A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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In November Only

By MARION DOYLE

Ghosts do not walk the earth in carefree April—Never believe your eyes if they tell you so:
Those shadowy shapes half hid in feathery hedges
Are only wild-plum cowled with blossomy snow.
Nor where the sensual body of the earth
Lies with her lover in each emerald glade,
For anyone knows that the ecstasy of summer
Would break into bits the brittle heart of a shade.
In winter they cannot rise; they lie in durance,
Bound by the great White Beast with chains of sleet:
The spectral visions you see of a winter midnight
Are only whirlwinds of snow in the silent street.

But when November comes, and the wild geese flying Above the iron fountains of the trees,

Over the last bloom in the garden dying,

Fling down their call, the dead stir in unease—

Strain at their bonds grown pliant with year's rust,

Arise; shake off the gray sepulchral dust;

Repeat the well-remembered Sesame

And walk the ways of men; rebellious, free.

For there is something fey about November: The arras hung between the quick and the dead Grows thinner and more fragile than the leaf A sentient wind whirls lightly overhead.