



TESLA'S PIGEON

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I

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feately here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel)

II

I have been thinking of you
all day and all evening as I do so often.
I sat on a little hillside this afternoon
looking over green meadows
to the sea beyond
and wishing that I could loan you my eyes
that you might have my vision
and drink in the beauty of the day.
You are as silent as only you know how to be.

Katharine Johnson, Letter to Nikola Tesla

III

I hunted thee where the Ibis nods,
From the Brocken's crag to the Upas Tree,
My lonesomeness was as great as God's,
When He cast us out from His Holy See,
But now at the last thou art come to me!

G. S. Viereck, "Queen Lilith" from *The Candle and the Flame*

IV

When the spring blossoms rain down,
When the fields' green benediction shines on us,
I will hurry to help you where I can.
I hover o'erhead in airy circles,
quieten your heart's grim trouble,
Pull out the burning, bitter arrows,
Cleanse your mind of sorrow.
I lay your head on a cool pillow,
Bathe you in milk of amnesia,
Loosen your stiffened limbs
And return you to the holy light.

Goethe, *Faust* (Ariel)

V

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
I am thy lover, I am thy mother,
Time cannot prison us, space cannot smother.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting golube,
Vas golube, vas golube ...

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel)

Katharine Johnson, Letter to Nikola Tesla

Oj golube, moj Golube
(O pigeon, my pigeon)

Traditional Serbian folk song

From Jerusalem, the holy city,
Flying came a swift grey bird, a falcon,
And he carried in his beak a swallow.
But behold and see! 'Tis not a falcon,
'Tis the holy man of God, Elias,
And he does not bear with him a swallow,
But a letter from God's Holy Mother.
Lo, he bears the letter to Kosovo,
Drops it on the Tsar's knees from the heavens,
And thus speaks the letter to the monarch:

Serbian epic poem, *The Downfall of the Kingdom of Serbia*

VI

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them.

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel)

VII

Hark! Time storms onward.
Our ears ring.
See another day has broken.
The morning's gates creak and rattle.
Phoebus' wheels roll and crackle.
How noisy is the light!
Its trumpets sound,
Blinding eyes and astounding ears,
Hear the deafening light!

Goethe, *Faust* (Ariel)

Was't well done?

Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (Ariel's final words)