

A rebuttal of Wordsworth

*Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things;
—We murder to dissect.*

'Tis nature's lore that intellect
Doth strive to comprehend:
To find its patterns doth direct,
Not seek its form to bend.

*Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.*

A heart that watches and receives
Is scientist's, artist's aim
Thus only can its "barren" leaves
The truth of beauty claim.

*Reuben Thomas
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