

# The PHANTAGRAPH

FRAGMENTS OF FANTASY

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VOL. 6

AUGUST 1937—J'mil 3 A. Gh.

NO. 4

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## La Femme de Glace

by Robert W. Lowndes

Her eyes reflect the opalescent fires  
Of suns that waxed and waned before the earth  
Received the dust of those that gave her birth  
In nameless sorcery. The moon aspires  
In vain her mocking beauty to enslave.—  
And when the moon has burst apart; the skies  
With dust are ringed, and bitter prophecies  
Have been fulfilled, the secret runes that gave  
Her life shall not have passed away; alone,  
In naked triumph none shall look on, this  
Mad thing that lust created shall, supreme  
Among the dead, reign on and often dream  
Of olden loves.—And many a skeleton  
Shall feel the icy languor of her kiss.