



Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Sic Transit Gloria

By BROOKE BYRNE

These formless mounds of earth that lie
Beneath the blue, sun-ridden sky,
Had they but voice, would loudly cry
 "We are the walls of Babylon!

"We are the stones that formed the street
Whereon the drums of commerce beat,
And we the stones that felt the feet
 Of all the world in Babylon.

"We have been stained with wine and
 blood
And gold poured down us in a flood
To where Bel's sacred temple stood,
 The golden heart of Babylon.

"Such wealth as ours has never been,
Such power and gold and depths of sin;
They were accursed who entered in
 The hundred gates of Babylon.

"And yet there thronged through every
 gate
From every nation, tribe, and state,
The thousands who would laugh at Fate
 And pleasure taste in Babylon.

"This heap was once, in ages dim,
The Hanging Gardens, reared by him
Who ruled us all, to please the whim
 Of Amytis of Babylon.

"We felt the pulse of power throb,
We heard the tortured captive sob,
And over us the loot-mad mob
 Swept howling into Babylon.

"We saw Belshazzar at his play,
O'er us the Persians felt their way,
And we were left at break of day
 To see the doom of Babylon."

The Persian swords are heaps of rust,
And glory dies, as all things must,
And crumbled stone and shifting dust
 Is all Time leaves of Babylon.