

# Homecoming

THE Daemon said that he would take me home  
To the pale, shadowy land I half-recalled  
As a high place of stair and terrace, walled  
With marble balustrades that sky-winds comb,  
While miles below a maze of dome on dome  
And tower on tower beside a sea lies sprawled.  
Once more, he told me, I would stand enthralled  
On those old heights, and hear the far-off foam.

All this he promised, and through sunset's gate  
He swept me, past the lapping lakes of flame,  
And red-gold thrones of gods without a name  
Who shriek in fear at some impending fate.  
Then a black gulf with sea-sounds in the night:  
"Here was your home," he mocked, "when you had sight!"

—H. P. Lovecraft