

RED THUNDER

*Thunder in the black skies, beating down the rain,
Thunder in the black cliffs looming o'er the main,
Thunder on the black sea and thunder in my brain.*

*God's on the night wind, Satan's on his throne
By the red lake lurid and the great grim stone—
Still through the roofs of hell, the brooking thunders
drone.*

*Trident for a rapier, Satan thrusts and foigns,
Crouching on his throne with his great goat loins—
Souls are his footstools and heads are his coins.*

*Slave of all the ages, though lord of the air;
Solomon o'er came him, set him roaring there,
Crouching on the coals where the great flames flare.*

*Thunder from the grim gulfs, out of the cosmic deep,
Where the red eyes glimmer and the black wings sweep,
Thunder down to Satan, wake him from his sleep!*

*Thunder on the shores of hell, scattering the coals,
Riding down the mountain on the moon mare's foals,
Blasting out the caves of the gnomes and the trolls.*

*Satan, brother Satan, rise and break your chain!
Solomon is dust and his spells grown vain;
Rise through the world in the thunder and the rain.*

*Rush upon the cities, roaring in your might,
Break down the towers by the moon's pale light—
Oh, the red thunder-dreams in my brain this night!*

—Robert E. Howard