



## The Converter

Thos. Wood Stevens

PRIZE POEM

Here, in this swaying, a stubborn, fire-clay flask,  
Huge, wreathed and ribbed with weighty rings of steel,  
Covered with oxides dull and black that mask  
And wellnigh hide the power that makes it wheel,  
Here ends the way the glowing ladles take  
That with their loads the furnace gates forsake.

The sparkling flame, gold, white, then violet hued  
Bespeaks the hell the hot blast stirs and wakes  
In the converter's boiling breast, and viewed  
By practised eye, tells when the kish forsakes  
The metal, iron gross, then all too pure  
And last, with spiegel, steel to aye endure.

The flame has changed; the last addition made,  
The flask turns slow; out rush in headlong rage  
A million sparks. The streams the moulds invade  
And seized in seeming conscious steel, engage  
The steaming floods in the deep pit of sand  
Where ingots cool. Thence to the master's hand.