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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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FUNGI · from · YUGGOTH

By H.P. LOVECRAFT



7. AZATHOTH

Out in the mindless void the dæmon bore me,
Past the bright clusters of dimensioned space,
Till neither time nor matter stretched before me,
But only Chaos, without form or place.
Here the vast Lord of All in darkness muttered
Things he had dreamed but could not understand,
While near him shapeless bat-things flopped and fluttered
In idiot vortices that ray-streams fanned.

They danced insanely to the high, thin whining
Of a cracked flute clutched in a monstrous paw,
Whence flow the aimless waves whose chance combining
Gives each frail cosmos its eternal law.
"I am His Messenger," the dæmon said,
As in contempt he struck his Master's head.