

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.