THE PROPHETS REALLY PROPHESY AS MYSTICS THE COMMEN-TATORS MERELY BY STATISTICS

GREETINGS
CHRISTMAS
1962

FROM ROBERT FROST

The Prophets Really Prophesy
as Mystics The Commentators

Merely by Statistics

A new poem by ROBERT FROST

At the Divine

With what unbroken spirit naïve science Keeps hurling our Promethean defiance From this atomic ball of rotting rock At the Divine Safe's combination lock.

In our defiance we are still defied.

But have not I, as prophet, prophesied:

Sick of our circling round and round the sun

Something about the trouble will be done.

Now that we've found the secret out of weight,

So we can cancel it however great.

Ah, what avail our lofty engineers

If we can't take the planet by the ears,

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Merciy by Statistics /

Or by the poles or simply by the scruff,
And saying simply we have had enough
Of routine and monotony on earth,
Where nothing's going on but death and birth.

And man's of such a limited longevity,

Now in the confidence of new-found levity

(Our gravity has been our major curse)

We'll cast off hawser for the universe

Taking along the whole race for a ride
(Have I not prophesied and prophesied?)
All voting viva voce where to go,
The noisier because they hardly know

Whether to seek a scientific sky
Or wait and go to Heaven when they die,
In other words to wager their reliance
On plain religion or religious science.

They need to crash the puzzle of their lot
As Alexander crashed the Gordian knot,
Or as we crashed the barrier of sound
To beat the very world's speed going round.

Yet what a charming earnest world it is, So modest we can hardly hear it whizz, Spinning as well as running on a course It seems too bad to steer it off by force. Car a transfer or mound on the find and own or a C

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