A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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Death Is a Woman

By FELIX KOWALEWSKI

Death is a Woman; Death is soft and sweet;
Death is the fairest mistress of our hearts.
To our last dreams a magic she imparts
And ends them there. Ah, Death is most discreet!
Death is a Woman; and her hair is dark,
And blue and white her body's every grace—
And oh, the shadowed beauty of her face—
Where Time can never leave a mortal mark.
Her eyes are azure pools of haunting dusk;
Her breasts are blue-white as the Alpine snows;
Her breath is fragrant with the scent of musk;
And in her purple lips all Lethe flows.
And happy he who, dying, knows that bliss—
The far lost music of her timeless kiss.