

O Valkyries we are tumbling and trundling red-handedly along the river on our way to the Pelleponesian Wars I suppose. Little stop-at-every-corner locomotive when o when have I ever deposed that I was subject to vertigo have I ever denied my love of motion for its own sake as for instance the visible wind in the wheat fields?

O wheels that do not turn. O wheels in the brain cease to turn. Why don't they hurry I shall simply shriek to sit so steadfastly before an inert landscape.

O whizzing dynamo set spinning the vast wheelbelts of this world the long rods in flight down the cool oiled cylinders.

O heart O Vesuvius.

O destroying speed of descent and escape.

O sun omnipotent motor drive with infinite velocity the solar orbs in accelerated dispersion.