

## OUR AEROPLANE

L. MOULTON

When men conversed with gods, in the dim past,  
They envied them their wings; they longed to fly.  
Daedalus, in his need, fashioned at last  
Pinions that let his dear son fall and die.  
Every man has dreamed of having wings,  
Has flown some chasm or some lonely sea;  
An instinct in the inmost heart of things  
Works outward through sublime necessity.  
At length it came to pass— our aeroplane—  
Conceived, who knows in what primordial cell,  
Developing through time from brain to brain,  
To culminate how grandly—who can tell?  
It weaves the nations close. Let love prevail;  
It shall be angel with, "Hail, brothers, hail!"