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Futility

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

Golden goats on a hillside black,
Silken hose on a wharf-side trull,
Naked girl on a silver rack—
What are dreams in a shadowed skull?

I stood at a shrine and Chiron died,

A woman laughed from the bawdy roofs,

And he burned and lived and rose in his pride

And shattered the tiles with clanging hoofs.

I opened a volume dark and rare,

I lit a candle of mystic lore—

Bare feet throbbed on the outer stair

And the candle faltered to the floor.

Ships that sail on a windy sea,

Lovers that take the world to wife,

What doth the harlot hold for me

Who scarce have lifted the veil of Life?