

Weird Tales

March
1954

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Cover by EVAN SINGER


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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

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Out!

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

THAT was the night I ran
Out of the house for good . . .

Airy as loosened leaf
From a bird-forsaken tree
I sped through the moonlit grass!
I was finished with love and grief
And the wilful ways of man.
O I was gay and free!
O but my step was light!
Never a blade of grass
Trembled beneath my foot,
A mink on a rabbit's track
Never paused to let me pass,
A vixen with cubs at play
In a beech tree's twisted roots
Didn't bother to hide away,
A spider-web hung with dew
Neither wavered nor broke
As I went softly through,
And not a dewdrop shook.

But when I came to the pond,
Wading through lily and reed,
And not a ripple stirred
Over its silver and black—
When, gazing within its glass,
I saw no face looking back
Nor the shadow of bending
head—
Then, then I knew I was dead!

