

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers* 2, 1886 – 1887 June 5, '86 to May 21, '87)

A Glorious Flight

What, ho! my gallant grey-goose quill.
This night I'm just shy feather.
Up! drink thee quick thine inky fill –
We'll flock a bit together.

We'll plume us as becomes our worth –
Strike from this hum-drum base.
And send the paltry bubble-earth,
Recoiling into space.

We'll mount the Storm-cloud's parapet,
We'll boom the Thunderer's guns;
For sword-play, we will puronette (sic)
The Lightning's forkèd tongues.

Then beating down the nether air
We'll soar beyond the skies –
The sky? – A wretched thatching for
The myriad human flier!

We'll try the music of the spheres
The chime of distant stars
And hear the astral chanticleers
Crow from the Zodiac bars,

Waking the dawn of distant days
To welcome far off suns;
While skimming down the milky ways
Aurora's milk team runs.

We'll capture the O'Rion belt –
Meet Saturn in the ring
If we're to make our presence felt
My quill, that's just the thing.

Then stride swift meteors, we'll survey
Their parabolic planes;
Using Star transits on the way,
And planetary chains.

Now through Star spaces, now beyond

Through shapeless nebulae,
On to that region void of sound
That boundless, vacuous sea.

Where meteors lose themselves – where time,
Life, motion, gravity,
Dissolve – engulfed in that sublime
Sea of Infinity.

Oh, me! was ever such a flight –
Such scorn of dust and clay –
Such grasp upon the Infinite?
Up, then my quill – away!

Now heaven help the groveling race!
For in about a twinkling,
We'll leave it groping on in space,
With just this little inkling.

Of our carier (sic). Art ready? – Go! – –
But stay. –Take one last drink
Now spurn away! – – – H'm – – –do you know,
I think we use poor ink

Instead of spurning, say we glide
On gently mounting wing.
So! – – – –spread thyself; for thou art tried
In just that sort of thing

I'm with thee, –Breathless: – – – –Do we move?
– – –Zounds! I'm all strung with nerves! –
Why don't we go? – – –Great powers above,
Lend my poor quill some curves!

Alack, thou'rt only a goose quill;
And I –I'm thy twin feather.
Blah! Gorge no more that inky swill –
We'll go and flock together!

Robert Ramsey

Budget
Greve Editor
March 26, 1887