84 THE EYRIE

THE MURDERER

Night is the time to drink the wine
Of sleep—it conscience frees;
But a guilty soul must quaff the bowl
That's full of bitter lees.
It's brewed in hell where devils dwell
—I drink its loathsome rue—
Then every hour my senses cower
And writhe the whole night through.

My murd'rous hands are once more spanned
Around my victim's throat;
His cries I hear of mortal fear
While round me devils gloat;
Upon my breast with leering jest
REMORSE lays heavily—
And all too late I see the gate
Of hell awaiting me.

To God I pray to bring the day— While Furies 'round me scream— Pray for an hour from their power In sleep—that has no dream. Night is the time to drink the wine Of sleep—it conscience frees; But a guilty soul must quaff a bowl That's full of bitter lees.

While we're at it, we shall do a thorough job by offering you another. This second poem comes from Edna Bell Seward of Highland Park, Ill. Miss Seward submits

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