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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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DEATH-GATE

By MONROE D. MCGIBENY

Death is a gate all men must pass
Or soon or late, and none dare guess
What horrors wait beyond that gate,
Or what stars shine on what dread fate. . . .
If the countless feet of those within
Have rubbed Death's sill already thin,
To what vast depths it shall be worn
By the multitudes as yet unborn!
For some seek death and death seeks some,
But seeker and sought, they all must come
To that pale land whence none return.
Perhaps—through irony profound—
There is no gate, nor land beyond—
No moon that shines—no star that glows—
And nothing waits where no one goes. . . .