

ON WAKING IN THE TOMB

by Lilith Lorraine

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A fetid odor floated fitfully
And rose and fell on sluggish waves of night,
The horror-ship of reason ploughed and cut
The thick, black billows like a sword of light.

The plague-ship broke on rocks of certainty,
A hellish haven beckoned through the gloom,
Stark madness gained the worm-infested shore
To feed on fleshy foliage of the tomb.

It may have been a thousand years or more,
Or yet a moment as men reckon hours.
I loved, and fought, and forged a nightmare thing,
To battle with unmentionable powers.

The fetid odor pressed me chokingly,
And then came death - long drawn and ghoulishly -
The death of everything but memory -
And that on which I feasted fed on me.

The centuries passed, and I was born again,
To live in gilded ease beneath the light.
But those who perit me living in the tomb,
Toil fettered to the Thing I dreamed that night.
