

Weird Tales

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FOG-FACES

By ROBERT S. CARR

There is something more to fog than merely clammy water vapor—
 There are fat, pale, leering faces in the dark and lonesome places,
 Where the gray-white little demons in the night-mists love to caper.

There's a Something gaunt and spectral that takes walks abroad in fog;
 'Tis uncertain, I will ween it; It is ghoulish—none have seen It,
 But we who walk the woods at night have heard It in the bog.

If you should go at midnight to a hidden lowland nook,
 Behind a moss-grown boulder where the wet leaves brush your shoulder,
 And should crouch among the fog-swirls, and should watch and wait and look,

It would come, wrapped in Its garments of miasmial, damp gray steam;
 You could hardly say you hear It, yet you'd know that you were near It,
 For you'd feel Its breath upon your cheek, and see Its eye-balls gleam.

And as it passed, the fog would twist like ghosts of little snakes;
 The faces would start leering, you would see their wet lips sneering,
 As their Master, gaunt and spectral, stalked away through the cane-brakes.