neigh-
bors
Ultima Thule's throng.

"Machine-made men," are we ? and slaves of science ?
Soulless, and automatic in our works ?
Perhaps—and yet I know one such appliance
Wherein a poem lurks.

'Tis just a little tube of metal filings,
Inducted—Polarized—or what you will—
Unsentient, knowing naught of tears or smilings—
How could it feel a thrill ?

And yet at summons of a strange vibration
Its senseless parts cohere, with dash and dot,
Till shore to shore, and nation unto nation,
Sends living waves of thought.