



Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

The Return

By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

"Look, dearest, this shall be my flower!" she said,
"This starry jasmine." And she thrust a spray
For me to smell. "Remember!" Ah, today
I see her buoyant loveliness—her red
Sweet lips. In one brief twelvemonth she was dead.
Last night wind wailed. December's first snow lay
Upon the ground. Too unresigned to pray,
Too torn with racking grief to sleep, I fed
My misery on remembrance. "Love," I cried,
"Come back to me—come back! No heaven, no tomb
Can keep you from me. Come—my own, my own!"
And as I ceased the gloom was glorified—
I was aware that I was not alone—
A sudden scent of jasmine filled the room.