

With archangelic nature overthrown ;
 A harmony of mighty intellect,
 Whose music was forever jarred and wrecked
 By moral hurricanoes thrown from poise
 Of one-time heavenly altitudes, with noise
 Of rushing horror hurtling for the deep.
 So, ever out a harmony did sweep,
 And, springing, from its birth was shattered back,
 Yet ever grew through all the tornado-wrack.
 'Twas music and a discord both in one,
 The emanation of a power undone,
 A master-mind that lorded over all
 A heart beshattered in stupendous fall.

But what the form or face of him who played,
 The mortal might not fathom. 'Twas a shade
 Of most substantial horror ; vague of line,
 But horribly distinctive in design
 Of evil personality ; a knot
 Of twisted dwarfishness, whose inky blot
 Of hideousness forever swelled and grew
 To a Titanic growth of grisly thew,
 And, growing, ever dwindled and shrank in,
 An awful Thing puffed big with bloating sin,
 And crushed to straightest smallness by the same.
 And, for the face, except its eyes of flame,
 Which shone the windows of an inward hell—
 Malice, and wrath, and woe unspeakable ;
 And hateful pride that would not learn to bend,
 Though forced its hideousness to comprehend,
 But tried to dress its nakedness with sneers
 That blistered it all over ; awful fears
 That hid themselves in vauntings of despair ;
 And, burning slow through all, the thought aware
 Of endless ages of eternities,
 Enduring while the stretched infinities
 Of God's tremendous being swelled and grew
 From Deep to Deep in workings ever new,
 Where the slow moulding of a universe
 Is but a moment pricked with action terse
 Upon a widening dial in whose plan
 The sphery ages count a second's span,
 And the full round completed starts anew
 In wider sweeps that aye shall widen too—
 But for those eyes of horror, all the face
 Bristled with hoary gloom, suggesting grace
 That sprouted to a graceless filthy fell
 Of shaggy vileness rooted in a hell.

While still with groping orbs the bridegroom sought
 To make that Evil palpable to thought,