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first force and force felt

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first force

We stand and rush in earnest bent to find
The shades of gray and all sides of a choice,
With needling questions of degree and kind,
And downward cast our eyes from rasping voice.
We searched and found the woods are bordered by
Tall piles of lumber massed in old gray stacks
Which all, if fired at once, would light the sky
And melt the clouds that hover on our backs.

Then freely winds could blow old scents from earth
And breathe new fragrance on these ancient grounds.
The dream of sharing worldly joy and mirth
May spring from writhing agent's noisy sounds.
If potent and omniscient minds that be,
Unblock the gates and listen for the key.

force felt

That rhythmic voice sounds like a drummer's drum,
Which beats relentlessly in ancient tones,
And sings no song that's ever different from
The first who felt a need to share his moans.
Who seeks with eyes shut tight in blind conceit
And cures most of his chills with thrilling fires,
Cannot endure the floods which will defeat
The universal law which he desires.

These flintlike pricks set in outdated rhymes
May yet spur winds to clear the clouding sky.
By gripping hands and railing at the times,
Lets join our forces for another try.
Come take my hand, yes, you can hold the key;
If law you want, then work there has to be.