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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

The New World

By RICHARD F. SEARIGHT

I dreamed I hung in ebon, star-flecked space; And, through a rift in dense-piled banks of cloud That veil this world like a colossal shroud, Looked down into the planet's molten face Where flaming vapors surge and writhe and race.

The clouds are seared by an unending blast Of cosmic heat from gory seas below; And painted crimson by the lurid glow From lambent, gassy streamers swirling past, To coil and undulate and sink at last.

Beneath the angry spouts of fiery spray
The blood-red cauldron bubbles, deep and slow.
It seethes and moans in an incessant throe
Of genesis, that by its pangs it may
Mold to a fairer life, though hard the way.