

Weird Tales



ALL STORIES NEW—NO REPRINTS

MARCH, 1941

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Bad Company

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

The owl, the bat and the twisted tree—,
I wonder why they are dear to me?
The owl is eerie, the owl is evil;
And everyone knows that the bat's of the Devil!
And a tree that's gnarled and leans awry,
And bears wild fruit that is puckered and dry
Is surely one that the most pass by,
Afraid of its goblinry.

There's something wrong with a human wight
Who likes to be out in the windy night. . . .
I love the night and the wild wind over;
The wind to me is a sky-born lover!
But the night is black and so is sin;
Then witches ride while the good stay in;
And the owl and the bat are the witches' kin;
So look at my fearful plight!

I love the things that the most pass by;
The tree on the heath that leans awry,
The wild black night and the lanterned owl,
The bat that goes in a velvet cowl. . . .
Oh, there's no doubt, a witch I must be
Who love with unholy ecstasy
And wind in a midnight sky!
The owl and the bat and the twisted tree,