

# Weird Tales

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# THE DEATH CELL

By SAMUEL M. SARGENT, JR.

It's lonesome here in the dawning,  
 Sitting behind the bars,  
 Watching a gray moon, and gray sky,  
 And gray, galactic stars.

It's lonesome waiting for footsteps  
 Coming along the row,  
 Lonesomer than it ever was  
 The morning I'm to go.

The scaffold's standing and ready,  
 The hammer quit last noon.  
 And here I am with the gray stars,  
 And gray sky, and gray moon.

I can not express my feelings  
 Here in this cursed room,  
 Listening to catch the footstep  
 That sounds my coming doom.

I can not express my feelings—  
 Words couldn't tell them all!—  
 In this gray room, in this gray dawn,  
 Shadowed by this gray wall.

It's lonesome here in the dawning,  
 Sitting behind the bars,  
 Watching a gray moon, and gray sky,  
 And the Galaxy's gray stars.