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MEMORIES

By A. LESLIE

Out of the shuddering past they come,
Croaking with ghastly mirth,
And the dry wind flutters in rags o' shroud
From the graves that gave them birth—
(Oh the white of the stars and moon tonight
Is the ash of bleached-out bones)—
And they mutter and gibber of this and that
In noseless and toothy tones:
Raw red gold—raw red of lust—
Shards of a shattered shrine;
Shadows of stars on an upturned face:
God! and that face was mine!
Shadow shapes in the empty dark;
Grim things that I may not tell;
And a woman's lips stained scarlet
With the bloody wine of hell!