

Practically to innate moral good,  
A rescuing God wrote a psychic  
One minded book in a crash of Babel  
Transmitting the uncorporeal volume  
Instantly to all, as if a physical  
Virus imparted to all.

And the day went slow and  
Passed in an instant of human  
Communication as haughty nations  
Felt strange urges of Republic  
And the sun set on my dream  
And all mankind slept a  
Dreamless instant.

Awaking, the next day it was particularly  
Noted that man's instincts of poetry  
And science seemed dead, or exactly  
A certain marvel for the curious powers of  
Both vanished. The atomic model  
Achieved a mental common picture  
Similar to that of the solar system  
In the minds of those tested,  
Each electron a palpable globe of energy  
In orbits of energy: Strangely this  
Common image. In all who were tested  
A vast sensitivity to this image.