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POEM INFATUATION

O mystic fascination,
 O fate idealized,
 I'm but a mass of molecules,
 Reversely polarized.
 I'm vanquished by a sorcery
 No amulet can cure,
 For, Love, you are the magnet,
 And I the armature.

The more I circle round you,
 Love's current stronger grows,
 Till leaping forth from heart to heart,
 Love's arc electric glows.
 Against the ardor of that flame
 Insurance won't insure,
 For, Love, you are the magnet,
 And I the armature.

The messages unnumbered,
 Of fond endearment fly,
 At once, in all directions,
 The wireless they out-vie.
 A throbbing heart is at the key,
 Its dots and dashes sure,
 For, Love, you are the magnet,
 And I the armature.

I dwell within your field of force,
 In that blest region where
 Your strength is to the distance,
 Inversely as the square,
 No influence external,
 Can me from you allure,
 For, Love, you are the magnet,
 And I the armature.

At last we'll cling together,
 Apart no more to roam,
 With hearts attuned harmonic,
 We'll sing of Ohm, sweet Ohm.
 One circuit never broken,
 While life and love endure,
 Forever you the magnet,
 And I the armature.

--PARK BENJAMIN

--THE WIRELESS AGE, July, 1915

Society of Wireless Pioneers - California Historical Radio Society

