A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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COPTREETED IN GREAT BRITAIN



Chost of the Lava

By KATHARINE BUOY

Where burnt-out lava forms a deep crevasse

Comes echoing an eery, wailing moan

From blackened crypts of scoriaceous stone.

A keening wind sweeps down the mountain pass,

Up-flinging powdered ashes from a mass

Of gruesome, pulverized and calcined bone—

Bleached human fragments—in the cinders strown

'Midst lava shards like inky isinglass.

A restless ghost patrols the haunted ground
Of scabrous heaps of adamantine flint
Where ruthless Death stalks like a hungry hound
Whose prowling feet leave never trace, or print—
Naught, save a sinister, despairing sound
That permeates this land's weird monotint.