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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Jorgas

By ROBERT NELSON

With sighs the potioned flowers stooped to kiss
 Pale Jorgas just awaking from his dream
 Of olent wine and swirling-shadowed bliss,
 And as the blue mist crawled upon the glade
 The flowers talked and sang to him, and swayed
 In shades with his, but all at once did scream,
 "O Jorgas, why art thou a saddened man?"
 "My thoughts are wildly blown with lunar dust,
 My lips, wine-steeped, are sore from evil prongs,
 I cannot break the thousand dream-wrought thongs
 That trammel me with dreadful death and must."
 "O Jorgas, wine . . . perfumes . . . no courtesan? . . ."
 "Oh, cease, and leave me to my misery.
 What poisoned hand is this that smooths a face
 Of bronze and plucks thy bitter petals free?"
 "O Jorgas, wine and shadows all embrace
 Themselves with us and thee in ecstasy."
 "No! no! I see . . . I hear . . . my eyes . . . that glare. . . ."
 "Pale one, look up . . . Her palm . . . Her heart . . . laid bare. . . ."
 Take it, and She an orb will give to thee. . . ."
 "No! no! it is accurst! I know . . . I know
 The vipers three who kissed and nuzzled it. . . ."
 "You dream as One who dreams below the Pit."
 "I would let the flames to wrestle with the snow——"
 "No, stay—take thou this knife and cut in twain
 The throat of Him who offered thee domain
 Within the realm where Specters laugh and dwell."
 "Oh, do not say—what is there I can gain?
 No! no! I would rather dream in silent hell. . . ."
 "He tramps on skulls and gluts on matted hair.
 He comes—the Thing, whose noisome cerements shed,
 Reveal the storm, the dead, in tortured tread.
 O Jorgas, fare thee well! We die in prayer."
 "Jorgas, I am He who comes in burning sod."
 "My mind betrayed! Oh, do not slay me now!
 Remove thy long-dead face and burnt-off brow——"
 "Jorgas! Beat thy evil breast and cry for God!"