

THE VISIT OF THE SKULLS

By LEONARD FOHN

The leering skulls float round my bed,
Like lonesome yellow moons,
And tell their tales of lives long sped,
In melancholy tunes.

Each with its woes and foregone dreams
Displays its life to me,
Like some weary wandering streams,
That never reach the sea.

But one hangs back and looks away
As soft as scented glove.
"Tell me," I cried, "your life I pray."
"I lived and died of love."

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