

The Telephone

Monroe, Harriet, 1860-1936

Your voice, beloved, on the living wire,
Borne to me by the spirit powerful
Who binds the atoms and leaps out to pull
Great suns together! Ah, what magic lyre,
Strung for God's fingers, sounds to my desire
The little words immortal, wonderful,
That all the separating miles annul
And touch my spirit with your kiss of fire!
What house of dreams do we inhabit—yea,
What brave enchanted palace is our home,
Green-curtained, lit with cresset stars aglow,
If thus it windows gardens far away,
Groves inaccessible whence voices come
That soft in the ear call where we may not go!