

## *A Blossom of the Sea*

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### AVIATORS.

*Terra, aqua, igni, aere victo, quid ultra?*

PRESUMPTUOUS, man was deemed by poet sage  
Because he dared in fragile bark to brave  
What billows on the ocean levels rage;  
Undaunted now he stoops *beneath* the wave,  
Companion of leviathan and shark,  
Or what of dread frequents that realm of dark.

Nay more; he yokes the lightning to his car,  
Or steals its flaming torch to banish night;  
Therewith he wings his words to friends afar,  
Or dips his pencil in its flashing light;  
Therewith he distant whirls the busy wheel  
To delve the mine or shape the glowing steel.

Not satisfied to rush his iron steed  
O'er hill and valley snorting smoke and flame,  
Spurning the earth in reckless thundering speed,—  
Not satisfied of bronze and steel to frame  
His barge with heart of fire, that scorns the sweep  
Of fiercest blasts that fret the frenzied deep,—