

Weird Tales

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GHOST LORE

By GERTRUDE WRIGHT

There are Things we dare not name,
 There are formless, nameless Things,
 Silent Shapes with sable wings,
 Born of Shadows and of Shame,
 See them winding wo-bedight
 Through the labyrinths of Night.

Creatures pallid and forlorn,
 Crawling forth from new-made graves,
 Riding on the winds and waves,
 Other creatures yet unborn,
 See them winding wo-bedight
 Through the labyrinths of Night.

Progeny of Doubt and Fear,
 Some walk headless o'er the hills,
 Some are great, eternal Wills,
 Working evil everywhere,
 See them winding wo-bedight
 Through the labyrinths of Night.

Writhing, twisting, serpent Things,
 Coiling through the sultry skies,
 Flashing, rolling, greenish eyes,
 Flapping, flaming, fiery wings,
 See them winding wo-bedight
 Through the labyrinths of Night.

Moaning, shrieking, sighing souls,
 Wailing, whining, whirling forms,
 Like the voice of vanished storms,
 Their despairing anthem rolls,
 See them winding wo-bedight
 Through the labyrinths of Night.