

IN THE SUBWAY

Untermeyer, Louis, 1885-1977

Chaos is tamed and ordered as we ride;
The rock is rent, the darkness flung aside
And all the horrors of the deep defied.

A coil of wires, a throb, a sudden spark—
And on a screaming meteor we embark
That hurls us past the cold and breathless dark.

The centuries disclose their secret graves—
Riding in splendor through a world of waves
The ancient elements become our slaves.

Uncanny fancies whisper to and fro;
Terror and Night surround us here below,
And through the house of Death we come and go...

And here, oh wildest glimpse of all, I see
The score of men and women facing me
Reading their papers calmly, leisurely.