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Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Listening

By CRISTEL HASTINGS

The night seems to be listening
 To furtive little sounds—
 To halting footsteps of a ghost
 That makes its stealthy rounds
 Seeking the names that once it knew
 That now are carved on stone
 And granite shafts that etch a hill
 Where grieving night winds moan.

The night seems to be listening
 For voices it once knew
 And loved, and carried tenderly
 Through vaults of midnight blue.
 A moonbeam sifts through somber pines
 Whose shadows make dim caves—
 A ghostly light moves softly on
 Among the silent graves.

The night is listening—the wind
 Goes sobbing down the years—
 Dawn lights the slender shafts with dew
 But Night knows they are tears.