

# Weird Tales

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# THE SWAMP

*By* CRISTEL HASTINGS

Night settles swiftly with its ghostly tread  
Over the tangled swamp where trees lie dead,  
Their stumps upright, like lonely shapes of men  
Long lost in wet morass and shadowed glen.

A silence broods over the sodden aisles  
Of lifelessness that stretch for aching miles  
Beyond a moor where clouds hang, gray and cold,  
Sinister roofing for a pond grown old.

Night gropes with ease about the stealthy weed  
That sucks its life, a tawny, wind-blown reed,  
From sodden flooring where mosquitoes hum  
Their high soprano to the frogs' shrill drum.