A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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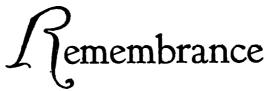
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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH



By MARY C. SHAW

Although I've never glimpsed the Taj Mahal Dreaming in starlight on a summer's night, Whenever gaudy peacocks strut and cry That vision flashes out, a wondrous sight!

And though I have not sailed a Chinese junk
From Canton down a sluggish yellow stream,
The pungent tang of candied ginger brings
Weird chant of coolies in an Orient dream.

Pillars of marble by a sapphire sea—
Their crumbling, ancient beauty I've not seen;
Yet all that loveliness comes back to me
When scented blooms of oleander lean.

Soft thud of camels plodding in the sand
I've never known, nor tinkling of their bells,
Nor curtained palanquin in purple night
Swaying like craft upon an ocean's swells.

Whence all this drift and flow of vivid scene To quicken long-forgotten sight and sound? How, where, or when we mortals only guess— Slim wraiths of memories once lost, but found.