

Weird Tales

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A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 2

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



11. Doom

Oblivion had laid its deathless curse
 Upon all things of life and time and space;
 Of death itself, there now was left no trace,
 And DOOM had fallen on the universe.
 The heavens like a dead, colossal hearse
 Contained no thought or dust of thing or race;
 In all infinity was left no place
 Where Death in death all things did not immerse.

For Death the Conqueror at last was king;
 His realms were vacua, he proved his vow
 That all would pass, that nothing would abide.
 Not anywhere was life nor anything,
 Nor vestige of the worlds of old; and now,
 Upon his fallen kingdoms, God had died.