

Poetry Fragment 2

Every metal has its ionic harmonies,
Conformed together into a silent Music:
Whether you take the ferric iron in nature,
Or the ferrous iron in ceramics or in dyes,
The greens, the yellows, the reds,
Pleasing the eye even as tonal harmonies please the ear,
Each bringing enjoyment to the beholder—
Whether you look at the ores in nature,
The plastic molds formulated by man,
The paints utilized in pictures even by the cave-man,
Instinctively or wise Iron harmonizes with Iron,
Cobalt with Cobalt, Chromium with Chromium,
Extending into the far reaches of Ultra-Violet vibrations,
Or to the warmer realm of Infra-red,
These quality harmonies hold, the wonder of nature.

Every plant has its internal harmonies—
Whether in the flowers or the leaves,
The buds in spring, the fruit,
All composting together from the first appearance,
Through the alterations in the autumnal disgarbing,
Every tree with its range of internal beauties,
Every flower with its range of external expression,
And the eye is pleased.
A single leaf will only contain greens that please its other greens,
The Rococo Coleus has its massive array of tones,
Each pleasant with each,
Whether a plant or garden, and there is no discord.

Consider the air with its love-embrace of gasses,
Each enfolding the other,
Each giving free expression to the others,
Nitrogen does not swallow Oxygen,
Nor Oxygen Argon nor Argon the inner elements—
All find their freedom in the atmosphere,
Each to be itself, each to give scope to others,
No master, no slave, no class distinction,

Not even a philosophy of democracy.