

Out Of The Dust

circ. 12/20/27

(From a blue-print by Harvey W. Bailey on the Orthometric process
of recovering minerals from ore deposits)

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, in the hopper pouring
By Herculean arms of iron vibrated,
Like microscopic nebula upward sparing,
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 the furnaces melted,
Purified and drained to ingot mold,
Pay ores by Orthometry are smelted
To shinning bars of precious yellow gold.

Out of the dust, hidden in deep recesses
In igneous and polymorphic crust,
Passing the desert sand thru these processes,
Great wealth is born, borne out of the dust.