
Weird Tales

September
1953

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Cover by JON ARFSTROM

Published bi-monthly by SHORT STORIES, INC., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. W. J. Delaney, President & Treasurer, E. M. Cogan, Secretary. Reentered as second-class matter January 24, 1940, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. *Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions \$2.00; two years \$3.50. Canadian: one year \$2.25; two years, \$4.00. Foreign: one year \$2.30; two years, \$4.10. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts.*

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Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Printed in U. S. A.

Vol. 45, No. 4

D. McILWRAITH, Editor



The Dark Things

By DOROTHY QUICK

THE dark things, the dark things
Come crying in the night.
The dark things, the dark things
Which cannot bear the light.

They whisper in the tree tops,
They slough along the road,
They ride upon the night shade,
And on the back of toad.

They slither through the sea spume
And hasten on the wind
They scurry through the righteous
To find those who have sinned.

The dark things, the dark things,
That haven't any name,
They fold into the silence
Yet still retain their shame.