

Sinister Resonance

Glorior Belli

Spirits in wings, a thousand seraphs bursted.
Dark flames still hovering on their baneful flight.
Death in all but the putrid breath that fell,
Refracted, through thy bounds, afar.

O Death! from the eye of Satan upon that star!

Sweet was that error - Better still than breath -
Sweet was that error - Sweeter still than death -

And there, O may my spirit dwell!
Beside your limbs & yet how far from the shell

For each star is fatal there,
And looks so desperately afflicted.
Like a thousand poisons, every blaze
shines upon my eyes and afflicted heart.

Away, Away!
- To distant spheres, I rode.
And late to ours, the favored one of God.
But now, the ruler of an infested realm,
Incense and high spiritual hymns
Leaves in debt my wretched limbs.