

# Weird Tales

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# THE POET

*By* A. LESLIE

I found high Rome in marble  
I left it pearl and jade;  
I added crowns of stardust  
To the gods the Greeks had made;  
I garlanded the splendors  
Of Nineveh and Tyre;  
I weaved a wreath of lightning  
About Prometheus' fire.

Ulysses and Achilles,  
Bold Hector, Alfaqui—  
I drew them from the darkness  
And bade them never die.  
I burnished Arthur's armor  
And the shield of Launcelot;  
Mine was the web that glamored  
The Lady of Shalott.

The stars a net behind me,  
The mornlight in my eyes—  
I walk 'mid steel and roses  
Where the last adventure lies.