

Weird Tales

January
1954

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*Its mockery of speech it had made from fox's bark, owl's cry,
rain's patter.*
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor

Walpurgis Night

by Dorothy Quick



SHE loved the house and her own fireside.
The Hearth was dark and its stretches wide.

Her man was dear and he held her tight.
Outside were the calls of Walpurgis night.

She left his arms and the fireside's heat,
She left the joy of her own heart beat,

She opened the door and music came.
While a hundred voices called her name.

Within was love and light and fire.
Without was strange unknown desire.

The wind swirled in, the wind swirled out.
It whipped her long skirts all about.

She stepped outside, the door closed fast.
The voices whispered, "You've come at last!"

Strange hands caught her and pulled her on
When the door was opened—she was gone.