

# Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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# Visions in Smoke

By RUFUS W. LANDON

The quivering smoke-wreaths of my cigarette  
Curl slowly upward in the silent room,  
Ensnaring straying sunbeams in a net  
Ethereal, woven on a magic loom.  
Aloft, there hovers on the atmosphere  
A rippling haze through which the sunlight gleams,  
And from its iridescent folds appear  
Fantastic images that fade like dreams.  
A blue expanse of ocean I behold,  
Whose rolling billows seem to meet the sky,  
And far below, vast stores of gems and gold  
Within their coral caves half buried lie.  
Their luster falls upon the rotting hulls  
Of ancient vessels sunk in days of yore,  
While whitened bones and ghastly, grinning skulls  
A silent vigil keep forevermore.  
The scene now changes, from the ocean bed  
The waters disappear, and in their place  
A stately, marble palace rears its head,  
The relic of a long-forgotten race.  
Out of the buried centuries it shines,  
The glamor of the past in every part;  
Beauty and grace adorn its phantom lines  
To form a masterpiece of ancient art.  
Its gleaming marble walls and lofty towers  
Now fade and merge into a woodland green,  
With vine-clad trees and banks of gorgeous flowers  
That deck the grassy spaces in between.  
Beneath the spreading shelter of the trees,  
The woodland spirits gather one by one,  
Their filmy garments waving in the breeze,  
Their white forms flashing in the golden sun.  
From far and near they come, a merry band,  
With flowing tresses and with wings outspread,  
And dance a mystic measure hand in hand  
While dazzling sunbeams fall from overhead.  
As o'er the sod in ecstasy they glide,  
Like white-capped ocean waves they rise and fall,  
Floating among the flowers in circles wide,  
Soaring aloft above the tree-tops tall.  
Then, as they sink to earth, a cloud of gray  
Enfolds the forest in a somber cloak;  
The scene grows dim and slowly fades away  
Into the air, on trailing wisps of smoke.