

Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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THE CROW

By LIDA WILSON TURNER

A blue-black crow, like the raven of Poe,
Came one day to my patio,
And perched on top of the white-washed wall.
With a knowing look, he surveyed it all:
The pool where the water hyacinths grow,
The vine swung low, where I came to sew
In the early evening's coral glow.

I saw by his face he deemed it no place
For a bird of his morbid, foreboding race;
He flew to the brooding woods near by,
Where pines grow black on the sunset sky.
Then with a grimace, I tried to retrace
My rosebud pattern outlined with lace,
But a blue-black feather covered the space!