**Pjesma *Dijelovi božanskog ogovaranja* – jedina je sačuvana pj. koju je napisao Nikola** **Tesla**

*FRAGMENTS OF OLYMPIAN GOSSIP / OGOVARANJA NA OLIMPU*

*While listening on my cosmic phone*

*I caught words from the Olympus blown.*

*A newcomer was shown around;*

*That much I could guess, aided by sound.*

*„There’s Archimedes with his lever ,*

*Still busy on problems as ever.*

*Says: matter and force are transmutable*

*And wrong the laws you thought immutable.“.*

*„Below, on Earth, they work at full blast*

*And news are coming in thick and fast.*

*The latest tells of a cosmic gun,*

*To be pelted is very poor fun.*

*We are wary with so much at stake,*

*Those beggars are a pest—no mistake..*

*„Too bad, Sir Isaac, they dimmed your renown*

*And turned your great science upside down.*

*Now a long haired crank, Einstein by name,*

*Puts on your high teaching all the blame.*

*Says: matter and force are transmutable*

*And wrong the laws you thought immutable”.*

*„I am much too ignorant, my son,*

*For grasping schemes so finely spun.*

*My followers are of stronger mind*

*And I am content to stay behind,*

*Perhaps I failed, but I did my best,*

*These masters of mine may do the rest.*

*Come, Kelvin, I have finished my cup.*

*When is your friend Tesla coming up?“*

*„Oh, quoth Kelvin, he is always late,*

*It would be useless to remonstrate.“*

*Then silence—shuffle of soft slippered feet*

*I knock and—the bedlam of the street.*