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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



10. *The Red Specter*

There was a red, raw dripping thing that mowed
 And tottered in a spreading pool of blood;
 There was a shape, on which a scarlet flood
 Enwrapped it in a steaming blood-red shroud;
 There was a sound, gigantically loud,
 That seemed to pour from where the horror stood;
 There was a crackle as of blazing wood,
 And all the air was misty as a cloud.

And both my hands were covered with that red,
 And everything was red and strange and mad;
 I scarce could know the evil that I did;
 The air from some vast stellar carnage bled
 And veiled the shrieking shape in haze that had
 Red phantoms in its bleeding mystery hid.