

The Enchanted Titan

By Fitz-James O'Brien

I.

Curse you! O, a hundred thousand curses
Weight upon your soul, you black enchanter!
Could I pour them like the coins from purses,
I would utter such a pile imtstanter
As would crush von to a bloody pulp.
But my rage I fain am forced to gulp;
Anathemas are vain against cold iron,
Nor can I swear this magic box asunder,
Where I've been stifling since the days of Chiron,
Fretting on tempered bolts, and hurling muffled thunder.

II.

Through the chinks I see the dim green waters
Filled with sunshine, or with moonlight hazy;
Through them swim the oceanic daughters,
Beautiful enough to drive me crazy.
The fishes gaze at me with sphery eyes,
And seem to say, with cold-blooded surprise,
What Titan is it, that's so barred and bolted,
Caged like a rat in some infernal cellar!
Why even Enceladus, when the dog revolted,
Was not so hardly treated by the Cloud-Compeller

III.

And all, forsooth, because I loved his daughter!
Loved that child of spells and incantation
Love her now, beneath this dreary water,
Love her through eternal tribulation!
I wonder if her lips lament me still,
In her enchanted castle on the hill?
Or has she yielded to that damned magician,
And with my pygmy rival weakly wedded?
O Jove! the torment of this bare suspicion
Preying forever on my heart, and like the Hydra headed!

IV.

O bitter day, when spells, like snakes uprearing,
 Enwrapped my limbs, and, muscular as pliant,
Pinioned my struggling arms, until despairing
 I lay upon the earth, a captured giant!
Then came the horror of this iron box, —
The closing of its huge enchanted locks;
Then the cursed wizard to the windy summit
 Of the tall cape a coffered prisoner bore me,
And flung me off, until, like seaman's plummet,
 I sank, and the drear ocean closed forever o'er me!