

Weird Tales

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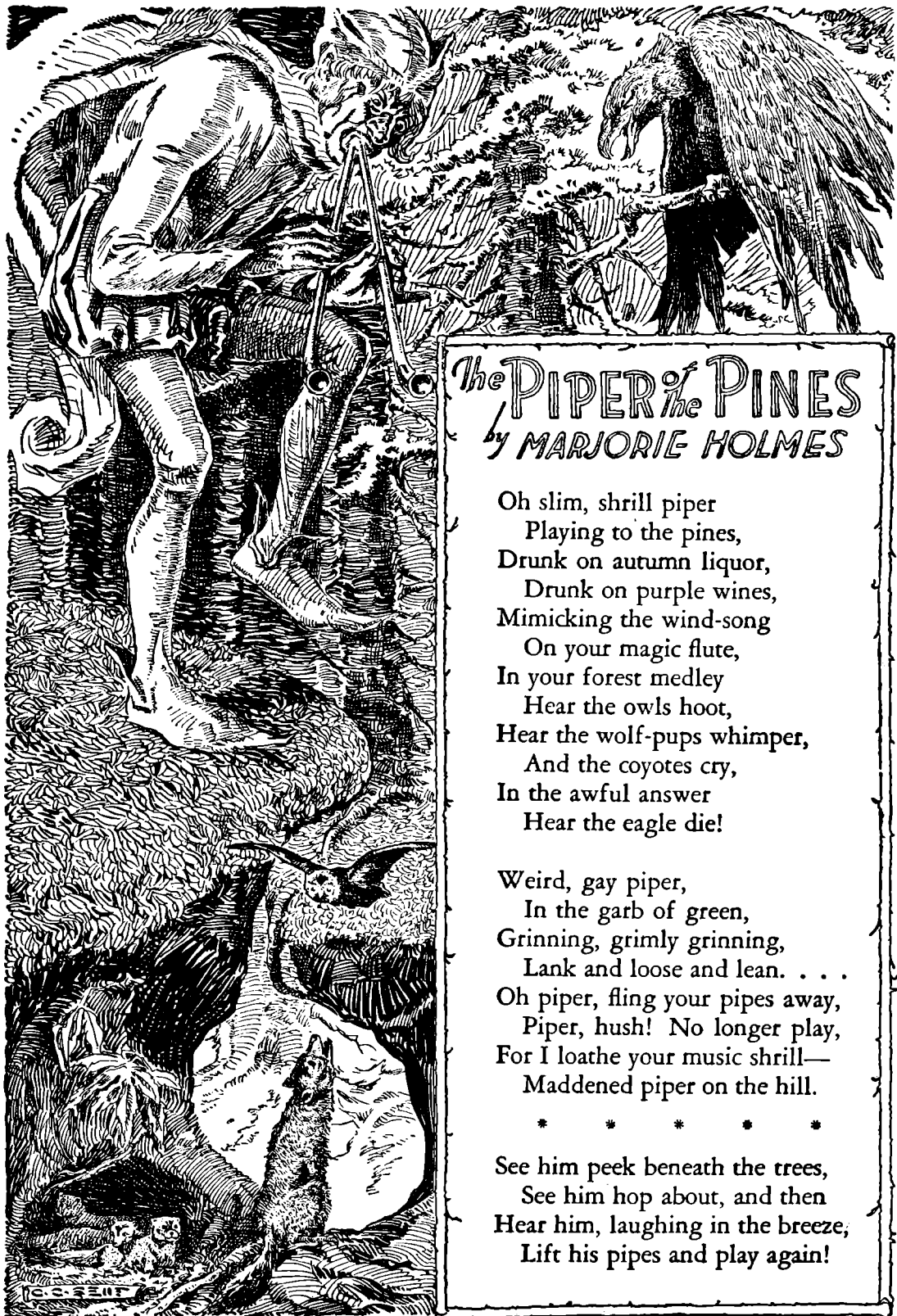
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A startling story of what this world will be like ten million years from now, when plants rule instead of men

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The PIPER of the PINES

by MARJORIE HOLMES

Oh slim, shrill piper
 Playing to the pines,
 Drunk on autumn liquor,
 Drunk on purple wines,
 Mimicking the wind-song
 On your magic flute,
 In your forest medley
 Hear the owls hoot,
 Hear the wolf-pups whimper,
 And the coyotes cry,
 In the awful answer
 Hear the eagle die!

Weird, gay piper,
 In the garb of green,
 Grinning, grimly grinning,
 Lank and loose and lean. . . .
 Oh piper, fling your pipes away,
 Piper, hush! No longer play,
 For I loathe your music shrill—
 Maddened piper on the hill.

* * * * *

See him peek beneath the trees,
 See him hop about, and then
 Hear him, laughing in the breeze,
 Lift his pipes and play again!