

And sometimes we found the trace  
Of a bird's claw in the immensity of the Cold:  
The trace of the first letters we could not read:  
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Some message of Man's need,

And of the slow subsidence of a Race;  
And of great heats in which the Pampean mud was formed,  
In which the Mégatherium Mylodon  
Lies buried under Mastodon-trumpetings of leprous Suns.

The Earth had cloven in two in that primal disaster.  
But when the glacial period began  
There was still some method of communication  
Between Man and his brother Man  
Although their speech  
Was alien, each from each  
As the Bird's from the Tiger's, born from the needs of our opposing fam

Each said This is the Pace of the Dead... their blood is cold...  
For the heat of those more recent on the Earth  
Is higher... the blood-beret of the Bird more high  
Than that of the ancient race of the primeval Tiger':  
The Earth had lived without the Bird

In that Spring when there were no flowers like thunders in the air.  
And now the Earth lies flat beneath the shade of an iron wing.  
And of what does the Pterodactyl sing-  
Of what red buds in what tremendous Spring?