

The Knowledge Bank at The Ohio State University

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ENGINEERS POETIC

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The poetry on this page was written as a regular class assignment last May in Mr. Wilson R. Dumble's English 412 class. All contributors were registered as freshmen in the College of Engineering at the time.*

The Pneumatic Hammer

A great ugly brute intermittently thundering, tenaciously gnawing the pavement.
Black asphalt leaping in chunks and in haste from the rhythmic probe of the pick.
The piston goes rushing, fleeing from air with chattering violent vibration.
A leak in the air hose sibilantly whispers of Nature bound and harnessed.

—R. D.

Examinations

Heads,
Brown heads, black heads, red heads.
Bowed heads.

Pencils,
Brown pencils, black pencils, red pencils.
Moving pencils.

Pencil slows, pencil stops, pencil taps.
Head up, head right, head left.

Bowed heads, moving pencils; moving pencils, bowed heads.

J. M.

Generators

Cool, squat, purring in your long, high engine room,
A row of couchant sphinxes in a clerestoried nave at
Assuan.

Along that quiet aisle the peace of steady action,
The ordered peace, of power under firm control.
Power, much more than I can seek on bright green noons
in May.

Beneath those jackets, static yet dynamic, is poised catlike,
the power that springs, fatally, at those that see
too far. —F. S.

The Lincoln Highway

And still the dusky workers toil,
Under the merciless noonday sun,
To make smoother, ever smoother,
The long smooth glorious run,
Called the Lincoln Highway.

They work with ceaseless energy,
That tomorrow cars may ride,
Without the slightest tremor,
To disturb their rapid glide,
Along that silver speedway. —I. W.

The Air

I control the lives of all living things;
Without me the fish and all the animals
Which live below the surface of the earth,
As well as everything dwelling upon its surface, would
perish.

In their petty wars, men have polluted me and have
suffered disastrous consequences;
Men have conquered me, the air, only partially.
With all my power, I am destined to go on unselfishly—
That animate things may live, and kill, and die.
—F. R.

When the S-4 Sank

A storm approaching,
Destroyer *Paulding* racing for home port!
A periscope; a collision;
The S-4 sinks. —F. R.

A Song of a Paper Mill

Trees, trees, logs, logs!
Sweat, grime, swear, crash!
Trees into pulp;
Pulp into batter;
Batter into paper.
Trees, logs, pulp, batter, paper!
—R. D.

The Burlington Zephyr

Speed!
Silently slipping, straight through
The night,
A flash of shining silver,
A glimpse of moonlit water,
The sound of a frog—
It's the Zephyr.
Gone! —S. B.

The Dynamo

Heart of the nation,
Creator of power;
Master of millions,
Subject to none—
Electricity!

Who can conquer the untamed child?
Zeal of the conqueror,
Zest of power,
The hero unvanquished—
Electricity!

The mysticism of Tibet;
The unfathomed, secretive depths
Of the swirling waters of the sea
'Neath the limitless sides;
The mysteries of life itself;
'Tis as nothing 'gainst
The awe of the whirring, rushing, ever
stirring dynamo,
Creator of the unfettered—
Electricity!!! —J. C.

Vague

I see it in the sunset's glow,
I see it in the morning's dew,
Less often when I'm near to you.
But always everywhere I go
It haunts me tirelessly. I know
It isn't real, though true; and who
Am I to judge? I'm mortal too;
For God on high has made it so.
Oh, foolish man, you waste your time
In seeking to derive the cause
Of simple things that give us pause,
The while you doubt the works sublime
That He has wrought. So ere ye soar
Think first of this: there's something more.
—J. M. K.