

A Newtonian Sonnet.

A dream went down; the sky was dumb and blank
And mathematical, and only thought
Revived our hearts, by memory. The crank
Of universe was wound by forces taut
As mechanical drums. The stars came out by law
And God became a constable, his breath
A kind of dust, immutable. He wore
An engine-look, his factory the earth
And winds his power. In and out we clocked
Each day, the flood-lit dawn our sign to punch
Our cards and get to work while minutes knocked
Their way across the world, and stopped for lunch.
Our sheds were clean and a million light-years old,
But slowly made our fingers stiff with cold.