

Who after long years of forgetting sudden remembers
The dread wild cry of a wrong that clamors for righting,
And sending a curse to the heart of the night-sky, I turned me
And fled like the wind of the winter, the sound of whose footstep is
vengeance.

Late when the moon had lowered I entered his village
And threading the silent streets came to the well-known tent door,
And dragging aside the skins with serpentine motion
Entered now as a thief, where once I had entered as mistress.
And there in the gleam of the moon, with the flame of her hair on his
bosom,
Lay the woman I hated like hell with the man I loved clasped to her
heart.

If hate could have slain they'd have shriveled up there in the moon-
light,

But theirs was a sin too deep for the kiss of a knife-blade.
Long did I stand like a poisoned wind in a desert,
Grey and sad and despairing and nursing my hate,
When out of the night like one voice that calls to another
Came the far-off neigh of a horse, and a mad joy leaped to my veins,
And a thought curled into my heart as a serpent coils into a flower,
And I turned me and left them there in their foolish love and their
slumber

That my hot heart hissed was their last.

Then hurrying out of the door that flapped in the night-wind, I fled,
With a pent-up hunger of hate that maddened to burst from its
sluices,

And came to a place on the plain far up and out from the village,
Where tethered in rows of hurdles, champing and restless and
neighing,

Half a thousand horses were herded under the night.

Ha! ha! I live it anew, I dream it again in my madness,
I see that moving ocean of shimmering flanks in the moonlight.
I snatch a brand from a watch-fire that smoulders and dwindles,
I creep around to the side of the herd remote from the village;
I cry a low call, that is answered by a neigh and a whinny;
Then I leap to the back of an ebon stallion that knows me.
'Tis but the cut of a thong, a cry in the night,
A fiery waving brand like lightning to thunder,
A terrified moaning and neighing, a heaving of necks and of haunches,