

# Weird Tales

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# A Requiem

By ERNEST DOWSON

*(Reprint)*

Neobule, being tired,  
Far too tired to laugh or weep,  
From the hours, rosy and gray,  
Hid her golden face away.  
Neobule, fain of sleep,  
Slept at last as she desired!

Neobule! is it well  
That you haunt the hollow lands,  
Where the poor, dead people stray,  
Ghostly, pitiful and gray,  
Plucking, with their spectral hands,  
Scentless blooms of asphodel?

Neobule, tired to death  
Of the flowers that I threw  
On her flowerlike, fair feet,  
Sighed for blossoms not so sweet,  
Lunar roses pale and blue,  
Lilies of the world beneath.

Neobule! ah, too tired  
Of the dreams and days above,  
Where the poor, dead people stray,  
Ghostly, pitiful and gray,  
Out of life and out of love,  
Sleeps the sleep which she desired.