

## 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.

