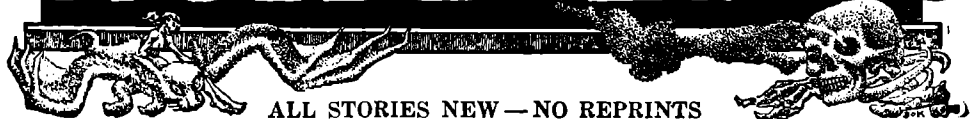


Weird Tales



JULY, 1946

Cover by Matt Fox

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Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

LAMONT BUCHANAN, Associate Editor.

Moon Phantoms

By DOROTHY HAYNES MADLE'

THE years are hungry hounds that run and bay
 Upon the spoor of our slow-paced delight;
 Awhile we hold them with the lifted lash
 Of laughter—but the moon is low tonight.

The moon behind us is a golden club
 Driving ahead the shadows of the years;
 They overtake ours, dark upon the grass
 —Swift are the moon-cast phantoms, swift the fears.

Have you a morsel to cast back, to set
 The time-hounds from our traces? See, I fling
 Before their avid jaws by little store
 Of garnered necromancy, and you sing
 A brave, high melody, and they are still.
 What is that other shadow, walking vast
 Toward us? As it strides the sloping hill
 Its hands hold looped grey leashes, and the pack
 Runs silent to its heel. Where is the moon?
 Where are the yapping shadows—and our own?

