

A bound, a rush, a crack of a thong, then a whirlwind of hoofs ;
Like the sweep of a wave on a beach we are thundering onward,
Neck and neck in the wake of my hate, that ever before us
Clamors from heaven to hell in its terrible vengeance.
With neck outstretched and mad eyes agleam in the moonlight,
I see on ahead the sleeping huts in the distance.

Ha ! ha ! they will rest well under the sleep that we bring them !
See, see, we are nearing them now, the first wild thundering hoof-
beats

Have ridden them down ! 'mid the shriekings and groanings of
anguish,

Blotting them out with their loves and their hates into blackness.

Ha ! ha ! ride, ride my beauties, my terrible trampers,

Pound, pound into dust the mother, the child and the husband ;

Pound, pound to the pulse of my hate that exults in your thunders !

Ha ! over the little ones nestled to suckle the bosom,

Over the man that I loved we thunder, we thunder !

Over the woman I hate with the flame of her hair on his bosom,

Trampling, treading them down, out into silence and blackness ;

Like the swirl of a merciless storm we sweep on to darkness forever.

And now when the moon is in heaven and under the night

Is heard on the winds the thunder of shadowy horses ;

Then out of the dark I arise and again am a woman,

And leap to the back of an ebon steed that knows me,

And hound him on in the wake of hoofs that thunder ;

While under the mirk and the moon out into the blackness,

Round the world's edge with an eerie, mad, echoing laughter,

Leaps the long cry of the hate of the wild snake-woman.

Ha ! ha ! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder !

Ho ! ho ! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter !

Ha ! ha ! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence ;

As under the night out into the blackness forever,

Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman.

W. Wilfred Campbell.