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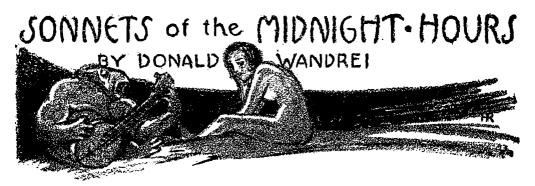
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6. As I Remember

As I remember, there were clanging gongs
That beat the air to frenzy; there were bells
Whose brazen clashing came like angry yells
Of metal monsters shouting strident songs.
As I remember, there were flaming tongs
That picked my flesh, and I was bound by spells
Of lunar sorcerers; a thousand hells
Were better than their hideous, careful wrongs.

As I remember, in my agony
I begged the gods to save me from my pain;
I heard a sound as of a thing in glee,
And beating to the chambers of my brain,
My answer came, ere I had turned to clay:
For silence into silence died away.