

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# CIRCE

by A. LESLIE

You danced for me in the pallid flame  
That streamed from a cold, dead moon,  
While out of the shuddering darkness came  
The mocking laugh of a loon.

How could I see the writhing things  
That danced beside you there,  
That flew without the use of wings,  
Or slid through the whimpering air?

I who could only see and desire  
Your body, leprous-white,  
Your eyes that glowed with maddening fire  
Like demon stars in the night!

And now I too must tread the tune  
There in the moon-drenched dark,  
With lips that move in a soundless croon,  
And eyes that are set and stark.