

And soon upon my blanched face
I felt the searing heat.

XVI.

The wreath of scarlet poppy-flowers
Fell withering and dead ;
The scars upon my burning brow
Were scarlet now instead ;
My girdle to a serpent turn'd,
With fang'd and fiery head.

XVII.

And all my hair, now raven-black,
And monstrous over-grown,
That sheer against the falling night
With drear affright had flown,
Around me in all strangling shapes
Of Horror now was blown.

XVIII.

Till came the end where seems no end,—
My body sway'd and whirl'd
Frantic on the lurid edge
Where Hell doth hedge the World ;—
Then down the scarlet Pit of Doom,
Shrieking to God, was hurl'd !