

TO DJR

Nathan W. Harter

By the rippling silks in pacific winds
And rigid ivory with an emerald tinge
Surrounding in a crescent on the fringe
Of one man's handiwork, the tamarind
Stood out against the oriental sky
And showered brilliant black into the scarlet,
Like the passions of a wicked harlot
Who conjures subtle dragons in her eye.

The yellow wood grew twisted and entwined
Among the slowly waking stars above
As if to share a mystic kind of love—
A trinity of heaven, earth, and mind.
In that one embrace of kindred creations,
The grandeur passed of art, machines, and nations.

