

# Weird Tales

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# WARNING

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Hast heard the voices of the fen,  
That softly sing a lethal rune  
Where reeds have caught the fallen moon—  
A song more sweet than conium is,  
Or honey-blended cannabis,  
To draw the dreaming feet of men  
On ways where none goes forth again?

Beneath the closely woven grass,  
The coiling syrt, more soft and deep  
Than some divan where lovers sleep,  
Is fain of all that wander there;  
And arms that glimmer, vague and bare,  
Beckon within the lone morass  
Where only dead things dwell and pass.

Beware! the voices float and fall  
Half-heard, and haply sweet to thee  
As are the runes of memory  
And murmurs of a voice foreknown  
In days when love dwelt not alone:  
Beware! for where the voices call,  
Slow waters weave thy filthy pall.