

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

# To Howard Phillips Lovecraft

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Lover of hills and fields and towns antique,  
How hast thou wandered hence  
On ways not found before,  
Beyond the dawnward spires of Providence?  
Hast thou gone forth to seek  
Some older bourn than these—  
Some Arkham of the prime and central wizardries?  
Or, with familiar felidæ,  
Dost now some new and secret wood explore,  
A little past the senses' farther wall—  
Where spring and sunset charm the eternal path  
From Earth to ether in dimensions nemoral?  
Or has the Silver Key  
Opened perchance for thee  
Wonders and dreams and worlds ulterior?  
Hast thou gone home to Ulthar or to Pnath?  
Has the high king who reigns in dim Kadath  
Called back his courtly, sage ambassador?  
Or darkling Cthulhu sent  
The Sign which makes thee now a councilor  
Within that foundered fortress of the deep  
Where the Old Ones stir in sleep,  
Till mighty temblors shake their slumbering continent?  
Lo! in this little interim of days,  
How far thy feet are sped  
Upon the fabulous and mooted ways  
Where walk the mythic dead!  
For us the grief, for us the mystery. . . .  
And yet thou art not gone  
Nor given wholly unto dream and dust:  
For, even upon  
This lonely western hill of Averroigne  
Thy flesh had never visited,  
I meet some wise and sentient wraith of thee,  
Some undeparting presence, gracious and august.  
More luminous for thee the vernal grass,  
More magically dark the Druid stone  
And in the mind thou art for ever shown  
As in a wizard glass;  
And from the spirit's page thy runes can never pass.