

## To a Meteorite

Tell me thy history thou mysterious thing  
Born of the rolling spheres!  
Tell me the story of thy wandering  
Through time's uncounted years!

Say—was thy wondrous journey first begun  
In the pale, Milky Way,  
Beyond the glances of the furthest sun,  
Midst unformed nebula?

From far Uranus didst thou take thy flight?  
Or Venus—queen of stars?  
Or Saturn girdled with his belt of light?  
Or dull and ruddy Mars?

Or was the seven-mooned planet thy abode?  
—Then might we well infer,  
Thou art a brother of the Athenian god  
Fallen from Jupiter.

Hast thou been battered by Orion's club?  
Or in hot Mercury melted?  
By the Great Bear or by his lesser cub,  
At our poor planet pelted?

Did Lima pale—who never known to frown  
Calm and benignant seems—  
Around the fling her spell, and cast thee down  
The strongest of her beams?

Ah well! thy distant journeys now are done,  
Through stellar regions far;  
Save a short annual trip around the sun  
In earth's old jaunting car.

Rest on thy laurels traveller of the skies!  
We purblind sons of earth,  
Still gaze on thee with wonder and surmise  
The secret of thy birth.