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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Horror on Dagoth Wold

By FRANK BELKNAP LONG, JR.

“I have it here,” he said and stroked the rust
 Upon his box,—his eyes were twin dark stars—
 “Medusa’s head that turns desire to dust!
 They buried it a fathom deep on Mars.

“I waited till the stars were right, and then
 I robed myself in ermine flaked with gold,
 And with a silver spade, unwatched by men,
 I crept to where it lay in Dagoth Wold.

“I crept to where it lay, and working fast,
 I drew it from its red and sentient tomb;
 From jellied earth that whispered in the gloom,
 And mired my feet until I woke at last.”
 “You woke?” I stared at him in pained surprize,
 Forgetful of the star-glint in his eyes.

“To futile toil,” he said, “our race is bound,
 And to the waking world it must return:
 Some vileness in us makes us scorn and wound
 The shapes of flame for which our spirits yearn.

“But men go back again to dreams for things
 They left behind; perchance to fetch a cloak,
 Or gather up a batch of stolen rings,
 Or catch a word some sweet, soft woman spoke.

“I have it here,” he said, and tapped the lid
 Upon his box,—his eyes were twin dark stars—
 “When Perseus died they sought to keep it hid,
 And buried it a fathom deep on Mars.”