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THE DARK POOL

By FRANCIS HARD

It lies beneath a sunless sky,
 Deep in the entrails of a bog:
Gnarled willows hide it, lifting high
 Their tortured arms: and never frog,
Nor newt, nor toad, nor dragonfly
 Dare come within its deadly fog.

For evil spirits there are bound
 Within its slime: an impious rune
They chant, nor is there other sound
 But wicked whispers, out of tune,
As un-dead *things* that there lie drowned
 Obscenely mutter to the moon.

The nightshade petals in its dank
 And fetid vapors darkly bloom;
Black orchids on its silent bank
 Insinuate a sick perfume;
And from its depths ooze up the rank
 And gassy stenches of the tomb.

For potencies of witchcraft fell
 Are buried in its slimy bed,
And deathly blasphemies that well
 And bubble up with grisly dread.
From *things* that in its waters dwell—
 From *things* that died, but are not dead.