

Sonnet - To Science

By Edgar Allan Poe

Formatting and Graphics by Mr. Rinkevich

1 SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art!

Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,

Vulture, whose wings are dull realities

5 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,

Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering

To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,

Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing!

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?

10 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood

To seek a shelter in some happier star?

Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,

The Elfin from the green grass, and rom me

The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

