

## The Unknown

**By H. P. LOVECRAFT**

A seething sky—  
    A mottled moon—  
Waves surging high—  
    Storm's raving rune;

Wild clouds a-reel—  
    Wild winds a-shout—  
Black vapours steal  
    In ghastly rout.

Thro' rift is shot  
    The moon's wan grace—  
But *God! That blot*  
    *Upon its face!*