

Weird Tales

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A FABLE

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

O lords and gods that are! The assigning tide, upon
Some prowless beach where a forgotten fisher dwells,
At length will leave the sea-flung jars of Solomon ;

And he, the fisher, fumbling 'mid the weeds and shells,
Shall find them, and shall rive the rusted seals, and free
The djinns that shall tread down thy towering iron hells

And turn to homeless rack thy proud Reality ;
That shall re-mold thy pyramids and mountains frown,
And lift Atlantis on their shoulders from the sea

To flaunt her kraken-fouled necropoli unknown ;
And lift again those vaster peaks, that saw the veil
Of fire from primal suns on plains calescent thrown.

O lords and gods that are! I tell a future tale.