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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# FUNCI·FROM·YUGGOOTH

By H.P. LOVECRAFT



## 10. ALIENATION

His solid flesh had never been away,  
For each dawn found him in his usual place,  
But every night his spirit loved to race  
Through gulfs and worlds remote from common day.  
He had seen Yaddith, yet retained his mind,  
And come back safely from the Ghooric zone,  
When one still night across curved space was thrown  
That beckoning piping from the voids behind.

He waked that morning as an older man,  
And nothing since has looked the same to him.  
Objects around float nebulous and dim—  
False, phantom trifles of some vaster plan.  
His folk and friends are now an alien throng  
To which he struggles vainly to belong.