

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

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# The Prophet Speaks

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

City forbidden by seer and god and devil!  
In glory less than Tyre or fabled Ys,  
But more than they in mere, surpassing evil!

Yea, black Atlantis, fallen beneath dim seas  
For sinful lore and rites to demons done,  
Bore not the weight of such iniquities!

Your altars with a primal foulness run,  
Where the Worm hears the thousand-throated hymn, x x x  
And all the sunsets write your malison,

And all the stars unrolled from heaven's rim  
Declare the doom which I alone may read  
In moving ciphers numberless and dim.

O city consecrate to crime and greed!  
O scorner of the Muses' messenger!  
Within your heart the hidden maggots breed.

Against your piers the nether seas confer;  
Against your towers the typhons in their slumber  
In sealed abyssms darkly mutter and stir.

They dream the day when Earth shall disencumber  
Her bosom of your sprawled and beetling piles;  
When tides that bore your vessels without number

Shall turn your hills to foam-enshrouded isles,  
And ebbing, leave but slime and desolation,  
Ruin and rust, through all your riven miles.

On you shall fall a starker devastation  
Than came upon Tuloom and Tarshish old,  
In you shall dwell the last Abomination.

The dust of all your mansions and the mold  
Shall move in changing mounds and clouds parted  
About the wingless air, the footless wold.

The sea, withdrawn from littorals desert-hearted,  
Shall leave you to the silence of the sky—  
A place fordome, forlorn, unnamed, uncharted,

Where naught molests the sluggish crotali.