

TSOQALEM

The vision of a ghastly feast,
Where smiling tense and grim,
Tsoqalem—and the Hairy Beast
Tore Ulka limb from limb.

Her brothers—(was there none to feel
For her, nor understand?)—
Her brothers scoffed to see her kneel,
And scorned her as she scanned
The vacant air in vain appeal,
And beat it with her hand.

And down she sank upon the track,
And fell as though she died . . .
To this poor stricken maid, alack
That death should be denied!—
Full roughly then they bore her back
That was Tsoqalem's bride.

