

# The Convergence of the Twain

By Thomas Hardy

*(Lines on the loss of the "Titanic")*

I

In a solitude of the sea  
Deep from human vanity,  
And the Pride of Life that planned her, stilly couches she.

II

Steel chambers, late the pyres  
Of her salamandrine fires,  
Cold currents thrid, and turn to rhythmic tidal lyres.

III

Over the mirrors meant  
To glass the opulent  
The sea-worm crawls — grotesque, slimed, dumb, indifferent.

IV

Jewels in joy designed  
To ravish the sensuous mind  
Lie lightless, all their sparkles bleared and black and blind.

V

Dim moon-eyed fishes near  
Gaze at the gilded gear  
And query: "What does this vaingloriousness down here?" ...

VI

Well: while was fashioning  
This creature of cleaving wing,  
The Immanent Will that stirs and urges everything

VII

Prepared a sinister mate  
For her — so gaily great —  
A Shape of Ice, for the time far and dissociate.

VIII

And as the smart ship grew  
In stature, grace, and hue,  
In shadowy silent distance grew the Iceberg too.

IX

Alien they seemed to be;  
No mortal eye could see  
The intimate welding of their later history,

X

Or sign that they were bent  
By paths coincident  
On being anon twin halves of one august event,

XI

Till the Spinner of the Years  
Said "Now!" And each one hears,  
And consummation comes, and jars two hemispheres.