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# Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

# Fog

By MARY C. SHAW

—A specter is the fog—

Its clammy fingers thin and gray  
Strangle the golden sunny day;  
It stills the young one's laughter bold,  
Stiffens the marrow of the old.

Across the sea fog throws a veil,  
It loves the dying sailor's wail;  
For ghoul and thug it clouds the light,  
Makes blacker still the darkest night.

Fog covers murder, hides the gore;  
And when its evil deeds are o'er  
It slinks in pallid wisps to glide  
Where slimy creatures slip and slide.

—Foul specter is the fog!—