

A FAIRY TALE

All things grew upwards, foul and fair: The great trees fought and beat the air
With monstrous wings that would have flown; But the old earth clung to
her own, Holding them back from heavenly wars, Though every flower
sprang at the stars.

But he broke free: while all things ceased, Some hour increasing, he
increased. The town beneath him seemed a map, Above the church he
cocked his cap, Above the cross his feather flew Above the birds and still he
grew.

The trees turned grass; the clouds were riven; His feet were mountains lost
in heaven; Through strange new skies he rose alone, The earth fell from him
like a stone, And his own limbs beneath him far Seemed tapering down to
touch a star.

He reared his head, shaggy and grim, Staring among the cherubim; The
seven celestial floors he rent, One crystal dome still o'er him bent: Above his
head, more clear than hope, All heaven was a microscope.