

THE ACOLYTE

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND THE SUPERNATURAL
(An Outsider Publication)

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THIS ISSUE OF THE ACOLYTE IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL FREEHAFFER

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FRANCIS T. LANEY
SAMUEL D. RUSSELL

DARK GARDEN (For Clark Ashton Smith)

There was an autumn garden once; strange flowers
Swooned by the paths, and yews archaic dreamed
Through endless twilights where no peacock screamed
His agony to mark the fading hours.

Here was my home; among these crumbling bowers
I lay by silent pools whose waters seemed
The timeless mirrors of a world that gleamed
In tarnished beauty, swayed by curious powers.

No other walked the garden, and no sound
Provoked the echoes of that brooding air
Where fruit hung heavy; knowing grief nor care
I dreamed until that bitter hour found
Beneath dark-rotting leaves a mouth which bled--
And I awoke and knew that I was dead.

---Richard Ely Morse

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