

TSOQALEM

Of how perfidious night betrayed
Her vivid thought released
In speech of dreams, and how the maid
Called wildly on Tsoqalem's aid
To save her from the Beast;—

These hateful things, which are not food
But poison in the main,
I shall not tell, nor if I could
I would not tell again.

Not of these things,—the less that now
Pale Dawn is overhead,
To whom in happiness we bow
When horrid Night hath fled,—
Less how these lovers died, than how
The Night gave up her dead.

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The poor maid lay upon her bed
Of plank beside the wall
Of cedar, bullrush for the head,
With goat-and-dogwool blanket spread
To keep and cover all.