TSOQALEM

Tsoqalem stood beyond compare
Of reason or disguise
A kind of Man, a kind of Bear,
With wolfish teeth and wolfish hair,
And claws, and dreadful eyes!

And then he flung upon them all
And beat them where they stood,
Till fire was creeping up the wall—
The wall of cedar-wood,
Which burnt no fiercer than the call
Of fire within his blood.

He loomed a Monster in the smoke
Which murdered in its rage,
What time he fired and fought and broke
Upon his heritage.

At last the heinous work was done,
For many now were fled;
And of the rest was left but one
Alive among the dead.