

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# Forbidden Magic

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

There came to me a Shape one summer night  
When all the world lay silent in the stars  
And moonlight crossed my room with ghostly bars.  
It whispered hints of weird unhallowed sight;  
I followed, then in waves of spectral light  
Mounted the shimmery ladders of my soul,  
Where moon-pale spiders, huge as dragons, stole—  
Great forms like moths with wings of wispy white.

Then round the world the sighing of the loon  
Shook misty lakes beneath the false dawn's gleams.  
Rose-tinted shone the skyline's minaret.  
I rose in fear and then with blood and sweat  
Beat out the iron fabrics of my dreams  
And shaped of them a web to snare the moon.