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IN THE VALLEY

By BERTRANDE HARRY SNELL

I have seen the Valley of Gibbering Men,
Down where the soulless dwell,
In the viscous sludge of their fog-damned fen
(A horror-haunted Hell);
I have heard the groans of the gruesome ghosts
That paddle about in the slime,
And watched the dance of the Hoary Hosts,
In their palsied pantomime.

The rheum-ribbed rocks of the valley walls,
Where the green ghoulish grasses grow,
Hold a horrible lure for the one who falls
Into the pit, below;
He gazes up at their slimy sides,
As he lies in his loathsome den,
And he knows that here he, forever, bides
In the Valley of Gibbering Men.

Hopeless and stricken and rotting they lie,
Damned to Eternity's end;
Retching and wretched, they long to die,
Cursing the eons they spend
Down in the depths where the vermin crawl,
Far from Humanity's ken—
They shudder and shriek when the black gods call,
In the Valley of Gibbering Men.