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VAMPIRE

By **BERTRANDE HARRY SNELL**

Up from the moor came Guldah, with laughter in her eyes,
And oh! her skin was like the snow that on the Jungfrau lies,
And oh! her form was perfect as mortal form can be;
Up from the moor came Guldah, like Venus from the sea.

The mist hung dank and heavy above the reeking sod,
A dark and evil vapor, breath of a fallen god;
Each rotting hulk and carcass, that in the foul tarn lay,
Gave forth a slobbering, slithering sigh, as Guldah came that day.

Up from the moor came Guldah, the souls of men to kill,
And oh! she bent the strongest to answer to her will:
Her laughing eyes made promise—they promised, but they lied—
She took men to her bosom, she kissed them and they died!

For on the lips that Guldah kissed, the beast-mark could be seen,
Mark of the awful vampire that hid 'neath beauty's screen;
Up from the moor came Guldah, her lips a scarlet pout,
But oh! her teeth were were-teeth, to let men's life-blood out!

Back to the moor went Guldah when she had drunk her fill
Of the red, red milk she needed to keep her devil still;
And the yawning hell-pit opened and the ghastly vapors curled,
While fast and ever faster the bat-winged goblins whirled.

Up from the moor comes Guldah, whene'er her devil stirs;
And I who saw her beauty, am waiting to be hers,
And I, who know her laughter is but a vampire's lie,
Still wait for Guldah's vampire kiss—one kiss, and then I die!