

## WHO OR WHICH?

The horror of the brazen thing  
Found not remorse in him;  
The wretched misery of a heart  
But fed his sordid vim;  
The wistful, adder-bitten heart  
His own heart made more grim.

And thus she went to her seething shame,  
Through a lover's untrothed tilt,  
With the fallacy of the cruel thing,  
At the sin that others spilt;  
And her sparkling trust was turned to dust,  
With the knowledge of her guilt.

And thus she flared a scarlet wound,  
Marked with a guilty seal;  
And the scornful finger hardened her  
And the stain it would not heal;  
And oft she writhed in wincing pain  
As but the accursed feel.

Perhaps in the realms infinite  
That Mercy understood  
And shrived the erring changeling,  
Not as she was, but would;  
And washed the brand from her forehead  
And the taint made sweet and good.