

STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES

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Old Trinity Churchyard

(5 a. m. Spring)

by A. Merritt

A lonely graveyard lies between high walls,
 Death's quiet eddy off the roaring mart,
 An oasis of peace, forgot, apart,
 With muted strings the clamor on it falls;
 And ghostly mists at dawn drop down like palls,
 Lithe bodies creep and slip into its heart;
 Half-seen; half-hid; across the mounds they dart.
 Behold! On Beauty's grave a gaunt cat sprawls!
 Beside some sage's stone their lusts are fed—
 They stalk each other through the ragged grass;
 Snakelike they crawl where heroes long have lain;
 With playful paw they pat the mouldering dead.
 Grotesques that writhe and wail a devilish Mass—
 Thoughts, life-clothed, sent forth by some dead brain!