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onnet of the Unsleeping Dead

By PARKER WHITE

That night when all the madness of the sea met with the pelting clatter of the rain to guard her fresh-dug tomb, despairingly I thought I could not know despair again. The widower of beauty, I resolved to take bright horror to my lonely bed. Now sage in arcane learning, I had solved the puzzle of the living and the dead.

The last strange words were spoken, and the last unguents bestowed upon her firm cold flesh. Her chill sojourn beyond the tomb was past; she moved. And then I saw (this was the knife which freed my mind from sanity's frail mesh) her eyes too bright with that which was not life.