

Why dost Thou sting me!  
Wilt Thou have more flesh?  
Here is a young lamb  
Torn from its mother—  
List to its bleating!  
See how the sharp stone  
Cuts the throat open!  
Ha! how the red blood  
Foams for Thee, Eater.

I only know Thee;  
I and one other:  
She of the long hair  
And the white body—  
She with the small one  
Back in the cave,  
Where the great Roarer  
Can not come near us.

Well I remember  
How I did find Thee:  
One day was noise  
With falling of water  
Out of the sky;  
She was afraid,  
Crept back in the cave,  
Holding the small one;  
Safe from the Shaker,  
The Cleaver of clouds,  
I stood and watched Thee  
Leap through the darkness.