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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.



WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

The Dead Speak

BY VIVIAN STRATTON

Last night I saw you standing by my bier
In lonely, broken-hearted agony.
I spoke to you, but could not make you hear,
I stood beside you, but you did not see.
I stroked your hair when you were on your knees
In prayer; you felt, but thought it was a breeze.

Despairingly, I whispered in your ear:
You thought it was the beating of your heart.
The time was short for me to linger here,
God's voice had called, and so I must depart.
One candle flared into a tall, black plume
As wearily I sighed and left the room.