

WEIRD TALES



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Cover by
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Ears of the Dead

By JAMES ARTHUR

Speak not above a whisper, lest the dead
Wake to avenge themselves; and say no word
Of anything which may bring down the dread
Curse on us like a hawk upon a bird.
Silence is fitting here—the dead have ears
That never sleep; they wreak their dark designs
Without restraint, nor do they brandish spears
Fashioned from ore of any earthly mines.

I know their wrath, for I have seen their flight
Through the dark labyrinths of murky night
To visit whom they hate, and I have heard
The hissing of their cauldrons as they stirred
The blood of men in a most loathsome broth,
And hell-fire sputtering the dripping froth.