A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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I

W. T.—1



By HOWELL CALHOUN

I gaze upon a barren, ghostly world,
Devoid of ought but grayish, crumbling earth,
Alone, through space, in stygian void fast hurled
By some weird force. And yet, upon her girth
The pyramids of Egypt once were spread.
Whence went they? Night, the monstrous spider, now,
Web-filled, spins softly her eternal thread.

To think that once some deep-knit, throbbing brow
Conceived of floating space-ships, manned by kings,
With cargoes of sweet spices and rich gems,
Which winged toward Mars and Saturn's whirling rings;
Of foreign moons, and telescopes with stems
Abysmal. Man's dreams, buried in this run
Of tabid clay; what has Jehovah done?