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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



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.