

NOVELETTES DRAGON MOON Compelling Tale of the Days When the World Was Young— and the Sorcery and Dark Evil That Hung Above Atlantis TWO SHALL BE BORN She Had Awakened from the Long Sleep That Knows No Waking, and Risen from the Narrow Bed from Which There Is No Arising	6 104
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Now I have touched the silver moon at last! One little part of her was given me, When, for a magic interval, she cast Her shadow on the earth's dull tapestry.

Briefly in silhouette against the sun,

She made a path of night across the day;
Then, as a cold queen's garment might have done,
That velvet train of darkness swept away—

But now I smile to see her in the sky,
Aloof, illusive as a faery gem—
Knowing I touched her shadow passing by,
And left my fingerprints upon the hem.