

THE SIXTH DAY.

“Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused?”

Othello.

I DREW a hideous talisman of lust
In many colours where strong sigils shone ;
Crook'd mystic language of oblivion,
Fitted to crack and scorch the terrene crust
And bring the sulphur streaming from the thrust
Of Satan's winepress, was ill written on
The accursed margin, and the orison
Scrawled backwards, as a bad magician must.

By these vile tricks, abominable spells,
I drew foul horrors from a many hells—
Though I had fathomed Fate ; though I had seen
Chastity charm-proof arm the sea-gray eyes
And sweet clean body of my spirit's queen,
Where nothing dwells that God did not devise.