In Thessaly

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

When I lay dead in Thessaly,
The land was rife with sorcery:
Fair witches howled to Hecate,
Pouring the blood of rams by night
With many a necromantic rite
To draw me back for their delight.

But I lay dead in Thessaly
With all my lust and wizardry:
Somewhere the Golden Ass went by
To munch the rose, and find again
The shape and manlihead of men:
But in my grave I stirred not then,

And the black lote in Thessaly
Its juices dripped unceasingly
Upon the rotting mouth of me;
And worm and mold and graveyard must,
And roots of cypress, darkly thrust,
Transformed the dead to utter dust.