

Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Last Day

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

Hinged in the brooding west a black sun hung,
And Titan shadows barred the dying world.
The blind black oceans groped—their tendrils curled,
And writhed and fell in feathered spray and clung,
Climbing the granite ladders, rung by rung,
Which held them from the tribes whose death-cries skirled.
Above unholy fires red wings unfurled—
Gray ashes floated down from where they swung.

A demon crouched, chin propped on brutish fist,
Gripping a crystal ball between his knees.
His skull-mouth gaped and icy shone his eye.
Down crashed the crystal globe—a fire-shot mist
Masked the dark lands which sank below the seas—
A painted sun hung in the starless sky.