

M A G A Z I N E O F
HORROR

THE BIZARRE, THE FRIGHTENING, THE GRUESOME

Volume 5

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Robert A. W. Lowndes, Editor

MAGAZINE OF HORROR, Vol. 5, No. 6, December 1969 (whole number 30). Published bi-monthly by Health Knowledge, Inc. Executive and editorial offices at 140 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. 10011. Single copy 50c. Annual subscription (6 issues) \$2.50 in the U. S., Canada, and Pan American Union. Foreign, \$3.00. Manuscripts accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or damage. All payments for accepted contributions are made on publication. Copyright © 1969 by Health Knowledge, Inc. All rights reserved under Universal International and Pan American copyright conventions. Printed in U. S. A.

Slumber

by ROBERT E. HOWARD

A silver scroll against a marble sky,
A brooding idol hewn of crimson stone,
A dying queen upon an ebon throne,
An iron bird that rends the clouds on high,
A golden lute whose echoes never die --
A thousand dreams that men have never known
Spread mighty wings and fold me when alone
Upon my couch in haunted sleep I lie.

Then rending mists, the spurring whisper comes:
"Wake, dreamer, wake, your tryst with life to keep!
Yet, waking, still a throb of phantom drums
Comes hauntingly across the mystic deep;
Their echo still my thrilling soul chord thrums --
Which is the waking, then, and which the sleep?"