

TSOQALEM

At grievous dawn went folk who found
The maid Tsoqalem smote
To death—at rest upon the ground,
Washed in the morning-dews; and bound
Some grass . . . about the throat . . .

And all about the sward was black
With stress of strife and stride . . .
Full gently then they bore her back
That was Tsoqalem's bride.

