

THE TORPEDO

Perils dark I juggle with, fiery is my
breath ;
With souls of men as trivial pawns I play
a game with Death.

*Nigh a score of feet in length, sixty inches
round,*

*Grim and cold as slimy shark, keen as
coursing hound,*

*Made by Man and doom of Man, fearful
as the Troll*

*Who rides the Storm-king's mighty steed—
(We're seekers of his toll).*

FINIS.