

And Otto in his horses flank strikes deep the pointed spear  
As though his ruined client's ghosts were thundering in  
the rear,  
While the pained air is rent with groans of those who  
fall beneath  
The feet of the stampeding braves, to die a bloodless  
death."

---

The Prophet's gaze unfixed,  
No other word he spoke,  
And startled by the sudden pause,  
In terror I awoke.

HEROM.