

Weird Tales

ALL STORIES NEW — NO REPRINTS

JANUARY, 1947

Cover by A. R. Tilburne

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Except for personal experiences, the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

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The Seal-Woman's Daughter

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

I AM half of the land
And half of the water,
For my dam was a seal
And I am her daughter.

I am sib to the land
And kin to the sea,
For my dam was a seal
But a king sired me.

My father has built me
A tapestry'd bower
Where twelve duke's daughters
Serve hour by hour.

Heroes and princes
Come wooing me,
But there is not one
Who smells of the sea!

My old nurse tells me
That I must beware
When I walk on the shore
With my unbound hair.



For out of the cold sea
A lover may rise,
Dark, sleek and furry,
With seal-brown eyes.

So I walk on the sands
When the gray winds blow,
Afraid of the waves
And what's below.

I sit with my maidens
And weave at my loom,
And my flesh rebels
At the fire-warm room.

For I'm not all beast,
And I'm not quite human,
Who has eyes of a seal
In the face of a woman.

And where can I rest,
A brown seal's daughter,
Who hates the land
And fears the water?