

(McConnelsville Herald)

THE ENCHAINED SPIRIT

*F*ROM far adown in the rock-bound earth,

Man conjured spirit into birth;

And confined its limbs and curbed its play

And compelled it to serve his will and way.

Yea, he forced it to serve his way and will;

To slave in the shop and drudge in the mill;

To journey afar over rugged roads—

A burden-bearer of galling loads.

And it heard but the one curt word – “Obey!” –

As it toiled by night, as it moiled by day;

Till at last, obsessed by demonic hate,

It learned the meaning of “watch and wait.”

It watched – it waited – it gained a chance;

Then forth it leaped in a devil’s dance

Of hate and vengeance – and youth and age

Were thunderstruck by its roar of rage.

It is broke its harness, its snapped its chain –
It laughed to scorn Man's brawn and brain;
And it struck – and struck; and its fiery breath
Blazed a trail of flame and a path of death.

And to-day we sadly perform our parts,
With enshrouded grief in our homes and hearts –
And in whispered awe of the rage and strife
Of the spirit we've conjured into life.

-----*James Ball Naylor*