

Weird Tales

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SONNETS of the MIDNIGHT-HOURS

BY DONALD WANDREI



4. The Eye

A frenzy moves me toward the window-blind;
 Some impulse urges me to raise the shade;
 Why is it that I linger weak, afraid,
 With morbid fancies running through my mind?
 What are these loathsome images that bind
 My hand? Why is my arm so strongly stayed?
 What sense of overhanging doom has made
 Me fearful of the sight that I shall find?

Some warning voice calls out: Go back! Go back!
 I would not turn through fronted by the rack!
 And with a jerk, I raise the shade to greet
 Whatever on the other side should lie,
 And stare and stare in horror as I meet
 The leering of a huge and sightless eye!