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W. T.-1

Under the Tomb

By ROBERT NELSON

Dread beings grope and sport in gory lakes, A foul mist creeps and feeds on swollen slugs; From beds of perfumed plants squirm fetid snakes, And like a flower grown from sable drugs, A moon of steel drips blood upon a sky Darkened by what mad phantoms prophesy.

But this hath ceased and passed, and now in that Mephitic, crumbling woodland 'neath the tomb The dead sup with the dead o'er flowing vat, And searing candles cleanse the rotting gloom; And they who stood in sorrow's joy and pain, Tread now through hell's ecstatical refrain.

Far still beneath, where bloated babes are kept In glacial rooms, and skulls are lit as lamps To guide through life beyond, and where are swept Green veils of oozing slime and deadly damps, There is an everlasting resonance Pealed by the tomb in glad deliverance.