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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Song of the Necromancer

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

I will repeat a subtle rune—
And thronging suns of Otherwhere
Shall blaze upon the blinded air,
And specters terrible and fair
Shall walk the riven world at noon.

The star that was mine empery
Is dust upon unwinnowed skies:
But primal dreams have made me wise,
And soon the shattered years shall rise
To my remembered sorcery.

To mantic mutterings, brief and low,
My palaces shall lift amain,
My bowers bloom; I will regain
The lips whereon my lips have lain
In rose-red twilights long ago.

Before my murmured exorcism,
The world, a wispy wraith, shall flee:
A stranger earth, a weirder sea,
Peopled with shapes of Faëry,
Shall swell upon the waste abysm.

The pantheons of darkened stars
Shall file athwart the crocus dawn;
Goddess and Gorgon, Lar and faun
Shall tread the amaranthine lawn,
And giants fight their thunderous wars.

Like graven mountains of basalt,
Dark idols of my demons there
Shall tower through bright zones of air,
Fronting the sun with level stare;
And hell shall pave my deepest vault.

Phantom and fiend and sorcerer
Shall serve me . . . till my term shall pass,
And I become no more, alas!
Than a frail shadow on the glass
Before some latter conjurer.