

WEIRD TALES

MAY

1940



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L. McILWRAITH, Editor

H. A. PERKINS, Associate Editor

Awakening

By WILLIS CONOVER, JR.

Long hours I lay beneath a starless sea,
Where swam no scaly maid to test her art
And cool my fever'd lips against her heart;
And in the murky liquor no degree
Of truth was there to mar the fantasy.
Now through the deeps a mystic counterpart
Of Hermes entered strangely to impart
The madd'ning picture of reality.
With magic touch he swept aside the veil,
Then vanished with the nightmare's scattered dust,
But consciousness brought with it quick disgust:
For there a coffin lay above the pale.
I looked within—and knew all hope had flown:
Those sightless eyes, that bloated face—my own!