

Out of the Dust

Out of the dust, heaps of amorphous masses
Strewn along the valley floor,
Come gems and jewels, porcelains and glasses,
Silver and gold, and copper ore.

Out of the dust, dirt in drifts and ledges
Is loosed by dredgers digging deep;
Sand wastes stretching to desert edges,
Hoarders of wealth, of wealth they cannot keep.

Out of the dust, into the hopper pouring,
By Herculean arms of iron vibrated,
Like microcosmic nebula upward soaring,
The metals and the ores disintegrated.

Out of the dust, by great blowers sifted,
Restless sands are whirled and turned and tossed;
Golden grains by unseen forces lifted,
Thrown into hoppers—not one of them is lost.

Out of the dust, then in furnaces melted,
Purified and drained to ingot mold,
Pay ores by Orthometry are smelted
To shining bars of precious yellow gold.

Out of the dust, hidden in deep recesses,
In igneous and polymorphic crust;
Passing the desert sands through these processes,
Great wealth is born, and raised out of the dust.