
Weird Tales

November
1953

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Published bi-monthly by SHORT STORIES, INC., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
W. J. Delaney, President & Treasurer, R. M. Cogan, Secretary. Reentered as second-class
matter January 24, 1940, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions \$2.00; two years \$3.50.
Canadian: one year \$2.25; two years, \$4.00. Foreign: one year \$2.30; two years, \$4.10.
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Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Printed in U. S. A.

Vol. 45, No. 5

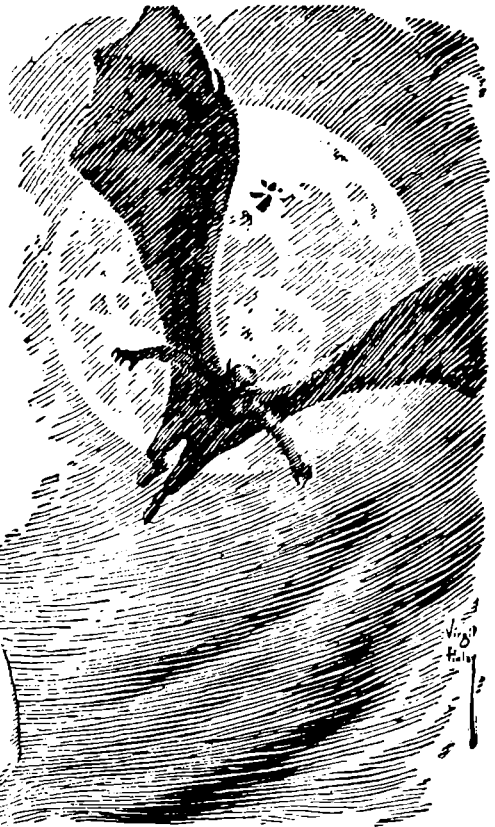
D. McILWRAITH, Editor

Demon Lover

By DOROTHY QUICK

DEMON LOVER, Demon Lover
Will you never come?
I have walked thrice windershins,
Bitten my own thumb.
I have spilled three drops of blood
And sung the song of shame,
Called to you with longing
Named the dreadful name

Demon Lover, Demon Lover
What else can I do?
I have whispered awful things
Calling out to you.
I have made a waxen man
And bound it to my heart,
Burned the devil's candle,—
Still you stay apart.



Demon Lover, Demon Lover
What is this you say?
I must do these things at night
Never by the day—
Only by the gibbous
Moon and the gallows tree
Can you find the pathway
Leading you to me.

Demon Lover, Demon Lover
High the moon, and shrill
Croaks the lonely raven
On the gallows hill
There's stirring on the marches,
But oh my heart is numb,
For now oh Demon Lover
At last, at last you come!