

H.P. LOVECRAFT

POETRY

VOLUME 3



BERSERKER

BOOKS



The Complete Poetry
of
H. P. Lovecraft



b.1890 – d.1937

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Part I.
Juvenilia (1887-1905)

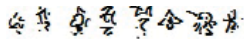
Poemata Minora, Volume II

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Written: 1902

First Published in:

- “Ode to Selene or Diana” (as “To Selene”)
The Tryout, Vol. 5, No. 4 (April 1919), Page 18
- “To the Old Pagan Religion” (as “The Last Pagan Speaks”)
The Tryout, Vol. 5, No. 4 (April 1919), Page 17
- “On the Ruin of Rome”
A Winter Wish. Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press, 1977, Page 150
- “To Pan” (as “Pan”)
The Tryout, Vol. 5, No. 4 (April 1919), Page 16
- “On the Vanity of Human Ambition”
A Winter Wish. Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press, 1977, Page 143



Ode to Selene or Diana

Immortal Moon, in maiden splendour shine.

Dispense thy beams, divine *Latona's* child.

Thy silver rays all grosser things define, And hide harsh truth in sweet illusion mild.

In thy soft light, the city of unrest That stands so squalid in thy brother's glare Throws off its habit, and in silence blest Becomes a vision, sparkling bright and fair.

The modern world, with all its care & pain, The smoky streets, the hideous clanging mills, Face 'neath thy beams, *Selene*, and again We dream like shepherds on *Chaldæa's* hills.

Take heed, *Diana*, of my humble plea.

Convey me where my happiness may last.

Draw me against the tide of time's rough sea And let my sprirt rest amid the past.

To the Old Pagan Religion

Olympian gods! How can I let ye go And pin my faith to this new *Christian* creed?

Can I resign the deities I know

For him who on a cross for man did bleed?

How in my weakness can my hopes depend On one lone God, though mighty be his pow'r?

Why can *Jove's* host no more assistance lend, To soothe my pain, and cheer my troubled hour?

Are there no Dryads on these wooded mounts O'er which I oft in desolation roam?

Are there no Naiads in these crystal founts?
Nor Nereids upon the Ocean foam?

Fast spreads the new; the older faith declines.
The name of *Christ* resounds upon the air.
But my wrack'd soul in solitude repines
And gives the Gods their last-receivèd pray'r.

On the Ruin of Rome

Low dost thou lie, O *Rome*, neath the foot of the *Teuton* Slaves are thy men, and bent to the will of thy conqueror: Wither hath gone, great city, the race that gave law to all nations, Subdu'd the east and the west, and made them bow down to thy consuls.

Knew not defeat, but gave it to all who attack'd thee?

Dead! and replac'd by these wretches who cower in confusion Dead! They who gave us this empire to guard and to live in *Rome*, thou didst fall from thy pow'r with the proud race that made thee, And we, base *Italians*, enjoy'd what we could not have builded.

To Pan

Seated in a woodland glen
By a shallow reedy stream
Once I fell a-musing, when

I was lull'd into a dream.

From the brook a shape arose Half a man and half a goat.
Hoofs it had instead of toes
And a beard adorn'd its throat

On a set of rustic reeds
Sweetly play'd this hybrid man
Naught car'd I for earthly needs,
For I knew that this was *Pan*

Nymphs & Satyrs gather'd 'round To enjoy the lively sound.

All to soon I woke in pain And return'd to haunts of men.
But in rural vales I'd fain
Live and hear *Pan*'s pipes again.

On the Vanity of Human Ambition

Apollo, chasing *Daphne*, gain'd his prize But lo! she turn'd to wood
before his eyes.

More modern swains at golden prizes aim, And ever strive some worldly
thing to claim.

Yet 'tis the same as in *Apollo*'s case, For, once attain'd, the purest gold
seems base.

All that men seek 's unworthy of the quest, Yet seek they will, and never
pause for rest.

True bliss, methinks, a man can only find In virtuous life, & cultivated
mind.

Part II.
Fantasy and Horror

Nemesis

* * * * *

Written: 1st November 1917

First Published in *The Vagrant*,
No. 7 (June 1918), Pages 41-43

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Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber, Past the wan-moon'd  
abysses of night,

I have liv'd o'er my lives without number, I have sounded all things  
with my sight;

And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being driven to madness with  
fright.

I have whirl'd with the earth at the dawning, When the sky was a  
vaporous flame;

I have seen the dark universe yawning,

Where the black planets roll without aim; Where they roll in  
their horror unheeded, without knowledge or lustre or name.

I had drifted o'er seas without ending, Under sinister grey-clouded  
skies

That the many-fork'd lightning is rending, That resound with  
hysterical cries;

With the moans of invisible daemons that out of the green waters rise.

I have plung'd like a deer thro' the arches Of the hoary primoridal  
grove,

Where the oaks feel the presence that marches And stalks on where  
no spirit dares rove; And I flee from a thing that surrounds me, and leers  
thro' dead branches above.

I have stumbled by cave-ridden mountains That rise barren and  
bleak from the plain, I have drunk of the fog-foetid fountains

That ooze down to the marsh and the main; And in hot cursed  
tarns I have seen things I care not to gaze on again.

I have scann'd the vast ivy-clad palace, I have trod its untenanted  
hall,

Where the moon writhing up from the valleys Shews the tapestried  
things on the wall;

Strange figures discordantly woven, which I cannot endure to recall.

I have peer'd from the casement in wonder At the mouldering  
meadows around,

At the many-roof'd village laid under  
The curse of a grave-girdled ground;  
And from rows of white urn-carven marble I listen intently for sound.

I have haunted the tombs of the ages, I have flown on the pinions of  
fear

Where the smoke-belching Erebus rages,  
Where the jokulls loom snow-clad and drear: And in realms  
where the sun of the desert consumes what it never can cheer.

I was old when the Pharaohs first mounted The jewel-deck'd throne  
by the Nile;

I was old in those epochs uncounted  
When I, and I only, was vile;  
And Man, yet untainted and happy, dwelt in bliss on the far Arctic isle.

Oh, great was the sin of my spirit, And great is the reach of its  
doom;

Not the pity of Heaven can cheer it,  
Nor can respite be found in the tomb:  
Down the infinite aeons come beating the wings of unmerciful gloom.

*Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber, Past the wan-moon'd  
abysses of night, I have liv'd o'er my lives without number, I have sounded  
all things with my sight; And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being  
driven to madness with fright.*

# Astrophobos

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*Written: 25th November 1917*

First Published in *The United Amateur*,  
Vol. 17, No. 3 (January 1918), Page 38

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In the midnight heavens burning Thro' ethereal deeps afar,  
Once I watch'd with restless yearning An alluring, aureate star;  
Ev'ry eye aloft returning,  
Gleaming nigh the Arctic car.

Mystic waves of beauty blended With the gorgeous golden rays;  
Phantasies of bliss descended In a myrrh'd Elysian haze;  
And in lyre-born chords extended Harmonies of Lydian lays.

There (thought I) lies scenes of pleasure, Where the free and blessed  
dwell, And each moment bears a treasure Freighted with a lotus-spell, And  
there floats a liquid measure From the lute of Israfil.

There (I told myself) were shining Worlds of happiness unknown,  
Peace and Innocence entwining By the Crowned Virtue's throne;  
Men of light, their thoughts refining Purer, fairer, than our own.

Thus I mus'd, when o'er the vision Crept a red delirious change;  
Hope dissolving to derision,  
Beauty to distortion strange; Hymnic chords in weird collision,  
Spectral sights in endless range.

Crimson burn'd the star of sadness As behind the beams I peer'd;  
All was woe that seem'd but gladness Ere my gaze with truth was sear'd;  
Cacodaemons, mir'd with madness, Thro' the fever'd flick'ring leer'd.

Now I know the fiendish fable That the golden glitter bore; Now I  
shun the spangled sable That I watch'd and lov'd before; But the horror, set  
and stable, Haunts my soul for evermore



# The Poe-et's Nightmare

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 1916*

First Published in *The Vagrant*,  
No. 8 (July 1918), Pages 13-23

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A Fable

Luxus tumultus semper causa est.

Lucullus Languish, student of the skies, And connoisseur of rarebits and mince pies, A bard by choice, a grocer's clerk by trade, (Grown pessimist thro' honours long delay'd), A secret yearning bore, that he might shine In breathing numbers, and in song divine.

Each day his fountain pen was wont to drop An ode or dirge or two about the shop, Yet naught could strike the chord within his heart That throbbed for poesy, and cry'd for art.

Each eve he sought his bashful Muse to wake With overdoses of ice-cream and cake; But thou' th' ambitious youth a dreamer grew, Th' Aonian Nymph declin'd to come to view.

Sometimes at dusk he scour'd the heav'ns afar, Searching for raptures in the evening star; One night he strove to catch a tale untold In crystal deeps—but only caught a cold.

So pin'd Lucullus with his lofty woe, Till one drear day he bought a set of Poe: Charm'd with the cheerful horrors there display'd, He vow'd with gloom to woo the Heav'nly Maid.

Of Auber's tarn and Yaanek's slope he dreams, And weaves an hundred Ravens in his schemes.

Not far from our young hero's peaceful home Lies the fair grove wherein he loves to roam.

Tho' but a stunted copse in vacant lot, He dubs it Tempe, and adores the spot; When shallow puddles dot the wooded plain, And brim o'er muddy banks with muddy rain, He calls them limpid lakes or poison pools (Depending on which bard his fancy rules).

'Tis here he comes with Heliconian fire On Sundays when he smites the Attic lyre; And here one afternoon he brought his gloom, Resolv'd to chant a poet's lay of doom.

Roget's Thesaurus, and a book of rhymes, Provide the rungs whereon his spirit climbs: With this grave retinue he trod the grove And pray'd the

Fauns he might a Poe-et prove.

*But sad to tell, ere Pegasus flew high, The not unrelish'd supper hour
drew nigh; Our tuneful swain th' imperious call attends, And soon above the
groaning table bends.*

*Tho' it were too prosaic to relate Th' exact particulars of what he ate
(Such long-drawn lists the hasty reader skips, Like Homer's well-known
catalogue of ships), This much we swear: that as adjournment near'd, A
monstrous lot of cake had disappear'd!*

*Soon to his chamber the young bard repairs, And courts soft Somnus with
sweet Lydian airs; Thro' open casement scans the star-strown deep, And
'neath Orion's beams sinks off to sleep.*

*Now start from airy dell the elfin train That dance each midnight o'er the
sleeping plain, To bless the just, or cast a warning spell On those who dine
not wisely, but too well.*

*First Deacon Smith they plague, whose nasal glow Comes from what
Holmes hath call'd "Elixir Pro"; Group'd round the couch his visage they
deride, Whilst thro' his dreams unnumber'd serpents glide.*

*Next troop the little folk into the room Where snores our young
Endymion, swath'd in gloom: A smile lights up his boyish face, whilst he
Dreams of the moon—or what he ate at tea.*

*The chieftain elf th' unconscious youth surveys, And on his form a
strange enchantment lays: Those lips, that lately thrill'd with frosted cake,
Uneasy sounds in slumbrous fashion make; At length their owner's fancies
they rehearse, And lisp this awesome Poe-em in blank verse:*

Aletheia Phrikodes

Omnia risus et omnia pulvis et omnia nihil.

*Demoniac clouds, up-pil'd in chasmy reach Of soundless heav'n,
smother'd the brooding night; Nor came the wonted whisp'rings of the
swamp, Nor voice of autumn wind along the moor,*

*Nor mutter'd noises of th' insomnious grove Whose black recesses never
saw the sun.*

Within that grove a hideous hollow lies,
Half bare of trees; a pool in centre lurks
That none dares sound; a tarn of murky face (Tho' naught can prove its
hue, since light of day, Affrighted, shuns the forest-shadow'd banks).

Hard by, a yawning hillside grotto breathes, From deeps unvisited, a dull,
dank air

That sears the leaves on certain stunted trees Which stand about, clawing
the spectral gloom With evil boughs. To this accursed dell

Come woodland creatures, seldom to depart:

Once I behold, upon a crumbling stone

Set altar-like before the cave, a thing

I saw not clearly, yet from glimpsing, fled.

In this half-dusk I meditate alone

At many a weary noontide, when without

A world forgets me in its sun-blest mirth.

Here howl by night the werewolves, and the souls Of those that knew me
well in other days.

Yet on this night the grove spake not to me; Nor spake the swamp, nor
wind along the moor, Nor moan'd the wind about the lonely eaves

Of the bleak, haunted pile wherein I lay.

I was afraid to sleep, or quench the spark

Of the low-burning taper by my couch.

I was afraid when thro' the vaulted space

Of the old tow'r, the clock-ticks died away Into a silence so profound and
chill

That my teeth chatter'd—giving yet no sound.

Then flicker'd low the light, and all dissolv'd, Leaving me floating in the
hellish grasp

Of body'd blackness, from whose beating wings Came ghoulish blasts of
charnel-scented mist.

Things vague, unseen, unfashion'd, and unnam'd Jostled each other in
the seething void

That gap'd, chaotic, downward to a sea

Of speechless horror, foul with writhing thoughts.

All this I felt, and felt the mocking eyes

Of the curs'd universe upon my soul;

Yet naught I saw nor heard, till flash'd a beam Of lurid lustre thro' the rotting heav'ns,

Playing on scenes I labour'd not to see.

Methought the nameless tarn, alight at last, Reflected shapes, and more reveal'd within

Those shocking depths than ne'er were seen before; Methought from out the cave a demon train,

Grinning and smirking, reel'd in fiendish rout; Bearing within their reeking paws a load

Of carrion viands for an impious feast.

Methought the stunted trees with hungry arms Grop'd greedily for things I dare not name; The while a stifling, wraith-like noisomeness Fill'd all the dale, and spoke a larger life Of uncorporeal hideousness awake

In the half-sentient wholeness of the spot.

Now glow'd the ground, and tarn, and cave, and trees, And moving forms, and things not spoken of, With such a phosphorescence as men glimpse

In the putrescent thickets of the swamp

Where logs decaying lie, and rankness reigns.

Methought a fire-mist drap'd with lucent fold The well-remember'd features of the grove,

Whilst whirling ether bore in eddying streams The hot, unfinish'd stuff of nascent worlds Hither and thither thro' infinities

Of light and darkness, strangely intermix'd; Wherein all entity had consciousness,

Without th' accustom'd outward shape of life.

Of these swift-circling currents was my soul, Free from the flesh, a true constituent part; Nor felt I less myself, for want of form.

Then clear'd the mist, and o'er a star-strown scene, Divine and measureless, I gaz'd in awe.

Alone in space, I view'd a feeble fleck

Of silvern light, marking the narrow ken

Which mortals call the boundless universe.

On ev'ry side, each as a tiny star,

Shone more creations, vaster than our own,

And teeming with unnumber'd forms of life;

Tho' we as life would recognise it not,

Being bound to earthy thoughts of human mould.
As on a moonless night the Milky Way
In solid sheen displays its countless orbs
To weak terrestrial eyes, each orb a sun;
So beam'd the prospect on my wond'ring soul: A spangled curtain, rich
with twinkling gems, Yet each a mighty universe of suns.
But as I gaz'd, I sens'd a spirit voice
In speech didactic, tho' no voice it was,
Save as it carried thought. It bade me mark That all the universes in my
view
Form'd but an atom in infinity;
Whose reaches pass the ether-laden realms
Of heat and light, extending to far fields
Where flourish worlds invisible and vague,
Fill'd with strange wisdom and uncanny life, And yet beyond; to myriad
spheres of light, To spheres of darkness, to abysmal voids
That know the pulses of disorder'd force.
Big with these musings, I survey'd the surge Of boundless being, yet I
us'd not eyes,
For spirit leans not on the props of sense.
The docent presence swell'd my strength of soul; All things I knew, but
knew with mind alone.
Time's endless vista spread before my thought With its vast pageant of
unceasing change
And sempiternal strife of force and will;
I saw the ages flow in stately stream
Past rise and fall of universe and life;
I saw the birth of suns and worlds, their death, Their transmutation into
limpid flame,
Their second birth and second death, their course Perpetual thro' the
aeons' termless flight, Never the same, yet born again to serve
The varying purpose of omnipotence.
And whilst I watch'd, I knew each second's space Was greater than the
lifetime of our world.
Then turn'd my musings to that speck of dust Whereon my form
corporeal took its rise;

That speck, born but a second, which must die In one brief second more;
that fragile earth; That crude experiment; that cosmic sport

Which holds our proud, aspiring race of mites And moral vermin; those
presuming mites

Whom ignorance with empty pomp adorns,

And misinstructs in specious dignity;

Those mites who, reas'ning outward, vaunt themselves As the chief work
of Nature, and enjoy

In fatuous fancy the particular care

Of all her mystic, super-regnant pow'r.

And as I strove to vision the sad sphere

Which lurk'd, lost in ethereal vortices,

Methough my soul, tun'd to the infinite,

Refus'd to glimpse that poor atomic blight; That misbegotten accident of
space;

That globe of insignificance, whereon

(My guide celestial told me) dwells no part Of empyrean virtue, but
where breed

The coarse corruptions of divine disease;

The fest'ring ailments of infinity;

The morbid matter by itself call'd man:

Such matter (said my guide) as oft breaks forth On broad Creation's
fabric, to annoy

For a brief instant, ere assuaging death

Heal up the malady its birth provok'd.

Sicken'd, I turn'd my heavy thoughts away.

Then spake th' ethereal guide with mocking mien, Upbraiding me for
searching after Truth;

Visiting on my mind the searing scorn

Of mind superior; laughing at the woe

Which rent the vital essence of my soul.

Methought he brought remembrance of the time When from my fellows
to the grove I stray'd, In solitude and dusk to meditate

On things forbidden, and to pierce the veil Of seeming good and seeming
beauteousness

That covers o'er the tragedy of Truth,

Helping mankind forget his sorry lot,

And raising Hope where Truth would crush it down.

He spake, and as he ceas'd, methought the flames Of fuming Heav'n
resolv'd in torments dire; Whirling in maelstroms of rebellious might, Yet
ever bound by laws I fathom'd not.

Cycles and epicycles, of such girth

That each a cosmos seem'd, dazzled my gaze

Till all a wild phantasmal glow became.

Now burst athwart the fulgent formlessness

A rift of purer sheen, a sight supernal,

Broader that all the void conceiv'd by man, Yet narrow here. A glimpse
of heav'ns beyond; Of weird creations so remote and great

That ev'n my guide assum'd a tone of awe.

Borne on the wings of stark immensity,

A touch of rhythm celestial reach'd my soul; Thrilling me more with
horror than with joy.

Again the spirit mock'd my human pangs,

And deep revil'd me for presumptuous thoughts: Yet changing now his
mien, he bade me scan

The wid'ning rift that clave the walls of space; He bade me search it for
the ultimate;

He bade me find the Truth I sought so long; He bade me brave th'
unutterable Thing,

The final Truth of moving entity.

All this he bade and offer'd—but my soul,

Clinging to life, fled without aim or knowledge, Shrieking in silence
thro' the gibbering deeps.

*Thus shriek'd the young Lucullus, as he fled Thro' gibbering deeps—and
tumbled out of bed; Within the room the morning sunshine gleams, Whilst
the poor youth recalls his troubled dreams.*

*He feels his aching limbs, whose woeful pain Informs his soul his body
lives again, And thanks his stars—or cosmoses—or such That he survives
the noxious nightmare's clutch.*

*Thrill'd with the music of th' eternal spheres (Or is it the alarm-clock
that he hears?), He vows to all the Pantheon, high and low, No more to feed
on cake, or pie, or Poe.*

And now his gloomy spirits seem to rise, As he the world beholds with clearer eyes; The cup he thought too full of dregs to quaff Affords him wine enough to raise a laugh.

(All this is metaphor—you must not think Our late Endymion prone to stronger drink!) With brighter visage and with lighter heart, He turns his fancies to the grocer's mart; And strange to say, at last he seems to find His daily duties worthy of his mind.

Since Truth prov'd such a high and dang'rous goal, Our bard seeks one less trying to his soul; With deep-drawn breath he flouts his dreary woes, And a good clerk from a bad poet grows!

Now close attend my lay, ye scribbling crew That bay the moon in numbers strange and new; That madly for the spark celestial bawl In metres short or long, or none at all: Curb your rash force, in numbers or at tea, Nor overzealous for high fancies be; Reflect, ere ye the draught Pierian take, What worthy clerks or plumbers ye might make; Wax not too frenzied in the leaping line That neither sense nor measure can confine, Lest ye, like young Lucullus Launquish, groan Beneath Poe-etic nightmares of your own!

Despair

* * * * *

Written: 19th February 1919

First Published in *Pine Cones*,
Vol. 1, No. 4 (June 1919), Page 13

此詩為作者所著

O'er the midnight moorlands crying, Thro' the cypress forests sighing, In the night-wind madly flying,

Hellish forms with streaming hair; In the barren branches creaking, By the stagnant swamp-pools speaking, Past the shore-cliffs ever shrieking; Damn'd daemons of despair.

Once, I think I half remember, Ere the grey skies of November
Quench'd my youth's aspiring ember, Liv'd there such a thing as bliss;
Skies that now are dark were beaming, Gold and azure, splendid seeming
Till I learn'd it all was dreaming— Deadly drowsiness of Dis.

But the stream of Time, swift flowing, Brings the torment of half-knowing— Dimly rushing, blindly going

Past the never-trodden lea; And the voyager, repining,
Sees the wicked death-fires shining, Hears the wicked petrel's whining
As he helpless drifts to sea.

Evil wings in ether beating; Vultures at the spirit eating;

Things unseen forever fleeting

Black against the leering sky.

Ghastly shades of bygone gladness, Clawing fiends of future sadness,
Mingle in a cloud of madness

Ever on the soul to lie.

Thus the living, lone and sobbing, In the throes of anguish throbbing,
With the loathsome Furies robbing Night and noon of peace and rest.

But beyond the groans and grating Of abhorrent Life, is waiting
Sweet Oblivion, culminating

All the years of fruitless quest.

Revelation

* * * * *

Written: March 1919

First Published in *The Tryout*,
Vol. 5, No. 3 (March 1919), Pages 3-4

此詩為作者所撰

In a vale of light and laughter, Shining 'neath the friendly sun, Where
fulfilment follow'd after

Ev'ry hope or dream begun; Where an Aidenn gay and glorious,
Beckon'd down the winsome way; There my soul, o'er pain
victorious, Laugh'd and lingered—yesterday.

Green and narrow was my valley, Temper'd with a verdant shade; Sun-
deck'd brooklets musically

Sparkled thro' each glorious glade; And at night the stars serenely
Glow'd betwixt the boughs o'erhead, While Astarte, calm and
queenly,
Floods of fairy radiance shed.

There amid the tinted bowers, Raptur'd with the opiate spell Of the
grasses, ferns, and flowers, Poppy, phlox and pimpernel, Long I lay,
entranc'd and dreaming, Pleas'd with Nature's bounteous store, Till I
mark'd the shaded gleaming

Of the sky, and yearn'd for more.

Eagerly the branches tearing, Clear'd I all the space above, Till the bolder
gaze, high faring, Scann'd the naked skies of Jove; Deeps unguess'd now
shone before me, Splendid beam'd the solar car; Wings of fervid fancy bore
me

Out beyond the farthest star.

Reaching, gasping, wishing, longing For the pageant brought to sight,
Vain I watch'd the gold orbs thronging Round celestial poles of light.

Madly on a moonbeam ladder

Heav'n's abyss I sought to scale, Ever wiser, ever sadder,

As the fruitless task would fail.

Then, with futile striving sated, Veer'd my soul to earth again, Well
content that I was fated

For a fair, yet low domain; Pleasing thoughts of glad tomorrows,
Like the blissful moments past, Lull'd to rest my transient sorrows, Still'd
my godless greed at last.

But my downward glance, returning, Shrank in fright from what it spy'd;
Slopes in hideous torment burning, Terror in the brooklet's tide: For the
dell, of shade denuded

By my desecrating hand, 'Neath the bare sky blaz'd and brooded As
a lost, accursed land.

The House

This poem is about the house at 135 Benefit Street in Providence that also inspired the short story “The Shunned House”.

* * * * *

Written: 16th July 1919

First Published in *National Enquirer*,
Vol. 9, No. 11 (11th December 1919), Page 3

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'Tis a grove-circled dwelling Set close to a hill,  
Where the branches are telling Strange legends of ill;

Over timbers so old

That they breathe of the dead, Crawl the vines, green and cold,  
By strange nourishment fed; And no man knows the juices they suck from  
the depths of their dank slimy bed.

In the gardens are growing Tall blossoms and fair,  
Each pallid bloom throwing Perfume on the air;

But the afternoon sun  
With its shining red rays Makes the picture loom dun On the  
curious gaze,  
And above the sween scent of the the blossoms rise odours of numberless  
days.

The rank grasses are waving On terrace and lawn,  
Dim memories sav'ring  
Of things that have gone; The stones of the walks  
Are encrusted and wet,  
And a strange spirit stalks When the red sun has set, And the soul of  
the watcher is fill'd with faint pictures he fain would forget.

It was in the hot Junetime I stood by that scene,  
When the gold rays of noontime Beat bright on the green.  
But I shiver'd with cold, Groping feebly for light, As a picture  
unroll'd— And my age-spanning sight Saw the time I had been there before  
flash like fulgury out of the night.

# The City

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: October 1919*

First Published in *The Vagrant*,  
No. 10 (October 1919), Pages 6-7

~~~~~

It was golden and splendid, That City of light;

A vision suspended
In deeps of the night;
A region of wonder and glory, whose temples were marble and white.

I remember the season It dawn'd on my gaze;
The mad time of unreason, The brain-numbing days
When Winter, white-sheeted and ghastly, stalks onward to torture and
craze.

More lovely than Zion It shone in the sky,
When the beams of Orion Beclouded my eye,
Bringing sleep that was fill'd with dim mem'ries of moments obscure
and gone by.

Its mansions were stately With carvings made fair, Each rising
sedately

On terraces rare,
And the gardens were fragrant and bright with strange miracles
blossoming there.

The avenues lur'd me With vistas sublime;
Tall arches assur'd me

That once on a time
I had wander'd in rapture beneath them, and bask'd in the Halcyon clime.

On the plazas were standing A sculptur'd array;
Long-bearded, commanding, Grave men in their day— But one
stood dismantled and broken, its bearded face batter'd away.

In that city effulgent No mortal I saw;
But my fancy, indulgent To memory's law,
Linger'd long on the forms in the plazas, and eyed their stone features
with awe.

I fann'd the faint ember That glow'd in my mind, And strove to
remember

The aeons behind;
To rove thro' infinity freely, and visit the past unconfin'd.

Then the horrible warning Upon my soul sped
Like the ominous morning That rises in red,
And in panic I flew from the knowledge of terrors forgotten and dead.

To Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett,
Eighteenth Baron Dunsany

* * * * *

Written: November 1919

First Published in *The Tryout*,
Vol. 5, No. 11 (November 1919), Pages 11-12

古今中外 諸君共賞

As when the sun above a dusky wold Springs into sight, and turns the gloom to gold, Lights with his magic beams the dew-deck'd bow'rs, And wakes to life the gay responsive flow'rs; So now o'er realms where dark'ning dulness lies, In solar state see shining *Plunkett* rise!

Monarch of Fancy! whose ethereal mind

Mounts fairy peaks, and leaves the throng behind; Whose soul untainted bursts the bounds of space, And leads to regions of supernal grace;

Can any praise thee with too strong a tone, Who in this age of folly gleam'st alone?

Thy quill, *Dunsany*, with an art divine Recalls the gods to each deserted shrine; From mystic air a novel pantheon makes,

And with new spirits fills the meads and brakes; With thee we wander thro' primeval bow'rs, For thou hast brought earth's childhood back, and ours!

How leaps the soul, with sudden bliss increas'd, When led by thee to lands beyond the East!

Sick of this sphere, in crime and conflict old, We yearn for wonders distant and untold; O'er Homer's page a second time we pore, And rack our brains for gleams of infant lore: But all in vain—for valiant tho' we strive No common means these pictures can revive.

Then dawns *Dunsany* with celestial light, And fulgent visions break upon our sight: His barque enchanted each sad spirit bears To shores of gold, beyond the reach of cares.

No earthly trammels now our thoughts may chain; For childhood's fancy hath come back again!

What glitt'ring worlds now wait our eager eyes!

What roads untrodden beckon thro' the skies!

Wonders on wonders line the gorgeous ways, And glorious vistas greet the ravish'd gaze; Mountains of clouds, castles of crystal dreams, Ethereal cities and Elysian streams;

Temples of blue, where myriad stars adore Forgotten gods of aeons gone before!

Such are thine arts, *Dunsany*, such thy skill, That scarce terrestrial seems thy moving quill; Can man, and man alone, successful draw

Such scenes of wonder and domains of awe?

Our hearts, enraptur'd, fix thy mind's abode In high *Pegāna*; hail thee as a god; And sure, can aught more high or godlike be Than such a fancy as resides in thee?

Delighted Pan a friend and peer perceives As thy sweet music stirs the sylvan leaves; The Nine, transported, bless thy golden lyre, Approve thy fancy, and applaud thy fire; Whilst Jove himself assumes a brother's tone, And vows the pantheon equal to his own.

Dunsany, may thy days be glad and long; Replete with visions, and atune with song; May thy rare notes increasing millions cheer, Thy name beloved, and thy mem'ry dear!

'Tis thou who hast in hours of dulness brought New charms of language, and new gems of thought; Hast with a poet's grace enrich'd the earth With aureate dreams as noble as thy birth.

Grateful we name thee, bright with fix'd renown, The fairest jewel in *Hibernia's* crown.

The Nightmare Lake

* * * * *

Written: December 1919

First Published in *The Vagrant*,
No. 12 (December 1919), Pages 13–14

~~~~~

There is a lake in distant Zan, Beyond the wonted haunts of man, Where  
broods alone in a hideous state A spirit dead and desolate;

A spirit ancient and unholy,

Heavy with fearsome melancholy, Which from the waters dull and dense  
Draws vapors cursed with pestilence.

Around the banks, a mire of clay, Sprawl things offensive in decay, And  
curious birds that reach that shore Are seen by mortals nevermore.

Here shines by day the searing sun On glassy wastes beheld by none,  
And here by night pale moonbeams flow Into the deeps that yawn below.

In nightmares only is it told

What scenes beneath those beams unfold; What scenes, too old for  
human sight, Lie sunken there in endless night; For in those depths there  
only pace The shadows of a voiceless race.

One midnight, redolent of ill,

I saw that lake, asleep and still; While in the lurid sky there rode A  
gibbous moon that glow'd and glow'd.

I saw the stretching marshy shore, And the foul things those marshes  
bore: Lizards and snakes convuls'd and dying; Ravens and vampires  
putrefying; All these, and hov'ring o'er the dead, Narcophagi that on them  
fed.

And as the dreadful moon climb'd high, Fright'ning the stars from out  
the sky, I saw the lake's dull water glow Till sunken things appear'd below.

There shone unnumber'd fathoms down, The tow'rs of a forgotten town;  
The tarnish'd domes and mossy walls; Weed-tangled spires and empty  
halls; Deserted fanes and vaults of dread, And streets of gold uncoveted.

These I beheld, and saw beside

A horde of shapeless shadows glide; A noxious horde which to my glance  
Seem'd moving in a hideous dance Round slimy sepulchres that lay Beside  
a never-travell'd way.

Straight from those tombs a heaving rose That vex'd the waters' dull  
repose, While lethal shades of upper space Howl'd at the moon's sardonic  
face.

Then sank the lake within its bed, Suck'd down to caverns of the dead,  
Till from the reeking, new-stript earth Curl'd foetid fumes of noisome birth.

About the city, nigh uncover'd, The monstrous dancing shadows hover'd,  
When lo! there oped with sudden stir The portal of each sepulchre!

No ear may learn, no tongue may tell What nameless horror then befell.

I see that lake—that moon agrin— That city and the *things* within—  
Waking, I pray that on that shore The nightmare lake may sink *no more!*

# On Reading Lord Dunsany's *Book of Wonder*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: March 1920*

First Published in *The Silver Clarion*,  
Vol. 3, No. 12 (March 1920), Page 4

古今東西の神話と伝説

The hours of night unheeded fly, And in the grate the embers fade; Vast  
shadows one by one pass by In silent daemon cavalcade.

But still the magic volume holds The raptur'd eye in realms apart, And  
fulgent sorcery enfolds  
The willing mind and eager heart.

The lonely room no more is there— For to the sight in pomp appear  
Temples and cities pois'd in air And blazing glories—sphere on sphere.

# The Cats

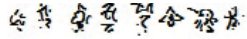
\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 15th February 1925*

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.

By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.

Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press, (1977), Pages 116-117





Babels of blocks to the high heavens tow'ring, Flames of futility swirling  
below; Poisonous fungi in brick and stone flow'ring,  
Lanterns that shudder and death-lights that glow.

Black monstrous bridges across oily rivers, Cobwebs of cable by  
nameless things spun; Catacomb deeps whose dank chaos delivers  
Streams of live foetor, that rots in the sun.

Colour and splendour, disease and decaying, Shrieking and ringing and  
scrambling insane, Rabbles exotic to stranger-gods praying,  
Jumbles of odour that stifle the brain.

Legions of cats from the alleys nocturnal, Howling and lean in the glare  
of the moon, Screaming the future with mouthings infernal,  
Yelling the burden of Pluto's red rune.

Tall tow'rs and pyramids ivy'd and crumbling, Bats that swoop low in  
the weed-cumber'd streets; Bleak broken bridges o'er rivers whose  
rumbling Joins with no voice as the thick tide retreats.

Belfries that blackly against the moon totter, Caverns whose mouths are  
by mosses effac'd, And living to answer the wind and the water,  
Only the lean cats that howl in the waste!

# Festival

Originally a christmas poem sent to Farnsworth Wright, who surprised Lovecraft by publishing it as “Yule Horror”.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: December 1925*

First Published in *Weird Tales*,  
Vol. 8, No. 6 (December 1926), Page 846

~~~~~

There is snow on the ground, And the valleys are cold,

And a midnight profound

Blackly squats o'er the wold; But a light on the hilltops half-
seen hints of feastings unhallow'd and old.

There is death in the clouds, There is fear in the night, For the dead
in their shrouds Hail the sun's turning flight, And chant wild in the woods
as they dance round a Yule-altar fungous and white.

To no gale of earth's kind Sways the forest of oak,

Where the sick boughs entwin'd By mad mistletoes choke,

For these pow'rs are the pow'rs of the dark, from the graves of the lost
Druid-folk.

And mayst thou to such deeds Be an abbot and priest,

Singing cannibal greeds

At each devil-wrought feast, And to all the incredulous world
shewing dimly the sign of the beast.

Hallowe'en in a Suburb aka "In a Suburb"

* * * * *

Written: March 1926

First Published in *The National Amateur*,
Vol. 48, No. 4 (March 1926), Page 33

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The steeples are white in the wild moonlight, And the trees have a silver glare;
Past the chimneys high see the vampires fly, And the harpies of upper air,

That flutter and laugh and stare.

For the village dead to the moon outspread Never shone in the sunset's gleam,
But grew out of the deep that the dead years keep Where the rivers of madness stream
Down the gulfs to a pit of dream.

A chill wind weaves thro' the rows of sheaves In the meadows that shimmer pale,
And comes to twine where the headstones shine And the ghouls of the churchyard wail
For harvests that fly and fail.

Not a breath of the strange grey gods of change That tore from the past its own

Can quicken this hour, when a spectral pow'r Spreads sleep o'er the cosmic throne
And looses the vast unknown.

So here again stretch the vale and plain That moons long-forgotten saw,
And the dead leap gay in the pallid ray, Sprung out of the tomb's black maw
To shake all the world with awe.

And all that the morn shall greet forlorn, The ugliness and the pest
Of rows where thick rise the stones and brick, Shall some day be with the rest,
And brood with the shades unblest.

Then wild in the dark let the lemurs bark, And the leprous spires ascend;
For new and old alike in the fold Of horror and death are penn'd,
For the hounds of Time to rend.

The Wood

* * * * *

Written: January 1929

First Published in *The Tryout*,
Vol. 11, No. 2 (January 1929), Page 16

~~~~~



They cut it down, and where the pitch-black aisles Of forest night had hid eternal things,

They scal'd the sky with tow'rs and marble piles To make a city for their revellings.

White and amazing to the lands around That wondrous wealth of domes and turrets rose; Crystal and ivory, sublimely crown'd

With pinnacles that bore unmelting snows.

And through its halls the pipe and sistrum rang, While wine and riot brought their scarlet stains; Never a voice of elder marvels sang,

Nor any eye call'd up the hills and plains.

Thus down the years, till on one purple night A drunken minstrel in his careless verse

Spoke the vile words that should not see the light, And stirr'd the shadows of an ancient curse.

Forests may fall, but not the dusk they shield; So on the spot where that proud city stood, The shuddering dawn no single stone reveal'd, But fled the blackness of a primal wood.

# The Outpost

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 26th November 1929*

First Published in *Bacon's Essays*,  
Vol. 3, No. 1 (Spring 1930), Page 7

~~~~~

When evening cools the yellow stream, And shadows stalk the jungle's
ways, Zimbabwe's palace flares ablaze
For a great King who fears to dream.

For he alone of all mankind
Waded the swamp that serpents shun; And struggling toward the
setting sun, Came on the veldt that lies behind.

No other eyes had vented there Since eyes were lent for human sight—
But there, as sunset turned to night, He found the Elder Secret's lair.

Strange turrets rose beyond the plain, And walls and bastions spread
around The distant domes that fouled the ground Like leprous fungi after
rain.

A grudging moon writhed up to shine Past leagues where life can have no
home; And paling far-off tower and dome,
Shewed each unwindowed and malign.

Then he who in his boyhood ran Through vine-hung ruins free of fear,
Trembled at what he saw—for here
Was no dead, ruined seat of man.

Inhuman shapes, half-seen, half-guessed, Half solid and half ether-
spawned,
Seethed down from starless voids that yawned In heav'n, to these
blank walls of pest.

And voidward from that pest-mad zone Amorphous hordes seethed
darkly back, Their dim claws laden with the wrack Of things that men have
dreamed and known.

The ancient Fishers from Outside— Were there not tales the high-priest
told, Of how they found the worlds of old, And took what pelf their fancy
spied?

Their hidden, dread-ringed outposts brood Upon a million worlds of space;

Abhorred by every living race,
Yet scatheless in their solitude.

Sweating with fright, the watcher crept Back to the swamp that serpents shun,
So that he lay, by rise of sun,
Safe in the palace where he slept.

None saw him leave, or come at dawn, Nor does his flesh bear any mark
Of what he met in that curst dark—
Yet from his sleep all peace has gone.

When evening cools the yellow stream, And shadows stalk the jungle's ways,
Zimbabwe's palace flares ablaze,
For a great King who fears to dream.

The Ancient Track

* * * * *

Written: 26th November 1929

First Published in *Weird Tales*,
Vol. 15, No. 3 (March 1930), Page 300

古今東西 小説全集

There was no hand to hold me back That night I found the ancient track
Over the hill, and strained to see The fields that teased my memory.

This tree, that wall—I knew them well, And all the roofs and orchards
fell Familiarly upon my mind

As from a past not far behind.

I knew what shadows would be cast When the late moon came up at last
From back of Zaman’s Hill, and how The vale would shine three hours from
now.

And when the path grew steep and high, And seemed to end against the
sky, I had no fear of what might rest Beyond that silhouetted crest.

Straight on I walked, while all the night Grew pale with phosphorescent
light, And wall and farmhouse gable glowed Unearthly by the climbing
road.

There was the milestone that I knew— “Two miles to Dunwich”—now
the view Of distant spire and roofs would dawn With ten more upward
paces gone...

There was no hand to hold me back That night I found the ancient track,
And reached the crest to see outspread A valley of the lost and dead:

And over Zaman’s Hill the horn

Of a malignant moon was born,

To light the weeds and vines that grew On ruined walls I never knew.

The fox-fire glowed in field and bog, And unknown waters spewed a fog
Whose curling talons mocked the thought That I had ever known this spot.

Too well I saw from the mad scene That my loved past had never been—
Nor was I now upon the trail

Descending to that long-dead vale.

Around was fog—ahead, the spray Of star-streams in the Milky Way...

There was no hand to hold me back That night I found the ancient track.

The Messenger

* * * * *

Written: 30th November 1929

First Published in *Weird Tales*,
Vol. 32, No. 1 (July 1938), Page 52

~~~~~

To Bertrand K. Hart, Esq.

The thing, he said, would come that night at three From the old  
churchyard on the hill below; But crouching by an oak fire's  
wholesome glow, I tried to tell myself it could not be.

Surely, I mused, it was a pleasantry

Devised by one who did not truly know

The Elder Sign, bequeathed from long ago, That sets the fumbling  
forms of darkness free.

He had not meant it—no—but still I lit Another lamp as starry Leo  
climbed

Out of the Seekonk, and a steeple chimed Three—and the firelight  
faded, bit by bit.

Then at the door that cautious rattling came— And the mad truth  
devoured me like a flame!

This was written in response to Bertrand Kelton Hart, author of a daily column called "The Sideshow" in the Providence Journal, who, upon discovering that Wilcox's residence in "The Call of Cthulhu" (7 Thomas Street) was his own, published in his column "...I shall not be happy until, joining league with wraiths and ghouls, I have plumped down at least one large and abiding ghost by way of reprisal upon [Lovecraft's] own doorstep in Barnes street... I think I shall teach it to moan in a minor dissonance every morning at 3 o'clock sharp, with a clinking of chains."



# Nathieana

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: ?*

First Published in *The Vagrant*,  
(Spring 1927), Pages 61-64

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It was in the pale garden of Zaïs; The mist-shrouded gardens of Zaïs,
Where blossoms the white nephalotë, The redolent herald of midnight.

There slumber the still lakes of crystal, And streamlets that flow without
murm'ring; Smooth streamlets from caverns of Kathos Where brood the
calm spirits of twilight.

And over the lakes and the streamlets Are bridges of pure alabaster,
White bridges all cunningly carven With figures of fairies and daemons.

Here glimmer strange suns and strange planets, And strange is the
crescent Banapis That sets 'yond the ivy-grown ramparts Where thickens
the dust of the evening.

Here fall the white vapours of Yabon; And here in the swirl of vapours
I saw the divine Nathicana;

The garlanded, white Nathicana;

The slender, black-hair'd Nathicana; The sloe-ey'd, red-lipp'd Nathicana;
The silver-voic'd, sweet Nathicana; The pale-rob'd, belov'd Nathicana.

And ever was she my belovèd,

From ages when Time was unfashion'd; From days when the stars were
not fashion'd Nor any thing fashion'd but Yabon.

And here dwelt we ever and ever,

The innocent children of Zaïs,

At peace in the paths and the arbours, White-crown'd with the blest
nephalotë.

How oft would we float in the twilight O'er flow'r-cover'd pastures and
hillsides All white with the lowly astalthon; The lowly yet lovely astalthon,

And dream in a world made of dreaming The dreams that are fairer than
Aidenn; Bright dreams that are truer than reason!

So dream'd and so lov'd we thro' ages, Till came the curs'd season of
Dzannin; The daemon-damn'd season of Dzannin; When red shone the suns
and the planets, And red gleamed the crescent Banapis, And red fell the
vapours of Yabon.

Then redden'd the blossoms and streamlets And lakes that lay under the
bridges, And even the calm alabaster

Glow'd pink with uncanny reflections Till all the carv'd fairies and
daemons Leer'd redly from the backgrounds of shadow.

Now reddened my vision, and madly I strove to peer thro' the dense
curtain And glimpse the divine Nathicana; The pure, ever-pale Nathicana;
The lov'd, the unchang'd Nathicana.

But vortex on vortex of madness
Beclouded my labouring vision;
My damnable, reddening vision
That built a new world for my seeing; A new world of redness and
darkness, A horrible coma call'd living.

So now in this coma call'd living I view the bright phantoms of beauty;
The false, hollow phantoms of beauty That cloak all the evils of Dzannin.

I view them with infinite longing, So like do they seem to my lov'd one;
So shapely and fair like my lov'd one; Yet foul from their eyes shines their
evil; Their cruel and pitiless evil,

More evil than Thaphron and Latgoz, Twice ill for its gorgeous
concealment.

And only in slumbers of midnight
Appears the lost maid Nathicana,
The pallid, the pure Nathicana,
Who fades at the glance of the dreamer.

Again and again do I seek her;
I woo with deep draughts of Plathotis, Deep draughts brew'd in wine of
Astarte And strengthen'd with tears of long weeping.

I yearn for the gardens of Zaïs;
The lovely lost garden of Zaïs

Where blossoms the white nephalotë, The redolent herald of midnight.

The last potent draught I am brewing; A draught that the daemons delight
in; A draught that will banish the redness; The horrible coma call'd living.

Soon, soon, if I fail not in brewing, The redness and madness will vanish,
And deep in the worm-peopled darkness Will rot the base chains that have
bound me.

Once more shall the gardens of Zaïs Dawn white on my long-tortur'd
vision, And there midst the vapours of Yabon Will stand the divine
Nathicana;

The deathless, restor'd Nathicana Whose like is not met with in living.

In a letter to Donald Wandrei written August 2nd, 1927, Lovecraft said that this poem was supposed to be a “parody on those stylistic excesses which really have no basic meaning”.

In his response ten days later, Wandrei said “It is a rare and curious kind of literary freak, a satire too good, so that, instead of parodying, it possesses, the original”.

Fungi from Yuggoth

* * * * *

Written: 27th December 1929-4th January 1930

First Published in *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*.
Sauk City, WI: Arkham House, (1943), Pages 395-407

~~~~~

## I. The Book

The place was dark and dusty and half-lost In tangles of old alleys near the  
quays, Reeking of strange things brought in from the seas, And with queer  
curls of fog that west winds tossed.

Small lozenge panes, obscured by smoke and frost, Just shewed the books,  
in piles like twisted trees, Rotting from floor to roof—congeries  
Of crumbling elder lore at little cost.

I entered, charmed, and from a cobwebbed heap Took up the nearest tome  
and thumbed it through, Trembling at curious words that seemed to keep  
Some secret, monstrous if one only knew.

Then, looking for some seller old in craft, I could find nothing but a voice  
that laughed.

## II. Pursuit

I held the book beneath my coat, at pains To hide the thing from sight in  
such a place; Hurrying through the ancient harbor lanes With often-turning  
head and nervous pace.

Dull, furtive windows in old tottering brick Peered at me oddly as I  
hastened by,

And thinking what they sheltered, I grew sick For a redeeming glimpse of  
clean blue sky.

No one had seen me take the thing—but still A blank laugh echoed in my  
whirling head, And I could guess what nighted worlds of ill Lurked in that  
volume I had coveted.

The way grew strange—the walls alike and madding— And far behind me,  
unseen feet were padding.

### III. The Key

I do not know what windings in the waste Of those strange sea-lanes  
brought me home once more, But on my porch I trembled, white with haste  
To get inside and bolt the heavy door.

I had the book that told the hidden way Across the void and through the  
space-hung screens That hold the undimensioned worlds at bay, And keep  
lost aeons to their own demesnes.

At last the key was mine to those vague visions Of sunset spires and  
twilight woods that brood Dim in the gulfs beyond this earth's precisions,  
Lurking as memories of infinitude.

The key was mine, but as I sat there mumbling, The attic window shook  
with a faint fumbling.

### IV. Recognition

The day had come again, when as a child I saw—just once—that hollow of  
old oaks, Grey with a ground-mist that enfolds and chokes The slinking  
shapes which madness has defiled.

It was the same—an herbage rank and wild Clings round an altar whose  
carved sign invokes That Nameless One to whom a thousand smokes Rose,  
aeons gone, from unclean towers up-piled.

I saw the body spread on that dank stone, And knew those things which  
feasted were not men; I knew this strange, grey world was not my own, But  
Yuggoth, past the starry voids—and then The body shrieked at me with a  
dead cry, And all too late I knew that it was I!

### V. Homecoming

The daemon said that he would take me home To the pale, shadowy land I half recalled As a high place of stair and terrace, walled With marble balustrades that sky-winds comb, While miles below a maze of dome on dome And tower on tower beside a sea lies sprawled.

Once more, he told me, I would stand enthralled On those old heights, and hear the far-off foam.

All this he promised, and through sunset's gate He swept me, past the lapping lakes of flame, And red-gold thrones of gods without a name Who shriek in fear at some impending fate.

Then a black gulf with sea-sounds in the night: "Here was your home," he mocked, "when you had sight!"

## VI. The Lamp

We found the lamp inside those hollow cliffs Whose chiseled sign no priest in Thebes could read, And from whose caverns frightened hieroglyphs Warned every creature of earth's breed.

No more was there—just that one brazen bowl With traces of a curious oil within;

Fretted with some obscurely patterned scroll, And symbols hinting vaguely of strange sin.

Little the fears of forty centuries meant To us as we bore off our slender spoil, And when we scanned it in our darkened tent We struck a match to test the ancient oil.

It blazed—great God!... But the vast shapes we saw In that mad flash have seared our lives with awe.

## VII. Zaman's Hill



The great hill hung close over the old town, A precipice against the main street's end; Green, tall, and wooded, looking darkly down Upon the steeple at the highway bend.

Two hundred years the whispers had been heard About what happened on the man-shunned slope— Tales of an oddly mangled deer or bird, Or of lost boys whose kin had ceased to hope.

One day the mail-man found no village there, Nor were its folk or houses seen again; People came out from Aylesbury to stare— Yet they all told the mail-man it was plain That he was mad for saying he had spied The great hill's gluttonous eyes, and jaws stretched wide.

## VIII. The Port

Ten miles from Arkham I had struck the trail That rides the cliff-edge over Boynton Beach, And hoped that just at sunset I could reach The crest that looks on Innsmouth in the vale.

Far out at sea was a retreating sail,

White as hard years of ancient winds could bleach, But evil with some portent beyond speech, So that I did not wave my hand or hail.

Sails out of Innsmouth! echoing old renown Of long-dead times. But now a too-swift night Is closing in, and I have reached the height Whence I so often scan the distant town.

The spires and roofs are there—but look! The gloom Sinks on dark lanes, as lightless as the tomb!

## IX. The Courtyard

It was the city I had known before;

The ancient, leprous town where mongrel throngs Chant to strange gods,  
and beat unhallowed gongs In crypts beneath foul alleys near the shore.  
The rotting, fish-eyed houses leered at me From where they leaned, drunk  
and half-animate, As edging through the filth I passed the gate To the black  
courtyard where the man would be.

The dark walls closed me in, and loud I cursed That ever I had come to such  
a den,  
When suddenly a score of windows burst  
Into wild light, and swarmed with dancing men: Mad, soundless revels of  
the dragging dead— And not a corpse had either hands or head!

## X. The Pigeon-Flyers

They took me slumming, where gaunt walls of brick Bulge outward with a  
viscous stored-up evil, And twisted faces, thronging foul and thick, Wink  
messages to alien god and devil.  
A million fires were blazing in the streets, And from flat roofs a furtive few  
would fly Bedraggled birds into the yawning sky  
While hidden drums droned on with measured beats.

I knew those fires were brewing monstrous things, And that those birds of  
space had been *Outside*— I guessed to what dark planet's crypts they plied,  
And what they brought from Thog beneath their wings.  
The others laughed—till struck too mute to speak By what they glimpsed in  
one bird's evil beak.

## XI. The Well

Farmer Seth Atwood was past eighty when He tried to sink that deep well  
by his door, With only Eb to help him bore and bore.

We laughed, and hoped he'd soon be sane again.  
And yet, instead, young Eb went crazy, too, So that they shipped him to the  
county farm.  
Seth bricked the well-mouth up as tight as glue— Then hacked an artery in  
his gnarled left arm.

After the funeral we felt bound to get  
Out to that well and rip the bricks away, But all we saw were iron hand-  
holds set Down a black hole deeper than we could say.  
And yet we put the bricks back—for we found The hole too deep for any  
line to sound.

## XII. The Howler

They told me not to take the Briggs' Hill path That used to be the highroad  
through to Zoar, For Goody Watkins, hanged in seventeen-four, Had left a  
certain monstrous aftermath.  
Yet when I disobeyed, and had in view  
The vine-hung cottage by the great rock slope, I could not think of elms or  
hempen rope, But wondered why the house still seemed so new.

Stopping a while to watch the fading day, I heard faint howls, as from a  
room upstairs, When through the ivied panes one sunset ray Struck in, and  
caught the howler unawares.  
I glimpsed—and ran in frenzy from the place, And from a four-pawed thing  
with human face.

## XIII. Hesperia

The winter sunset, flaming beyond spires And chimneys half-detached from  
this dull sphere, Opens great gates to some forgotten year Of elder

splendours and divine desires.

Expectant wonders burn in those rich fires, Adventure-fraught, and not  
untinged with fear; A row of sphinxes where the way leads clear Toward  
walls and turrets quivering to far lyres.

It is the land where beauty's meaning flowers; Where every unplaced  
memory has a source; Where the great river Time begins its course Down  
the vast void in starlit streams of hours.

Dreams bring us close—but ancient lore repeats That human tread has  
never soiled these streets.

#### **XIV. Star-Winds**

It is a certain hour of twilight glooms, Mostly in autumn, when the star-  
wind pours Down hilltop streets, deserted out-of-doors, But shewing early  
lamplight from snug rooms.

The dead leaves rush in strange, fantastic twists, And chimney-smoke  
whirls round with alien grace, Heeding geometries of outer space,  
While Fomalhaut peers in through southward mists.

This is the hour when moonstruck poets know What fungi sprout in  
Yuggoth, and what scents And tints of flowers fill Nithon's continents, Such  
as in no poor earthly garden blow.

Yet for each dream these winds to us convey, A dozen more of ours they  
sweep away!

#### **XV. Antarktos**

Deep in my dream the great bird whispered queerly Of the black cone amid  
the polar waste; Pushing above the ice-sheet lone and drearily, By storm-  
crazed aeons battered and defaced.

Hither no living earth-shapes take their courses, And only pale auroras and faint suns  
Glow on that pitted rock, whose primal sources Are guessed at dimly by the Elder Ones.

If men should glimpse it, they would merely wonder What tricky mound of Nature's build they spied; But the bird told of vaster parts, that under The mile-deep ice-shroud crouch and brood and bide.  
God help the dreamer whose mad visions shew Those dead eyes set in crystal gulfs below!

## *XVI. The Window*

The house was old, with tangled wings outthrown, Of which no one could ever half keep track, And in a small room somewhat near the back Was an odd window sealed with ancient stone.  
There, in a dream-plagued childhood, quite alone I used to go, where night reigned vague and black; Parting the cobwebs with a curious lack Of fear, and with a wonder each time grown.

One later day I brought the masons there To find what view my dim forbears had shunned, But as they pierced the stone, a rush of air Burst from the alien voids that yawned beyond.  
They fled—but I peered through and found unrolled All the wild worlds of which my dreams had told.

## *XVII. A Memory*

There were great steppes, and rocky table-lands Stretching half-limitless in starlit night, With alien campfires shedding feeble light On beasts with tinkling bells, in shaggy bands.

Far to the south the plain sloped low and wide To a dark zigzag line of wall  
that lay  
Like a huge python of some primal day  
Which endless time had chilled and petrified.

I shivered oddly in the cold, thin air, And wondered where I was and how I  
came, When a cloaked form against a campfire's glare Rose and  
approached, and called me by my name.  
Staring at that dead face beneath the hood, I ceased to hope—because I  
understood.

### **XVIII. The Gardens of Yin**

Beyond that wall, whose ancient masonry Reached almost to the sky in  
moss-thick towers, There would be terraced gardens, rich with flowers, And  
flutter of bird and butterfly and bee.  
There would be walks, and bridges arching over Warm lotos-pools  
reflecting temple eaves, And cherry-trees with delicate boughs and leaves  
Against a pink sky where the herons hover.

All would be there, for had not old dreams flung Open the gate to that  
stone-lanterned maze Where drowsy streams spin out their winding ways,  
Trailed by green vines from bending branches hung?  
I hurried—but when the wall rose, grim and great, I found there was no  
longer any gate.

### **XIX. The Bells**

Year after year I heard that faint, far ringing Of deep-toned bells on the  
black midnight wind; Peals from no steeple I could ever find, But strange,  
as if across some great void winging.

I searched my dreams and memories for a clue, And thought of all the  
chimes my visions carried; Of quiet Innsmouth, where the white gulls  
tarried Around an ancient spire that once I knew.

Always perplexed I heard those far notes falling, Till one March night the  
bleak rain splashing cold Beckoned me back through gateways of recalling  
To elder towers where the mad clappers tolled.

They tolled—but from the sunless tides that pour Through sunken valleys  
on the sea's dead floor.

## XX. Night-Gaunts

Out of what crypt they crawl, I cannot tell, But every night I see the rubbery  
things, Black, horned, and slender, with membraneous wings, And tails that  
bear the bifid barb of hell.

They come in legions on the north wind's swell, With obscene clutch that  
titillates and stings, Snatching me off on monstrous voyagings To grey  
worlds hidden deep in nightmare's well.

Over the jagged peaks of Thok they sweep, Heedless of all the cries I try to  
make, And down the nether pits to that foul lake Where the puffed  
shoggoths splash in doubtful sleep.

But oh! If only they would make some sound, Or wear a face where faces  
should be found!

## XXI. Nyarlathotep

And at the last from inner Egypt came

The strange dark One to whom the fellahs bowed; Silent and lean and  
cryptically proud,

And wrapped in fabrics red as sunset flame.

Throngs pressed around, frantic for his commands, But leaving, could not tell what they had heard; While through the nations spread the awestruck word That wild beasts followed him and licked his hands.

Soon from the sea a noxious birth began; Forgotten lands with weedy spires of gold; The ground was cleft, and mad auroras rolled Down on the quaking citadels of man.

Then, crushing what he chanced to mould in play, The idiot Chaos blew Earth's dust away.

## XXII. Azathoth

Out in the mindless void the daemon bore me, Past the bright clusters of dimensioned space, Till neither time nor matter stretched before me, But only Chaos, without form or place.

Here the vast Lord of All in darkness muttered Things he had dreamed but could not understand, While near him shapeless bat-things flopped and fluttered In idiot vortices that ray-streams fanned.

They danced insanely to the high, thin whining Of a cracked flute clutched in a monstrous paw, Whence flow the aimless waves whose chance combining Gives each frail cosmos its eternal law.

"I am His Messenger," the daemon said, As in contempt he struck his Master's head.

## XXIII. Mirage

I do not know if ever it existed—

That lost world floating dimly on Time's stream— And yet I see it often, violet-misted,

And shimmering at the back of some vague dream.



There were strange towers and curious lapping rivers, Labyrinths of wonder, and low vaults of light, And bough-crossed skies of flame, like that which quivers Wistfully just before a winter's night.

Great moors led off to sedgy shores unpeopled, Where vast birds wheeled, while on a windswept hill There was a village, ancient and white-steepled, With evening chimes for which I listen still.

I do not know what land it is—or dare  
Ask when or why I was, or will be, there.

## XXIV. The Canal

Somewhere in dream there is an evil place Where tall, deserted buildings crowd along A deep, black, narrow channel, reeking strong Of frightful things whence oily currents race.

Lanes with old walls half meeting overhead Wind off to streets one may or may not know, And feeble moonlight sheds a spectral glow Over long rows of windows, dark and dead.

There are no footfalls, and the one soft sound Is of the oily water as it glides Under stone bridges, and along the sides Of its deep flume, to some vague ocean bound.

None lives to tell when that stream washed away Its dream-lost region from the world of clay.

## XXV. St. Toad's

“Beware St. Toad's cracked chimes!” I heard him scream As I plunged into those mad lanes that wind In labyrinths obscure and undefined South of the river where old centuries dream.

He was a furtive figure, bent and ragged, And in a flash had staggered out of sight, So still I burrowed onward in the night Toward where more roof-lines rose, malign and jagged.

No guide-book told of what was lurking here— But now I heard another old man shriek: “Beware St.Toad’s cracked chimes!” And growing weak, I paused, when a third greybeard croaked in fear: “Beware St. Toad’s cracked chimes!” Aghast, I fled— Till suddenly that black spire loomed ahead.

## XXVI. The Familiars

John Whateley lived about a mile from town, Up where the hills began to huddle thick; We never thought his wits were very quick, Seeing the way he let his farm run down.

He used to waste his time on some queer books He’d found around the attic of his place, Till funny lines got creased into his face, And folks all said they didn’t like his looks.

When he began those night-howls we declared He’d better be locked up away from harm, So three men from the Aylesbury town farm Went for him—but came back alone and scared.

They’d found him talking to two crouching things That at their step flew off on great black wings.

## XXVII. The Elder Pharos

From Leng, where rocky peaks climb bleak and bare Under cold stars obscure to human sight, There shoots at dusk a single beam of light Whose far blue rays make shepherds whine in prayer.

They say (though none has been there) that it comes Out of a pharos in a tower of stone,

Where the last Elder One lives on alone, Talking to Chaos with the beat of drums.

The Thing, they whisper, wears a silken mask Of yellow, whose queer folds appear to hide A face not of this earth, though none dares ask Just what those features are, which bulge inside.

Many, in man's first youth, sought out that glow, But what they found, no one will ever know.

### XXVIII. Expectancy

I cannot tell why some things hold for me A sense of unplumbed marvels to befall, Or of a rift in the horizon's wall

Opening to worlds where only gods can be.

There is a breathless, vague expectancy, As of vast ancient pomps I half recall, Or wild adventures, uncorporeal, Ecstasy-fraught, and as a day-dream free.

It is in sunsets and strange city spires, Old villages and woods and misty downs, South winds, the sea, low hills, and lighted towns, Old gardens, half-heard songs, and the moon's fires.

But though its lure alone makes life worth living, None gains or guesses what it hints at giving.

### XXIX. Nostalgia

Once every year, in autumn's wistful glow, The birds fly out over an ocean waste,

Calling and chattering in a joyous haste To reach some land their inner memories know.

Great terraced gardens where bright blossoms blow, And lines of mangoes  
luscious to the taste, And temple-groves with branches interlaced Over cool  
paths—all these their vague dreams shew.

They search the sea for marks of their old shore— For the tall city, white  
and turreted—  
But only empty waters stretch ahead,  
So that at last they turn away once more.  
Yet sunken deep where alien polyyps throng, The old towers miss their lost,  
remembered song.

### XXX. Background

I never can be tied to raw, new things, For I first saw the light in an old  
town, Where from my window huddled roofs sloped down To a quaint  
harbour rich with visionings.  
Streets with carved doorways where the sunset beams Flooded old fanlights  
and small window-panes, And Georgian steeples topped with gilded vanes  
— These were the sights that shaped my childhood dreams.

Such treasures, left from times of cautious leaven, Cannot but loose the  
hold of flimsier wraiths That flit with shifting ways and muddled faiths  
Across the changeless walls of earth and heaven.  
They cut the moment's thongs and leave me free To stand alone before  
eternity.

### XXXI. The Dweller

It had been old when Babylon was new;  
None knows how long it slept beneath that mound, Where in the end our  
questing shovels found Its granite blocks and brought it back to view.

There were vast pavements and foundation-walls, And crumbling slabs and statues, carved to shew Fantastic beings of some long ago  
Past anything the world of man recalls.

And then we saw those stone steps leading down Through a choked gate of graven dolomite To some black haven of eternal night  
Where elder signs and primal secrets frown.  
We cleared a path—but raced in mad retreat When from below we heard those clumping feet.

### XXXII. Alienation

His solid flesh had never been away,  
For each dawn found him in his usual place, But every night his spirit loved to race Through gulfs and worlds remote from common day.  
He had seen Yaddith, yet retained his mind, And come back safely from the Ghooric zone, When one still night across curved space was thrown That beckoning piping from the voids behind.

He waked that morning as an older man,  
And nothing since has looked the same to him.  
Objects around float nebulous and dim—  
False, phantom trifles of some vaster plan.  
His folk and friends are now an alien throng To which he struggles vainly to belong.

### XXXIII. Harbour Whistles

Over old roofs and past decaying spires The harbour whistles chant all through the night; Throats from strange ports, and beaches far and white,  
And fabulous oceans, ranged in motley choirs.

Each to the other alien and unknown,  
Yet all, by some obscurely focussed force From brooding gulfs beyond the  
Zodiac's course, Fused into one mysterious cosmic drone.

Through shadowy dreams they send a marching line Of still more shadowy  
shapes and hints and views; Echoes from outer voids, and subtle clues To  
things which they themselves cannot define.  
And always in that chorus, faintly blent, We catch some notes no earth-ship  
ever sent.

### XXXIV. Recapture

The way led down a dark, half-wooded heath Where moss-grey boulders  
humped above the mould, And curious drops, disquieting and cold, Sprayed  
up from unseen streams in gulfs beneath.  
There was no wind, nor any trace of sound In puzzling shrub, or alien-  
featured tree, Nor any view before—till suddenly,  
Straight in my path, I saw a monstrous mound.

Half to the sky those steep sides loomed upspread, Rank-grassed, and  
cluttered by a crumbling flight Of lava stairs that scaled the fear-topped  
height In steps too vast for any human tread.  
I shrieked—and *knew* what primal star and year Had sucked me back from  
man's dream-transient sphere!

### XXXV. Evening Star

I saw it from that hidden, silent place Where the old wood half shuts the  
meadow in.  
It shone through all the sunset's glories—thin At first, but with a slowly  
brightening face.

Night came, and that lone beacon, amber-hued, Beat on my sight as never it did of old; The evening star—but grown a thousandfold More haunting in this hush and solitude.

It traced strange pictures on the quivering air— Half-memories that had always filled my eyes— Vast towers and gardens; curious seas and skies Of some dim life—I never could tell where.

But now I knew that through the cosmic dome Those rays were calling from my far, lost home.

### XXXVI. Continuity

There is in certain ancient things a trace Of some dim essence—more than form or weight; A tenuous aether, indeterminate,

Yet linked with all the laws of time and space.

A faint, veiled sign of continuities

That outward eyes can never quite descry; Of locked dimensions harbouring years gone by, And out of reach except for hidden keys.

It moves me most when slanting sunbeams glow On old farm buildings set against a hill, And paint with life the shapes which linger still From centuries less a dream than this we know.

In that strange light I feel I am not far From the fixt mass whose sides the ages are.

# In a Sequester'd Providence Churchyard Where Once Poe Walk'd

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 8th August 1936*

First Published in *Four Acrostic Sonnets on Edgar Allan Poe*.  
Milwaukee, WI: Maurice W. Moe (1936), Page ?

古今中外 詩人 墓所



Eternal brood the shadows on this ground, Dreaming of centuries that have gone before; Great elms rise solemnly by slab and mound, Arch'd high above a hidden world of yore.

Round all the scene a light of memory plays, And dead leaves whisper of departed days, Longing for sights and sounds that are no more.

Lonely and sad, a spectre glides along Aisles where of old his living footsteps fell; No common glance discerns him, tho' his song Peals down thro' time with a mysterious spell: Only the few who sorcery's secret know

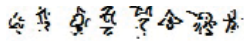
Espy amidst these tombs the shade of Poe.

To Clark Ashton Smith, Esq.,  
upon His Phantastick Tales, Verses, Pictures, and  
Sculptures

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 11th December 1936*

First Published in *Weird Tales*,  
Vol. 31, No. 5 (April 1938), Page 392



A time-black tower against dim banks of cloud; Around its base the pathless, pressing wood.

Shadow and silence, moss and mould, enshroud Grey, age-fell'd slabs that once as cromlechs stood.

No fall of foot, no song of bird awakes

The lethal aisles of sempiternal night,

Tho' oft with stir of wings the dense air shakes, As in the tower there glows a pallid light.

For here, apart, dwells one whose hands have wrought Strange eidola that chill the world with fear; Whose graven runes in tones of dread have taught What things beyond the star-gulfs lurk and leer.

Dark Lord of Averroigne—whose windows stare On pits of dream no other gaze could bear!

**Part III.**  
**Occasional Verse**

# On Receiving a Picture of Swans

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 14th September 1915*

First Published in *The Conservative*,  
Vol. 1, No. 4 (January 1916), Pages 2-3

此詩為李金髮先生所作

Impromptu verse, or ‘poetry’ to order, is easy only when approached in the coolly *prosaic* spirit. Given something to say, a *metrical mechanic* like myself can easily hammer the matter into technically correct verse, substituting formal poetic diction for real inspiration or thought. For instance, I lately received a post-card bearing the picture of swans on a placid stream. Desiring to reply in appropriate verse, I harked back to the classic myth of Phaethon and Cygnus, handling it as follows:

With pensive grace the melancholy Swan  
Mourns o’er the tomb of luckless Phaëton; On grassy banks the  
weeping poplars wave, And guard with tender care the wat’ry grave.  
Would that I might, should I too proudly claim An Heav’nly parent,  
or a Godlike fame,  
When flown too high, and dash’d to depths below, Receive such  
tribute as a Cygnus’ woe!  
The faithful bird, that dumbly floats along, Sighs all the deeper for  
his want of song.

“This required about 10 minutes of composition.”

—in a letter to Robert Kleiner, 1915

# Faet and Faney

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: February 1917*

First Published in *The Tryout*,  
Vol. 3, No. 3 (February 1917), Page 7

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How dull the wretch, whose philosophic mind Disdains the pleasures of fantastic kind; Whose prosy thoughts the joys of life exclude, And wreck the solace of the poet's mood!

Young Zeno, practic'd in the Stoic's art, Rejects the language of the glowing heart; Dissolves sweet Nature to a mess of laws; Condemns th' effect whilst looking for the cause; Freezes poor Ovid in an ic'd review, And sneers because his fables are untrue!

In search of Truth the hopeful zealot goes, But all the sadder tums, the more he knows!

Stay! vandal sophist, whose deep lore would blast The graceful legends of the story'd past; Whose tongue in censure flays th' embellish'd page, And scolds the comforts of a dreary age:

Would'st strip the foliage from the vital bough Till all men grow as wisely dull as thou?

Happy the man whose fresh, untainted eye

Discerns a Pantheon in the spangled sky;

Finds Sylphs and Dryads in the waving trees, And spies soft Notus in the southern breeze; For whom the stream a cheering carol sings, While reedy music by the fountain rings;

To whom the waves a Nereid tale confide

Till friendly presence fills the rising tide.

Happy is he, who void of learning's woes, Th' ethereal life of body'd Nature knows: I scorn the sage that tells me it but seems, And flout his gravity in sunlit dreams!

Laeta; a Lament

*Respectfully dedicated to Reinhart Kiciner, Esq., With compliments of
the author*

* * * * *

Written: February 1918

First Published in *The Tryout*,
Vol. 4, No. 2 (February 1918), Pages 15-16

~~~~~

How sad droop the willows by Zulal's fair side, Where so lately I stray'd  
with my raven-hair'd bride: Ev'ry light-floating lily, each flow'r on the  
shore, Folds in sorrow since Laeta can see them no more!

Oh, blest were the days when in childhood and hope With my Laeta I  
rov'd o'er the blossom-clad slope, Plucking white meadow-daisies and  
ferns by the stream, As we laugh'd at the ripples that twinkle and gleam.

Not a bloom deck'd the mead that could rival in grace The dear innocent  
charms of my Laeta's fair face;

Not a thrush thrill'd the grove with a carol so choice As the silvery  
strains of my Laeta's sweet voice.

The shy Nymphs of the woodland, the fount and the plain, Strove to  
equal her beauty, but strove all in vain; Yet no envy they bore her, while  
fruitless they strove, For so pure was my Laeta, they could only love!

When the warm breath of Auster play'd soft o'er the flow'rs, And young  
Zephyrus rustled the gay scented bow'rs, Ev'ry breeze seem'd to pause as it  
drew near the fair, Too much aw'd at her sweetness to tumble her hair.

How fond were our dreams on the day when we stood In the ivy-grown  
temple beside the dark wood;

When our pledges we seal'd at the sanctify'd shrine, And I knew that my  
Laeta forever was mine!

How blissful our thoughts when the wild autumn came, And the forests  
with scarlet and gold were aflame; Yet how heavy my heart when I first felt  
the fear

That my starry-eyed Laeta would fade with the year!

The pastures were sere and the heavens were grey When I laid my lov'd  
Laeta forever away,

And the river god pity'd, as weeping I pac'd  
Mingling hot bitter tears with his cold frozen waste.

Now the flow'rs have return'd, but they bloom not so sweet As in days  
when they blossom'd round Laeta's dear feet; And the willows complain to  
the answering hill,

And the thrushes that once were so happy are still.

The green meadows and groves in their loneliness pine, Whilst the  
Dryads no more in their madrigals join, The breeze once so joyous now  
murmurs and sighs,

And blows soft o'er the spot where my lov'd Laeta lies.

So pensive I roam o'er the desolate lawn Where we wander'd and lov'd  
in the days that are gone, And I yearn for the autumn, when Zulal's blue tide  
Shall sing low by my grave at the lov'd Laeta's side.

## Part IV.

### Satire

# Unda; or, The Bride of the Sea

*A Dull, Dark, Drear, Dactylic Delirium in Sixteen Silly, Senseless, Sickly Stanzas*

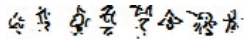
Respectfully Dedicated with Permission to MAURICE WINTER  
MOE, Esq.

“Ego, canus, lunam cano.”  
—Maevius Bavianus.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: 30th September 1915*

First Published in *The Providence Amateur*,  
Vol. 1, No. 2 (February 1916), Pages 14-16



Black loom the crags of the uplands behind me; Dark are the sands of the far-stretching shore.

Dim are the pathways and rocks that remind me Sadly of years in the lost nevermore.

Soft laps the ocean on wave-polish'd boulder; Sweet is the sound and familiar to me.

Here, with her head gently bent to my shoulder, Walk'd I with Unda, the Bride of the Sea.

Bright was the morn of my youth when I met her, Sweet as the breeze that blew in o'er the brine.

Swift was I captur'd in Love's strongest fetter, Glad to be hers, and she glad to be mine.

Never a question ask'd I where she wander'd, Never a question ask'd she of my birth:

Happy as children, we thought not nor ponder'd, Glad with the bounty of ocean and earth.

Once when the moonlight play'd soft 'mid the billows, High on the cliff o'er the waters we stood, Bound was her hair with a garland of willows, Pluck'd by the fount in the bird-haunted wood.

Strangely she gaz'd on the surges beneath her, Charm'd by the sound or entranc'd by the light.

Then did the waves a wild aspect bequeath her, Stern as the ocean and weird as the night.

Coldly she left me, astonish'd and weeping, Standing alone 'mid the regions she bless'd: Down, ever downward, half gliding, half creeping, Stole the sweet Unda in oceanward quest.

Calm grew the sea, and tumultuous beating Turn'd to a ripple, as Unda the fair

Trod the wet sands in affectionate greeting, Beckon'd to me, and no longer was there!

Long did I pace by the banks where she vanish'd: High climb'd the moon, and descended again.

Grey broke the dawn till the sad night was banish'd, Still ach'd my soul with its infinite pain.

All the wide world have I search'd for my darling, Scour'd the far deserts and sail'd distant seas.

Once on the wave while the tempest was snarling, Flash'd a fair face that brought quiet and ease.

Ever in restlessness onward I stumble, Seeking and pining, scarce heeding my way.

Now have I stray'd where the wide waters rumble, Back to the scene of the lost yesterday.

Lo! the red moon from the ocean's low hazes Rises in ominous grandeur to view.

Strange is its face as my tortur'd eye gazes O'er the vast reaches of sparkle and blue.

Straight from the moon to the shore where I'm sighing Grows a bright bridge, made of wavelets and beams.

Frail may it be, yet how simple the trying; Wand'ring from earth to the orb of sweet dreams.

What is yon face in the moonlight appearing; Have I at last found the maiden that fled?

Out on the beam-bridge my footsteps are nearing Her whose sweet beckoning hastens my tread.

Currents surround me, and drowsily swaying, Far on the moon-path I seek the sweet face.

Eagerly hasting, half panting, half praying, Forward I reach for the vision of grace.

Murmuring waters about me are closing, Soft the sweet vision advances  
to me:

Done are my trials; my heart is reposing  
Safe with my Unda, the Bride of the Sea.

## Epilogue

As the rash fool, a prey of Unda's art, Drown thro' the passion of his  
fever'd heart, So are our youth, inflam'd by tempters fair, Bereft of reason  
and the manly air.

How sad the sight of Strephon's virile grace Turn'd to confusion at his  
Chloë's face,

And e'er Pelides, dear to Grecian eyes,  
Sulking for loss of his thrice-cherish'd prize.

Brothers, attend! If cares too sharply vex, Gain rest by shunning the  
destructive sex!



# Pacifist War Song-1917

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: March 1917*

First Published in *The Tryout*,  
Vol. 3, No. 4 (March 1917), Page 10

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

We are the valiant Knights of Peace Who prattle for the Right: Our banner is of snowy fleece, Inscribed: "TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!"

By sweet Chautauqua's flow'ry banks We love to sing and play,  
But should we spy a foeman's ranks, We'd proudly run away!

When Prussian fury sweeps the main Our freedom to deny;  
Of tyrant laws we ne'er complain, But gladsomely comply!

We do not fear the submarines That plough the troubled foam; We scorn the ugly old machines— And safely stay at home!

They say our country's close to war, And soon must man the guns; But we see naught to struggle for— We love the gentle Huns!

What tho' their hireling Greaser bands Invade our southern plains?  
We well can spare those boist'rous lands, Content with what remains!

Our fathers were both rude and bold, And would not live like brothers;  
But we are of a finer mould— We're much more like our mothers!

# Waste Paper

*A Poem of Profound Insignificance*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: late 1922? early 1923?*

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.

By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.

Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press, (1977), Pages 138–141

~~~~~

Πάντα γέλως καί πάντα κόνις καί πάντα τό μηδέν

Out of the reaches of illimitable light The blazing planet grew, and forc'd
to life Unending cycles of progressive strife And strange mutations of
undying light And boresome books, than hell's own self more trite And
thoughts repeated and become a blight, And cheap rum-hounds with
moonshine hootch made tight, And quite contrite to see the flight of fright
so bright I used to ride my bicycle in the night With a dandy acetylene
lantern that cost \$3.00

In the evening, by the moonlight, you can hear those darkies singing
Meet me tonight in dreamland... BAH

I used to sit on the stairs of the house where I was born After we left it
but before it was sold And play on a zobo with two other boys.

We called ourselves the Blackstone Military Band Won't you come
home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home?

In the spring of the year, in the silver rain When petal by petal the
blossoms fall And the mocking birds call

And the whippoorwill sings, Marguerite.

The first cinema show in our town opened in 1906

At the old Olympic, which was then call'd Park, And moving beams shot
weirdly thro' the dark And spit tobacco seldom hit the mark.

Have you read Dickens' *American Notes*?

My great-great-grandfather was born in a white house Under green trees
in the country And he used to believe in religion and the weather.

"Shantih, shantih, shantih"... *Shanty House* Was the name of a novel by I
forget whom Published serially in the *All-Story Weekly* Before it was a
weekly. Advt.

Disillusion is wonderful, I've been told, And I take quinine to stop a cold
But it makes my ears ring... always ring...

Always ringing in my ears...

It is the ghost of the Jew I murdered that Christmas day Because he
played "Three O'Clock in the Morning" in the flat above me.

Three O'Clock in the morning, I've danc'd the whole night through,
Dancing on the graves in the graveyard Where life is buried; life and beauty
Life and art and love and duty

Ah, there, sweet cutie.

Stung!

Out of the night that covers me Black as the pit from pole to pole I never
quote things straight except by accident.

Sophistication! Sophistication!

You are the idol of our nation

Each fellow has

Fallen for jazz

And we'll give the past a merry razz Thro' the ghoul-guarded gateways
of slumber And fellow-guestship with the glutless worm.

Next stop is 57th St.—57th St. the next stop.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring, And the Governor-General
of Canada is Lord Byng Whose ancestor was shot or hung, I forget which,
the good die young.

Here's to your ripe old age,

Copyright, 1847, by Joseph Miller, Entered according to act of Congress
In the office of the librarian of Congress America was discovered in 1492

This way out.

No, lady, you gotta change at Washington St. to the Everett train.

Out in the rain on the elevated Crated, sated, all mismated.

Twelve seats on this bench,

How quaint.

In a shady nook, beside a brook, two lovers stroll along.

Express to Park Ave., Car Following.

No, we had it cleaned with the sand blast.

I know it ought to be torn down.

Before the bar of a saloon there stood a reckless crew, When one said to
another, "Jack, this message came for you."

"It may be from a sweetheart, boys," said someone in the crowd, And
here the words are missing... but Jack cried out aloud: "It's only a message
from home, sweet home, From loved ones down on the farm Fond wife and
mother, sister and brother..."

Bootleggers all and you're another In the shade of the old apple tree
'Neath the old cherry tree sweet Marie The Conchologist's First Book

By Edgar Allan Poe

Stubbed his toe

On a broken brick that didn't shew Or a banana peel

In the fifth reel

By George Creel

It is to laugh

And quaff

It makes you stout and hale,

And all my days I'll sing the praise Of Ivory Soap

Have you a little T. S. Eliot in your home?

The stag at eve had drunk his fill The thirsty hart look'd up the hill And
craned his neck just as a feeler To advertise the Double-Dealer.

William Congreve was a gentleman O art what sins are committed in thy
name For tawdry fame and fleeting flame And everything, ain't dat a
shame?

Mah Creole Belle, ah lubs yo' well; Aroun' mah heart you hab cast a
spell But I can't learn to spell pseudocracy Because there ain't no such
word.

And I says to Lizzie, if Joe was my feller I'd teach him to go to dances
with that Rat, bat, cat, hat, flat, plat, fat Fry the fat, fat the fry

You'll be a drug-store by and by.

Get the hook!

Above the lines of brooding hills Rose spires that reeked of nameless ills,
And ghastly shone upon the sight In ev'ry flash of lurid light

To be continued.

No smoking.

Smoking on four rear seats.

Fare win return to 5¢ after August 1st Except outside the Cleveland city
limits.

In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir Strangers pause to shed a tear;
Henry Fielding wrote *Tom Jones*.

And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Good night, good night, the stars are bright I saw the Leonard-Tendler
fight Farewell, farewell, O go to hell.

Nobody home
In the shantih.

This poem is a parody of T. S. Elliot's *The Waste Land*, and modernist poetry in general, which Lovecraft referred to as a “practically meaningless collection of phrases, learned allusions, quotations, slang, and scraps in general”.

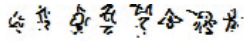
Dead Passion's Flame

A Poem by Blank Frailty

* * * * *

Written: Summer 1935

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.
By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.
Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press (1977), Page 136



Ah, Passion, like a voice—that buds!
With many thorns... that sharply stick:
Recalls to me the longing of our bloods...
And—makes my wearied heart requick!.....

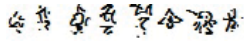
Arcadia

By Head Balledup

* * * * *

Written: Summer 1935

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.
By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.
Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press (1977), Page 136



O give me the life of the village, Uninhibited, free, and sweet;
The place where the arts all flourish, Grove Court and Christopher Street.

I am sick of the old conventions, And critics who will not praise, So sing
ho for the open spaces, And aesthetes with kindly ways.

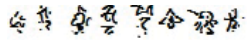
Here every bard is a genius, And artists are Raphaels,
And above the roofs of Patchin Place The Muse of Talent dwells.

Life's Mystery

* * * * *

Written: ?

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.
By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.
Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press (1977), Page 137



Life! Ah, Life!
What may this fluorescent pageant
mean?

Who can the evanescent object
glean?

He that is dead is the key of Life—
Gone is the symbol, deep is the
grave!

Man is a breath, and Life is the
fire; Birth is death, and silence the
choir.

Wrest from the aeons the heart of
gold!

Tear from the fabric the threads
that are old!

Life! Ah, Life!

—L. Phillips Howard

Part V.
Seasonal and Topographical

A Garden

* * * * *

Written: April 1917

First Published in *The Vagrant*,
(spring 1927), Page 60

古今中外

There's an ancient, ancient garden that I see sometimes in dreams, Where
the very Maytime sunlight plays and glows with spectral gleams; Where the
gaudy-tinted blossoms seem to wither into grey,

And the crumbling walls and pillars waken thoughts of yesterday.

There are vines in nooks and crannies, and there's moss about the pool,
And the tangled weedy thicket chokes the arbour dark and cool: In the silent
sunken pathways springs an herbage sparse and spare, Where the musty
scent of dead things dulls the fragrance of the air.

There is not a living creature in the lonely space around,
And the hedge-encompass'd quiet never echoes to a sound.

As I walk, and wait, and listen, I will often seek to find
When it was I knew that garden in an age long left behind;

I will oft conjure a vision of a day that is no more,

As I gaze upon the grey, grey scenes I feel I knew before.

Then a sadness settles o'er me, and a tremor seems to start: For I know
the flow'rs are shrivell'd hopes—the garden is my heart!

Sunset

* * * * *

Written: December 1917

First Published in *The Tryout*,
Vol. 4, No. 1 (December 1917), Page 8

此詩為作者所著

The cloudless day is richer at its close; A golden glory settles on the lea;
Soft, stealing shadows hint of cool repose To mellowing landscape, and
to calming sea.

And in that nobler, gentler, lovelier light, The soul to sweeter, loftier bliss
inclines; Freed from the noonday glare, the favour'd sight Increasing grace
in earth and sky divines.

But ere the purest radiance crowns the green, Or fairest lustre fills th'
expectant grove, The twilight thickens, and the fleeting scene Leaves but a
hallow'd memory of love!

Providence

* * * * *

Written: 26th September 1924

First Published in *The Brooklynite*,
Vol. 14, No. 14 (November 1924), Pages 2-3

~~~~~

Where bay and river tranquil blend, And leafy hillsides rise,  
The spires of Providence ascend Against the ancient skies.

Here centuried domes of shining gold Salute the morning's glare,  
While slanting gables, odd and old, Are scatter'd here and there.

And in the narrow winding ways That climb o'er slope and crest, The  
magic of forgotten days  
May still be found to rest.

A fanlight's gleam, a knocker's blow, A glimpse of Georgian brick— The  
sights and sounds of long ago Where fancies cluster thick.

A flight of steps with iron rail, A belfry looming tall,  
A slender steeple, carv'd and pale, A moss-grown garden wall.

A hidden churchyard's crumbling proofs Of man's mortality,  
A rotting wharf where gambrel roofs Keep watch above the sea.

Square and parade, whose walls have tower'd Full fifteen decades long  
By cobbled ways 'mid trees embower'd,  
And slighted by the throng.

Stone bridges spanning languid streams, Houses perch'd on the hill,  
And courts where mysteries and dreams The brooding spirit fill.

Steep alley steps by vines conceal'd, Where small-pan'd windows glow  
At twilight on a bit of field That chance has left below.

My Providence! What airy hosts Turn still thy gilded vanes;  
What winds of elf that with grey ghosts People thine ancient lanes!

The chimes of evening as of old Above thy valleys sound,  
While thy stern fathers 'neath the mould Make blest thy sacred ground.

Thou dream'st beside the waters there, Unchang'd by cruel years;

A spirit from an age more fair That shines behind our tears.

Thy twinkling lights each night I see, Tho' time and space divide;  
For thou art of the soul of me, And always at my side!

# Christmas

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: November 1920*

First Published in *The Tryout*,  
Vol. 6, No. 11 (November 1920), Page 16

~~~~~

The cottage hearth beams warm and bright,
 The candles gaily glow;
The stars emit a kinder light
 Above the drifted snow.

Down from the sky a magic steals
 To glad the passing year,
And belfries sing with joyous peals,
 For Christmastide is here!

Christmas Greetings

* * * * *

Written: November 1920

First Published in *The Ancient Track: The Complete Poetical Works of H. P. Lovecraft.*
San Francisco, CA: Night Shade Books (2001):

- “To Eugene B. Kuntz et al”
Page 310
- “To Laurie A. Sawyer”
Page 316
- “To Sonia H. Greene”
Page 322
- “To Rheinhard Kleiner”
Page 324
- “To Felis (Frank Belknap Long’s cat)”
Pages 324-325
- “To Annie E. P. Gamwell”
Page 330
- “To Felis (Frank Belknap Long’s cat)”
Page 330

~~~~~

### To Eugene B. Kuntz et al

May good St. Nick, like as a bird of night, Bring thee rich blessings in his annual flight; Long by thy chimney rest his pond'rous pack, And leave with lessen'd weight upon his back!

### To Laurie A. Sawyer

As Christmas snows (as yet a poet's trope) Call back one's bygone days of youth and hope, Four metrick lines I send—they're quite enough— Tho' once I fancy'd I could write the stuff!

### To Sonia H. Greene

Once more the ancient feast returns, And the bright hearth domestic burns With Yuletide's added blaze;

So, too, may all your joys increase Midst floods of mem'ry, love, and peace, And dreams of Halcyon days.

### To Reinhart Kleiner



St. John, whose art sublimely shines In liquid odes and melting lines, Let  
Theobald his regard express In verse of lesser loveliness.

As now in regal state appear

The festive hours of Yuletide cheer, My strongest wish is that you may  
Feel ev'ry blessing of the day!

### **To Felis (Frank Belknap Long's cat)**

Little Tiger, burning bright

With a subtle Blakeish light,

Tell what visions have their home In those eyes of flame and chrome!

Children vex thee—thoughtless, gay— Holding when thou wouldst  
away: What dark lore is that which thou, Spitting, mixest with thy meow?

### **To Annie E. P. Gamwell**

As when a pigeon, loos'd in realms remote, Takes instant wing, and seeks  
his native cote, So speed my blessings from a barb'rous clime To thee and  
Providence at Christmas time!

### **To Felis (Frank Belknap Long's cat)**

Haughty Sphinx, whose amber eyes Hold the secrets of the skies,

As thou ripplest in thy grace,

Round the chairs and chimney-place, Scorn on thy patrician face:

Hiss not harsh, nor use thy claws On the hand that gives applause—  
Good-will only doth abide

In these lines at Christmastide!

Part VI.  
Politics and Society

# An American to Mother England

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: January 1916*

First Published in *Poesy*,  
Vol. 1, No. 7 (January 1916), Page 62

~~~~~

England! My England! Can the surging sea That lies between us tear my heart from thee?

Can distant birth and distant dwelling drain Th' ancestral blood that warms the loyal vein?

Isle of my Fathers! hear the filial song Of him whose sources but to thee belong!

World-conquering Mother! by thy mighty hand Was carv'd from savage wilds my native land: Thy matchless sons the firm foundation laid; Thy matchless arts the nascent nation made: By thy just laws the young republic grew, And thro' thy greatness, kindred greatness knew: What man that springs from thy untainted line But sees Columbia's virtues all as thine?

Whilst nameless multitudes upon our shore From the dim corners of creation pour,

Whilst mongrel slaves crawl hither to partake Of Saxon liberty they could not make,

From such an alien crew in grief I turn, And for the mother's voice of Britain burn.

England! Can aught remove the cherish'd chain That binds my spirit to thy blest domain?

Can Revolution's bitter precepts sway

The soul that must the ties of race obey?

Create a new Columbia if ye will;

The flesh that forms me is Britannic still!

Hail! oaken shades, and meads of dewy green, So oft in sleep, yet ne'er in waking seen.

Peal out, ye ancient chimes, from vine-clad tow'r Where pray'd my fathers in a vanish'd hour: What countless years of rev'rence can ye claim From bygone worshippers that bore my name!

Their forms are crumbling in the vaults around, Whilst I, across the sea, but dream the sound.

Return, Sweet Vision! Let me glimpse again The stone-built abbey, rising o'er the plain; The neighb'ring village with its sun-show'r'd square; The shaded mill-stream, and the forest fair, The hedge-lin'd lane, that leads to rustic cot Where sweet contentment is the peasant's lot; The mystic grove,

by Druid wraiths possess'd, The flow'ring fields, with fairy-castles blest:
And the old manor-house, sedate and dark, Set in the shadows of the
wooded park.

Can this be dreaming? Must my eyelids close That I may catch the
fragrance of the rose?

Is it in fancy that the midnight vale

Thrills with the warblings of the nightingale?

A golden moon bewitching radiance yields, And England's fairies trip
o'er England's fields.

England! Old England! in my love for thee No dream is mine, but
blessed memory;

Such haunting images and hidden fires

Course with the bounding blood of British sires: From British bodies,
minds, and souls I come, And from them draw the vision of their home.

Awake, Columbia! scorn the vulgar age

That bids thee slight thy lordly heritage.

Let not the wide Atlantic's wildest wave Burst the blest bonds that
fav'ring Nature gave: Connecting surges 'twixt the nations run, Our Saxon
souls dissolving into one!

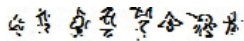
Lines on Gen. Robert Edward Lee

“Si veris magna
paratur
Fama bonis, et si successu
nuda remoto
Inspicitur virtus, quicquid
laudamus in ullo
Majorum, fortuna fuit.”
—Lucan.

* * * * *

Written: 18th May 1916

First Published in *The Coyote*,
Vol. 3, No. 1 (January 1917), Pages 1-2



Whilst martial echoes o'er the wave resound, And Europe's gore
incarnadines the ground; Today no foreign hero we bemoan,

But count the glowing virtues of our own!

Illustrious LEE! around whose honour'd name Entwines a patriot's and a
Christian's fame; With whose just praise admiring nations ring, And whom
repenting foes contritely sing!

When first our land fraternal fury bore, And Sumter's guns alarm'd the
anxious shore; When Faction's reign ancestral rights o'erthrew, And
sunder'd States a mutual hatred knew; Then clash'd contending chiefs of
kindred line, In flesh to suffer and in fame to shine.

But o'er them all, majestic in his might, Rose LEE, unrivall'd, to
sublimest height: With torturing choice defy'd opposing Fate, And shunn'd
Temptation for his native State!

Thus Washington his monarch's rule o'erturn'd When young Columbia
with rebellion burn'd.

And what in Washington the world reveres, In LEE with equal magnitude
appears.

Our nation's Father, crown'd with vict'ry's bays, Enjoys a loving land's
eternal praise: Let, then, our hearts with equal rev'rence greet His proud
successor, rising o'er defeat!

Around his greatness pour disheartening woes, But still he tow'rs above
his conqu'ring foes.

Silence! ye jackal herd that vainly blame Th' unspotted leader by a
traitor's name: If such was LEE, let blushing Justice mourn, And trait'rous
Liberty endure our scorn!

As Philopoemen once sublimely strove,

And earn'd declining Hellas' thankful love; So follow'd LEE the purest
patriot's part, And wak'd the worship of the grateful heart: The South her
soul in body'd form discerns; The North from LEE a nobler freedom learns!

Attend! ye sons of Albion's ancient race, Whate'er your country, and
whate'er your place: LEE'S valiant deeds, tho' dear to Southern song, To all
our Saxon strain as well belong.

Courage like his the parent Island won, And led an Empire past the
setting sun; To realms unknown our laws and language bore; Rais'd

England's banner on the desert shore; Crush'd the proud rival, and subdu'd
the sea For ages past, and aeons yet to be!

From Scotia's hilly bounds the paeon rolls, And Afric's distant Cape great
LEE extols; The sainted soul and manly mien combine To grace Britannia's
and Virginia's line!

As dullards now in thoughtless fervour prate Of shameful peace, and sing
th' unmanly State; As churls their piping reprobations shriek, And damn the
heroes that protect the weak; Let LEE'S brave shade the timid throng
accost, And give them back the manhood they have lost!

What kindlier spirit, breathing from on high, Can teach us how to live
and how to die?

The Rose of England

* * * * *

Written: October 1916

First Published in *The Scot*,
No. 14 (October 1916), Page 7

~~~~~

At morn the rosebud greets the sun And sheds the evening dew,  
Expanding ere the day is done, In bloom of radiant hue;  
And when the sun his rest hath found, Rose-petals strow the garden  
round!

Thus that blest Isle that owns the Rose From mist and darkness came, A  
million glories to disclose, And spread BRITANNIA'S name; And ere Life's  
Sun shall leave the blue, ENGLAND shall reign the whole world thro'!

# The Peace Advocate

(Supposed to be a “pome”, but cast strictly in modern metre.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: May 1917*

First Published in *The Tryout*,  
Vol. 3, No. 6 (May 1917), Pages 12-14

4 4 4 4 4 4 4

The vicar sat in the firelight's glow, A volume in his hand;  
And a tear he shed for the widespread woe, And the anguish brought  
by the vicious foe That overran the land.

But ne'er a hand for his King rais'd he, For he was a man of peace;  
And he car'd not a whit for the victory That must come to preserve  
his nation free, And the world from fear release.

His son had buckled on his sword, The first at the front was he; But the  
vicar his valiant child ignor'd, And his noble deeds in the field deplor'd,  
For he knew not bravery.

On his flock he strove to fix his will, And lead them to scorn the fray.  
He told them that conquest brings but ill; That meek submission  
would serve them still To keep the foe away.

In vain did he hear the bugle's sound That strove to avert the fall.  
The land, quoth he, is all men's ground, What matter if friend or foe  
be found As master of us all?

One day from the village green hard by The vicar heard a roar  
Of cannon that rivall'd the anguish'd cry Of the hundreds that liv'd,  
but wish'd to die As the enemy rode them o'er.

Now he sees his own cathedral shake At the foeman's wanton aim.  
The ancient tow'rs with the bullets quake; The steeples fall, the  
foundations break, And the whole is lost in flame.

Up the vicarage lane file the cavalcade, And the vicar, and daughter, and  
wife Scream out in vain for the needed aid That only a regiment might have  
made Ere they lose what is more than life.

Then quick to his brain came manhood's thought, As he saw his erring  
course; And the vicar his dusty rifle brought That the foe might at least by  
one be fought, And force repaid with force.

One shot—the enemy’s blasting fire A breach in the wall cuts thro’, But the vicar replies with his waken’d ire; Fells one arm’d brute for each fallen spire, And in blood is born anew.

Two shots—the wife and daughter sink, Each with a mortal wound;  
And the vicar, too madden’d by far to think, Rushes boldly on to death’s vague brink, With the manhood he has found.

Three shots—but shots of another kind The smoky regions rend;  
And upon the foeman with rage gone blind, Like a ceaseless, resistless, avenging wind, The rescuing troops descend.

The smoke-pall clears, and the vicar’s son His father’s life has sav’d;  
And the vicar looks o’er the ruin done, Ere the vict’ry by his child was won, His face with care engrav’d.

The vicar sat in the firelight’s glow, The volume in his hand,  
That brought to his hearth the bitter woe Which only a husband and father can know, And truly understand.

With a chasten’d mien he flung the book To the leaping flames before;  
And a breath of sad relief he took As the pages blacken’d beneath his look — The fool of Peace no more!

## Epilogue

The rev’rend parson, wak’d to man’s estate, Laments his wife’s and daughter’s common fate.

His martial son in warm embrace enfolds, And clings the tighter to the child he holds.

His peaceful notions, banish’d in an hour, Will nevermore his wit or sense devour; But steep’d in truth, ’tis now his nobler plan To cure, yet recognise, the faults of man.

# Ode for July Fourth, 1917

\* \* \* \* \*

*Written: July 1917*

First Published in *The United Amateur*,  
Vol. 16, No. 9 (July 1917), Page 121

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As Columbia's brave scions, in anger array'd, Once defy'd a proud monarch and built a new nation; 'Gainst their brothers of Britain unsheath'd the sharp blade That hath ne'er met defeat nor endur'd desecration; So must we in this hour

    Show our valour and pow'r,

And dispel the black perils that over us low'r: Whilst the sons of Britannia, no longer our foes, Will rejoice in our triumphs and strengthen our blows!

See the banners of Liberty float in the breeze That plays light o'er the regions our fathers defended; Hear the voice of the million resound o'er the leas, As the deeds of the past are proclaim'd and commended; And in splendour on high

    Where our flags proudly fly,

See the folds we tore down flung again to the sky: For the Emblem of England, in kinship unfurl'd, Shall divide with Old Glory the praise of the world!

Bury'd now are the hatreds of subject and King, And the strife that once sunder'd an Empire hath vanish'd.

With the fame of the Saxon the heavens shall ring As the vultures of darkness are baffled and banish'd; And the broad British sea,

    Of her enemies free,

Shall in tribute bow gladly, Columbia to thee: For the friends of the Right, in the field side by side, Form a fabric of Freedom no hand can divide!



# The Conscript

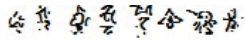
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*Written: 1918?*

First Published in *A Winter Wish*.

By H. P. Lovecraft, Edited by Tom Collins.

Chapel Hill, NC: Whispers Press (1977), Pages 117-118



I am a peaceful working man— I am not wise or strong—  
But I can follow Nature's plan In labour, rest, and song.

One day the men that rule us all Decided we must die,  
Else pride and freedom surely fall In the dim bye and bye.

They told me I must write my name Upon a scroll of death;  
That some day I should rise to fame By giving up my breath.

I do not know what I have done That I should thus be bound To wait for  
tortures one by one, And then an unmark'd mound.

I hate no man, and yet they say That I must fight and kill; That I must  
suffer day by day To please a master's will.

I used to have a conscience free, But now they bid it rest;  
They've made a number out of me, And I must ne'er protest.

They tell of trenches, long and deep, Fill'd with the mangled slain; They  
talk till I can scarcely sleep, So reeling is my brain.

They tell of filth, and blood, and woe; Of things beyond belief;  
Of things that make me tremble so With mingled fright and grief.

I do not know what I shall do— Is not the law unjust?  
I can't do what they want me to, And yet they say I must!

Each day my doom doth nearer bring; Each day the State prepares;  
Sometimes I feel a watching thing That stares, and stares, and stares.

I never seem to sleep—my head Whirls in the queerest way.  
Why am I chosen to be dead  
Upon some fateful day?

Yet hark—some fibre is o'erwrought— A giddy wine I quaff—  
Things seem so odd, I can do naught But laugh, and laugh, and laugh!

# **BERSERKER**

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## **BOOKS**

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