

# Inferno Canto 17

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## Canto XVII

### Argument

The monster Geryon is described; to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes further along the edge of the void, to descry the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art; and then returning to his master, they both descend, seated on the back of Geryon.

"Lo! the fell monster<sup>[1]</sup> with the deadly sting,  
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls  
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
Taints all the world." Thus me my guide address'd,  
And beckon'd him, that he should come to shore,  
Near to the stony causeway's utmost edge.

[1: "The fell monster." Fraud.]

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear'd,  
His head and upper part exposed on land,  
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.  
His face the semblance of a just man's wore,  
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;  
The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws  
Reach'd to the arm - pits; and the back and breast,  
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes  
And orbits. Colours variegated more  
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state  
With interchangeable embroidery wove,  
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.  
As oft - times a light skiff, moor'd to the shore,  
Stands part in water, part upon the land;  
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,  
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;  
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,  
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void  
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,  
With sting like scorpion's arm'd. Then thus my guide,  
"Now need our way must turn few steps apart,  
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there."

Thereat, toward the right our downward course  
We shaped, and, better to escape the flame  
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge  
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,  
A little farther on mine eye beholds  
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand  
Near to the void. Forthwith my master spake:  
"That to the full thy knowledge may extend  
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark  
The mien these wear: but hold not long discourse.  
Till thou returnest, I with him meantime  
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe  
The aid of his strong shoulders." Thus alone,  
Yet forward on the extremity I paced  
Of that seventh circle, where the mournful tribe  
Were seated. At the eyes forth gush'd their pangs,  
Against the vapors and the torrid soil  
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.  
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply  
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore  
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

Noting the visages of some, who lay  
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,  
One of them all I knew not; but perceived,  
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch[2]  
With colours and with emblems various mark'd,  
On which it seem'd as if their eye did feed.

[2: A purse, whereon the armorial bearings of each were emblazoned.  
According to Landino, our Poet implies that the usurer can pretend to no other  
honor than such as he derives from his purse and his family. The description  
of persons by their heraldic insignia is remarkable.]

And when, amongst them, looking round I came,  
A yellow purse[3] I saw with azure wrought,  
That wore a lion's countenance and port.  
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,  
Another[4] I beheld, than blood more red,  
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.  
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine[5]  
Pictured on his white scrip, address'd me thus:  
"What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,  
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbor here  
Vitaliano[6] on my left shall sit.  
A Paduan with these Florentines am I.  
Oft - times they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,  
'Oh! haste that noble knight[7], he who the pouch

With the three goats will bring." This said, he writhed  
The mouth, and loll'd the tongue out, like an ox  
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay  
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,  
Backward my steps from those sad spirits turn'd.

[3: "A yellow purse." The arms of the Gianfigliuzzi of Florence.]

[4: The arms of the Ubbriachi, another Florentine family of high distinction.]

[5: The arms of the Scrovigni, a noble family of Padua.]

[6: Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan.]

[7: Giovanni Bujamonti, the most infamous usurer of his time.]

My guide already seated on the haunch  
Of the fierce animal I found; and thus  
He me encouraged. "Be thou stout: be bold.  
Down such a steep flight must we now descend.  
Mount thou before: for, that no power the tail  
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."  
As one, who hath an ague fit so near,  
His nails already are turn'd blue, and he  
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade;  
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.  
But shame soon interposed her threat, who makes  
The servant bold in presence of his lord.

I settled me upon those shoulders huge,  
And would have said, but that the words to aid  
My purpose came not, "Look thou clasp me firm."

But he whose succour then not first I proved,  
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,  
Embracing, held me up; and thus he spake:  
"Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyres  
Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.  
Think on the unusual burden thou sustain'st."

As a small vessel, backening out from land,  
Her station quits; so thence the monster loosed,  
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd round  
There, where the breast had been, his forked tail.  
Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd at length he steer'd,  
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

Not greater was the dread, when Phaeton  
The reins let drop at random, whence high heaven,  
Whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames;  
Nor when ill - fated Icarus perceived,

By liquefaction of the scalded wax,  
The trusted pennons loosen'd from his loins,  
His sire exclaiming loud, "Ill way thou keep'st,"  
Than was my dread, when round me on each part  
The air I view'd, and other object none  
Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels  
His downward motion, unobserved of me,  
But that the wind, arising to my face,  
Breathes on me from below. Now on our right  
I heard the cataract beneath us leap  
With hideous crash; whence bending down to explore,  
New terror I conceived at the steep plunge;  
For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear:  
So that, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,  
And then distinguish'd, unperceived before,  
By the dread torments that on every side  
Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,  
But lure nor bid hath seen, while in despair  
The falconer cries, "Ah me! thou stoop'st to earth,"  
Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose  
In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits  
At distance from his lord in angry mood;  
So Geryon lighting places us on foot  
Low down at base of the deep - furrow'd rock,  
And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith  
Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.