

SANDALWOOD AND JADE

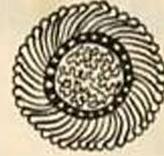


Poems of The Exotic
and The Strange, by
LIN CARTER





Foreword



FOR ALL THE SIX YEARS I'VE BEEN seriously trying to write poems I've wanted to see them published somewhere, in a neat compact collection. This booklet goes a long way toward the consummation of that desire. In it, I have selected what I consider a more-or-less representative collection

of my attempts in this field so far. These are not all the poems I have written, nor are all of them --- I must admit --- my very best.

About a dozen of these poems have been previously published. The first of them printed anywhere, was "Canal", which was published in the September 1947 issue of Beak Taylor's CANADIAN FANFIC. Since then my verse has appeared in nineteen magazines; for the most part in various of the amateur fan publications, like GORGON, SCIENTIFANTASY, DREAM QUEST, THE FANSCIENT, LOKI, CHALLENGE and others. A table at the rear of the book gives information on when each poem was written and when and where it has been previously published.

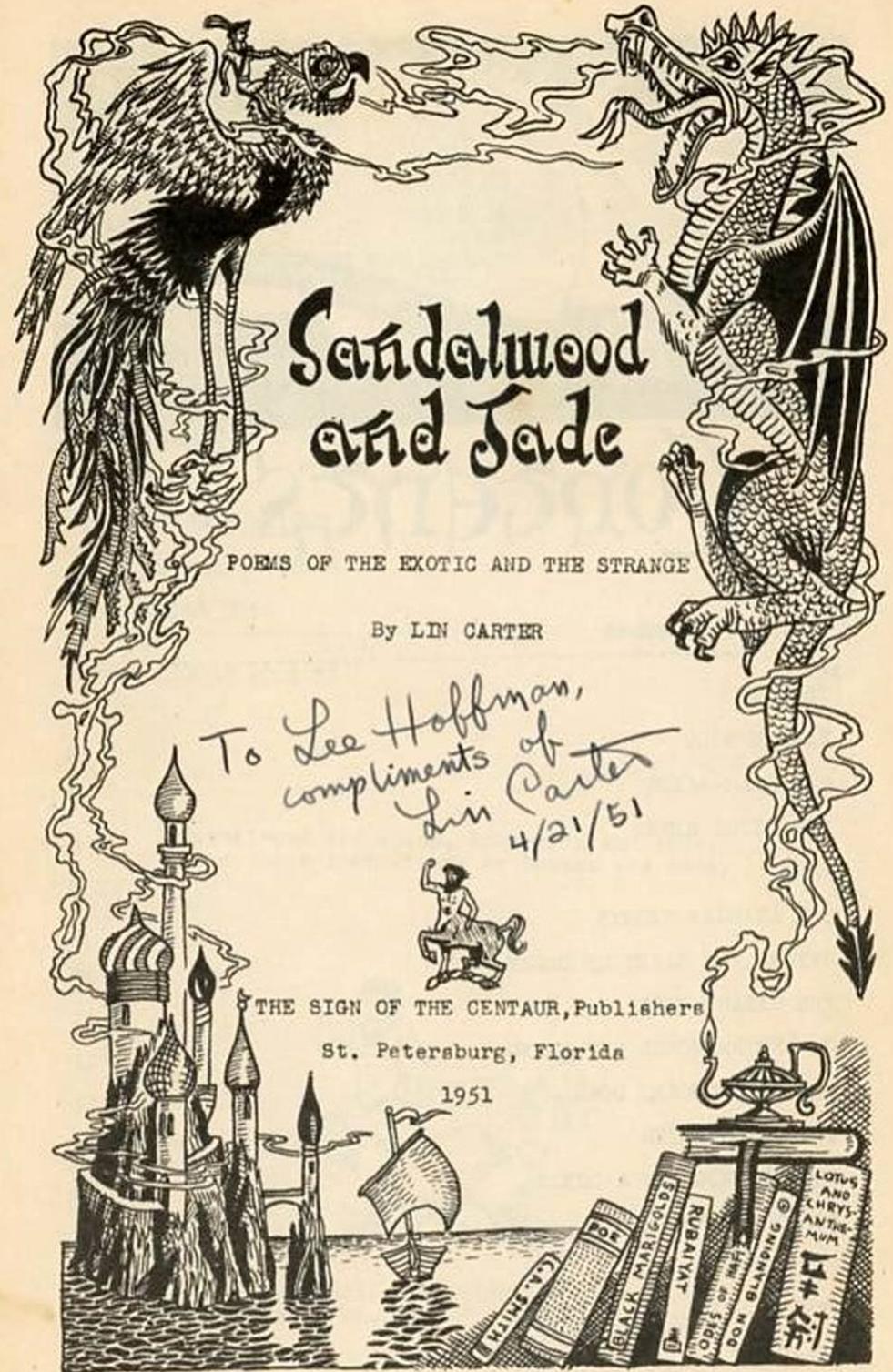
Writing poetry, I naturally am interested in it. My favorite fantasy poets are Robert E. Howard and the superb Clark Ashton Smith; my favorites among the non-fantasy poets are England's Milton, Shelley ("Ode to The West Wind"), Keats, Coleridge ("Kubla Khan"), Oscar Wilde (especially "The Sphinx"), the classic Chinese poets Li Po, Tu Fu, Po Chu-i ("The Island of Pines"), the Persian odes of Hafiz in the LeGallienne translation, the incomparable Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and the great love-poem Black Marigolds of the Sanskrit poet Chauras (translated from the Chauraspenchasika by Powys Mathers), as well as France's Baudelaire, America's Poe, and the popular contemporary poet Don Blanding ("Vagabond's House").

But I've taken up enough of your time with this dull prose; I hope the poetry is more entertaining! So, for your evening's enjoyment I commend this little volume of verse, with the hope that you derive half the pleasure from the reading of it that I had in the writing.

St. Petersburg, Fla.
February 17, 1951.

Lin Carter

Lin Carter.



Sandalwood and Jade

POEMS OF THE EXOTIC AND THE STRANGE

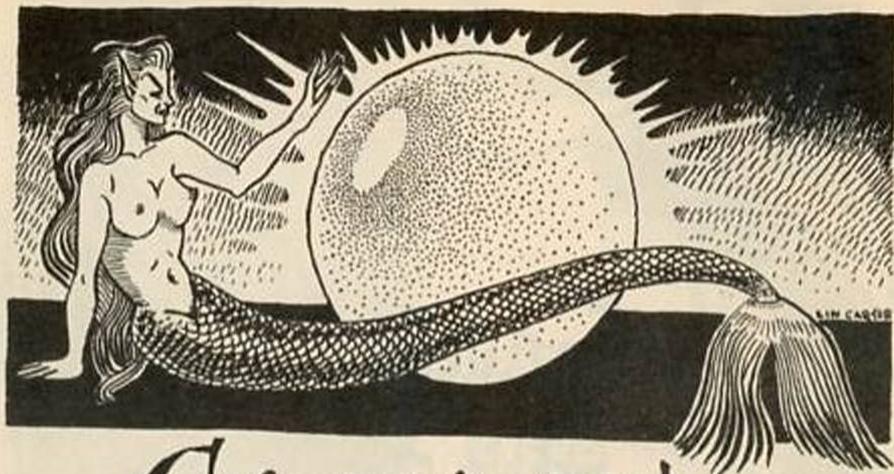
By LIN CARTER

*To Lee Hoffman,
compliments of
Lin Carter
4/21/51*

THE SIGN OF THE CENTAUR, Publishers

St. Petersburg, Florida

1951



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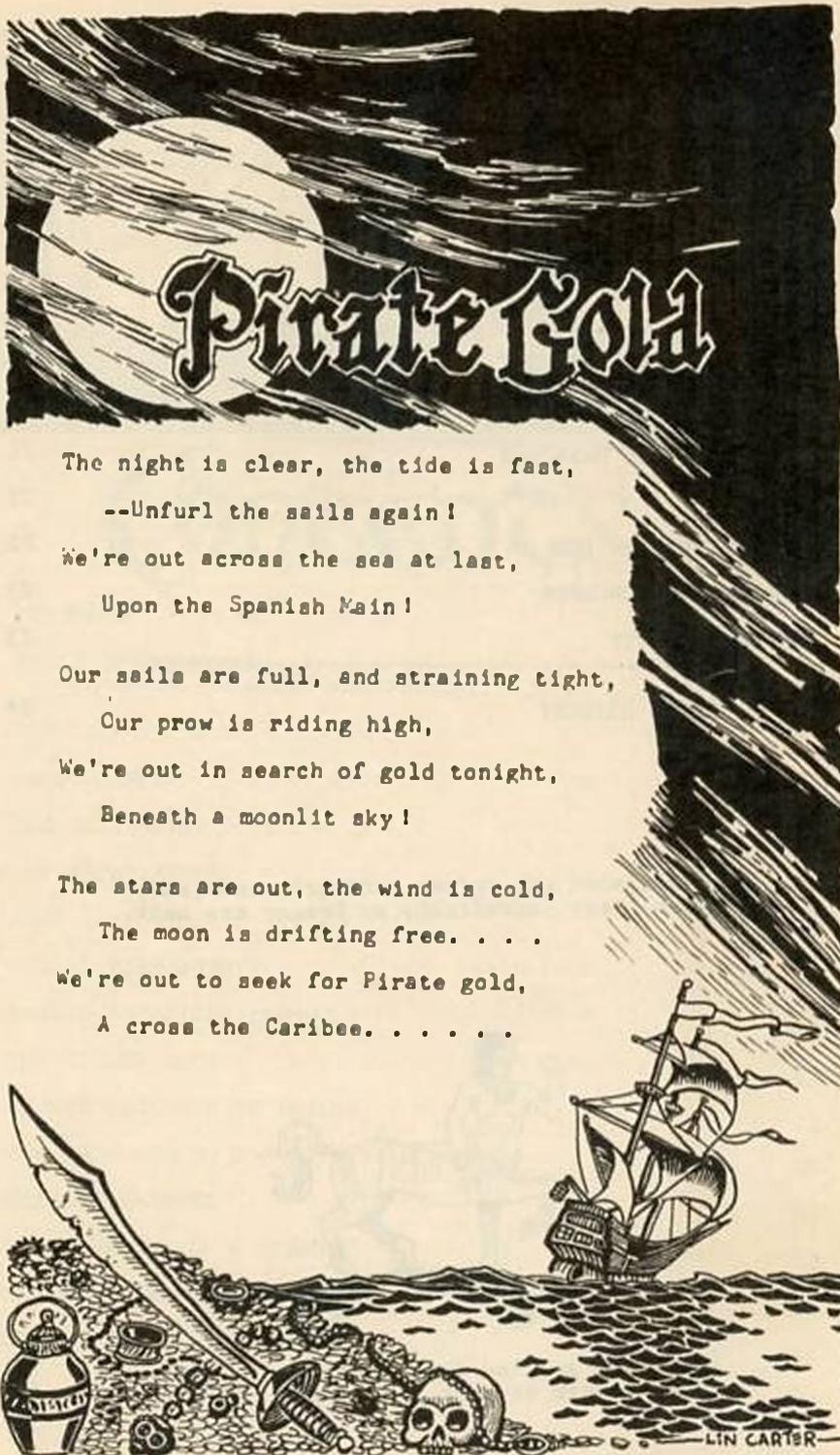
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Sandalwood and spice, ambergris and jade,
From these ingredients my Dreams are made.



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The Star-Gazer



The night is clear, the tide is fast,

--Unfurl the sails again!

We're out across the sea at last,

Upon the Spanish Main!

Our sails are full, and straining tight,

Our prow is riding high,

We're out in search of gold tonight,

Beneath a moonlit sky!

The stars are out, the wind is cold,

The moon is drifting free. . . .

We're out to seek for Pirate gold,

A cross the Caribee.



One night while with my glass I scanned the sky
And measured the intensity of light
From Betelgeuse and Sirius afar,
And gauged the wheeling constellations flight,
I fell asleep before my polished tube
And dreamed I left this spinning mote of clay,
And thru the flashing heavens did progress
Until I reached the farthest star away.

There like a god enthroned I sat, and saw
The starry swarms and wheeling galaxies
That throng the gloomy depths of Night's domain,
The dim moons hewn of burnished silver, and
The ever-streaming canopy of stars.....
I saw them pass in solemn majesty.
And hoary constellations arched the night
And spinning moons of pallid opal rode
The soundless star-winds thru the velvet vault;
And here a comet draws his fiery brush
Across the ebon canvas of the sky.

The starry vastness of the Universe
Spread out before my dazzled eyes: I saw
The shattered cities of a dying globe
Lit by the smoky glare of fading suns;
The darkling regions where the rogue-stars drift,
Ringed with the dust of thunderloven worlds;
The drifting veil of stars and galaxies
Obscured the arching gloom, but not my sight.
For here I glimpsed a rain of meteors
That daubed the sable night with fiery streaks;

And then I caught far Orion's hot glare
And saw the worlds that girdle her fierce width
In numberless resplendency. The night
Was gemmed with suns of lustrous radiance:
Here white Deneb with snowy brilliance blazed,
And there the emerald spark of far Algol
In lone and solitary splendour burned.

Long, long I sat enthroned on blazing suns
And watched the wheeling pageantry of stars,
Vast multitudes on multitudes of orbs
Reeled by my staggered vision while I sat
And blinked in wonder at the Universe.....

And then I woke and gazed with dazzled eyes
At this smallworld, then at the clustered skies.

The Night Kings

When I stand in opal twilight
In the passing of the day,
When the stars are dim above me
And the world seems far away;
When the shadows slowly lengthen
As if weary from the light,
And the greys of twilight strengthen
To the gloomy hues of night,

Then I hear the silence falling,
And the surging of the sea,
And the sound of footsteps calling
Comes across the world to me.
Then I know the Kings are marching,
For I hear their ghostly tread
Where the night's dim gloom is arching
And the warmth of day has fled.

And I see the Night Kings looming
As they stride across the sea,
With the pallid stars illuming
Every misty shape to me:
They are clad in robes of midnight
And the stars are in their hair,
And their brows are lit with moonlight,
As I see them striding there.

At their heels a stealthy legion
Of their shadow-subjects creep,
As they march to that dim region
Where the patron god is Sleep.
When I see the Night Kings striding
In the moonlight, far away,
Then I know the Sun is hiding
And the Night is here to stay.

MARS

O desert world lost in the gulfs of space,
In my mind's eye I roam your crimson face,
And see your cities, once so great and tall,
Now empty, dark, and dead. In each dim hall
There rules no King. In streets where once thronged men,
Now roams the savage beast. And once again
Nature reclaims her own: your cities rise
As shattered monuments beneath blind skies.



Out of the Womb of space and time, you came,
And bore your nations, races, gods and kings.
But now is passed your history and fame,
Your life and glory faded on swift wings;
And as I here sit watching you on high,
I wonder if my world must fade and die.



The ARABIAN NIGHTS

There is a realm beyond this mundane sphere,
Far from the drab realities of life .
Beyond this empty world of sham and fear .
Of greed and hatred, toil and ceaseless strife .

Between the pages of a Book, 'tis found--
This land of fabled wonder, where the spires
Of magic cities rise up from the ground
And Sultans kneel before the temple fires.

Where princes bow before a lovely face,
Where Roc's the cloudless blue of Heaven, wing.
And Efrits slumber in a copper vase
Beneath the Seal of Solomon the King .

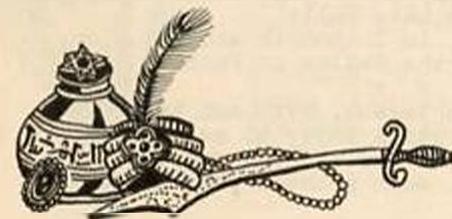
Where night by night Scheherazade doth spin
Her thousand and one tales of marvels old--
Of Bagdad on the Tigris, fearsome Jinn
And ivory and ambergris and gold

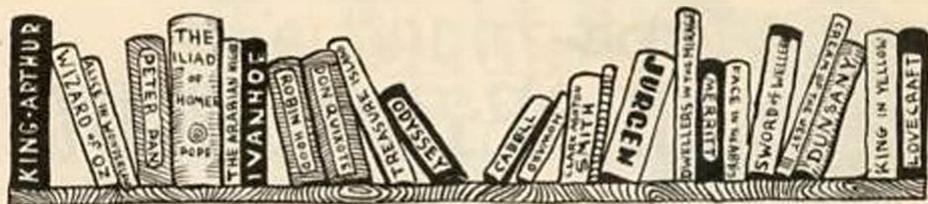
Of fabled cities, sleeping in the sun,
And Caravans of Rubies from afar,
Aladdin and the Princess that he won,
Whose beauty far outshone the Morning Star.

Of sandalwood and ebony and jade,
Of Samarkand and Cairo and Cathay,
Of Sinbad and the voyages he made
To lands beyond the sea and far-away

Of that enchanted tree with silver leaves,
And ruby fruit that grows on stems of gold,
Of Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves,
These are the wondrous stories that she told.

There is a realm beyond this mundane sphere,
A land where all our weary woes are naught,
But if you seek, seek for it far from here,
For many are the ones who also sought.





Beyond the Gates of Dream

When I was young I voyaged far in legend, myth and tale,
 With anchor up and steerage set against the threat of gale.
 Beyond the Gates of Dream I went, and far and far away...
 My galleon some wondrous book, each printed page my sail.

I sailed to olden Camelot when I was just a boy,
 And fought beside Achilles in the fabled Siege of Troy.
 With Alice down the Rabbit-hole, I went to Wonderland,
 And even now that I am old, I have not lost the joy.

For still I sail my galleon beyond the Gates of Dream,
 Though now I visit newer lands where brighter cities gleam.
 No longer do I quest in Oz, or Babylon or Rome,
 For now I quest in newer lands, and lovelier they seem.

Yes, now in books of fantasy I live those days anew.
 Whether I lay the Siege of Sark beside tall Dwayanu,
 Or follow mighty Conan the Cimmerian to war,
 Or as I to bright Celephais, where mortal dreams come true.

Yes, I have ridden Kalki to the gates of great Antan,
 And fought Merimma's foemen with the Sword of Welleran,
 And I have dared the Yellow Sign to visit Careosa,
 And watched as old Atlantis sank beyond the sight of man.

I watched the Fall of Babbulkund, and heard as Jurgan told
 The tale of his adventures in the Storisenide of old,
 And Yu-Atlanchi knew me, in the days of Nimir's fall,
 And once I sailed with Solomon Kane in search of pirate gold.

And I have climbed, with Horvendile, the towers of Poiceteame,
 And watched the fire-fountain in the City of Singing Flame,
 And marched with fearless Camorak in quest of Carcassone,
 And thru the Dragon Glass I went, in search of wealth and fame.

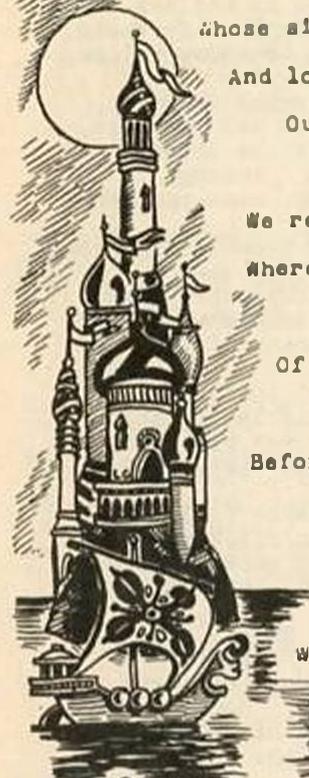
Zothique I've known, and Bethmoora, and R'yleh neath the sea,
 Valusia and Avalon, and cloudy Lake Hali;
 They know me well in Arkham-town, in Innsmouth and Ye...
 And every land and kingdom in the Realms of Fantasy.

When I was young I voyaged far in legend, myth and tale,
 And even now that I am old, I still enjoy to sail.
 Beyond the Gates of Dream I go, and far and far away...
 My galleon some wondrous book, each printed page my sail.

THE WIZARD ISLE

A
FRAGMENT

And once I sailed
 Uncharted seas aboard a galleon
 Whose silken sails were full with mystic winds..
 And long we plied the breast of timeless seas,
 Our gilded prow rode high the foamy waves,
 And seagulls circled in our frothy wake.
 We reached at last that far, ensorcelled Isle
 Where Thamshyd rules as King. We saw it gleam
 Across the tossing waves, a wizard Isle
 Of green, mist-mantled rolling hills, a bay
 As blue as wine. We saw the city rise
 Before us, gilded domes touched with the sun,
 Tall towers crusted with a thousand gems
 And soaring minarets of burning gold--
 This was Khymyrium, that fabled realm
 Where ancient Amir wrought in living stone
 The story of Eternity.....



OF THE PRINCESS LIV-SHANG



Her eyes are pure and clear as April skies
 Her brows are winged as the swallows' flight.
 She has the grace of willows in the breeze
 Her breath has all the sweetness of the rose.
 The blush of the hibiscus warms her cheeks,
 Her crystal voice doth shame the singing lute.

O maiden, who art thou?
 Whose flesh is glowing amber, flushed with rose?
 Art thou an Angel from the Lotus Isles,
 Or an Immortal from the Hills of Jade?

The Gods Looked Down

One night a wizard in his tower cast a glance on high,
And saw and read the starry signs that hovered in the sky.
He shook with dread to read the doom that angry Gods foretold,
And waited for the morning while the Drums of Doomsday rolled.

And great Atlantis lay asprawl beneath the warning sky,
And Blood and Gold were all the gods the people held as high,
And lanterns blazed in crowded streets and lit the drunken throng,
As souls were sold for shining gold, and women, wine, and song.

From starry heights the Gods looked down, and frowned at what
They saw.
They judged the land and weighed it, and counted every flaw,
And totaled up the heavy debt, and vowed the land would pay.
Aye, vowed to wipe it from this earth, with coming of the day.

And doomed Atlantis reveled, and fed her cruel lusts,
And drunken monarchs feasted, while beggars nibbled crusts;
And castle, temple, tower and spire, the land was all ablaze,
As eastern hills were gilded by mornings' feeble rays.

As morning lit the eastern hills, an eery silence fell,
As if the people strained to hear a somber fun'ral knell.
And neighbor looked at neighbor with an air of growing dread,
But not one guessed that with the day, Atlantis would be dead.

Grey Phantom Fear walked thru the streets and cast a sickly
gloom,
As to the hearts and minds of men, came knowledge of their
doom.
No soldier, serf, nor mighty lord but strained his bleary eyes
To read the doom that surged and grew beneath the southern
skies.

As dawn rose o'er Atlantis, and the drunken cities stilled,
Far out to sea there started the doom the Gods had willed:
A boiling, seething turbulence upon the ocean's breast,
And great waves came a-sweeping toward the Islands of the
Blest.

Hot panic flamed across the land....crowds ran in drunken fear,
And milled and fought to reach the hills before their doom
came near.

Then docks gave way like matchwood beneath the sprawling waves,
And king and lord were trampled by their terror-stricken slaves

And when the noonward sun was high, the Gods looked down and
smiled.
For where the evil cities rose beside the forest wild,
where thirty thousand kings had reigned, the boiling billows
drove
And thundered o'er the turret-top, and o'er the fruitful grove;

And o'er the battlefield and plain, and o'er the castle tall,
And o'er the rustling forest, ancient battlement and wall---
O'er all the surging sea-wave swept, the wind was clean and
free,
And from Their starry heights the Gods looked down and blest
the sea.....

The LOTUS-EATER

.....I have watched
As black-robed Wizards turned the yellowed leaves
Of ancient books, and read in flame-writ glyphs,
In lost, forgotten tongues of ages past,
The solemn secrets of the Universe.
And I have read, deep-carved on crumbling walls,
The timeless annals of a million worlds.
And in a city far in desert wastes
There rules o'er bestial hordes, a deathless Queen,
Whose beauty makes her Sister to the Moon,
With her I dwelt in endless ecstasy,
One night a million years ago.....



The Splendor in a Dream

A Poet sees the beauty in the common things of life:
The wonder in an evening star, or in the tempest's strife;
The magic in a flower, and the music in a stream;
The glory in a vision and the splendor in a dream.



The Fantast

O I have seen the worlds beyond the realms of Time and Space,
And drawn the robes of Destiny, and looked into Her face,
And I have walked on Mars and climbed the Mountains of the Moon,
And watched the entire Age of Man, and saw it end too soon.

And once I saw the mer-folk play in their underwater land,
And watched a Necromancer trace strange symbols in the sand,
And I have prayed to nameless gods and heard the Pipes of Pan,
And fought a mighty Hippogriff, and slew him as he ran.

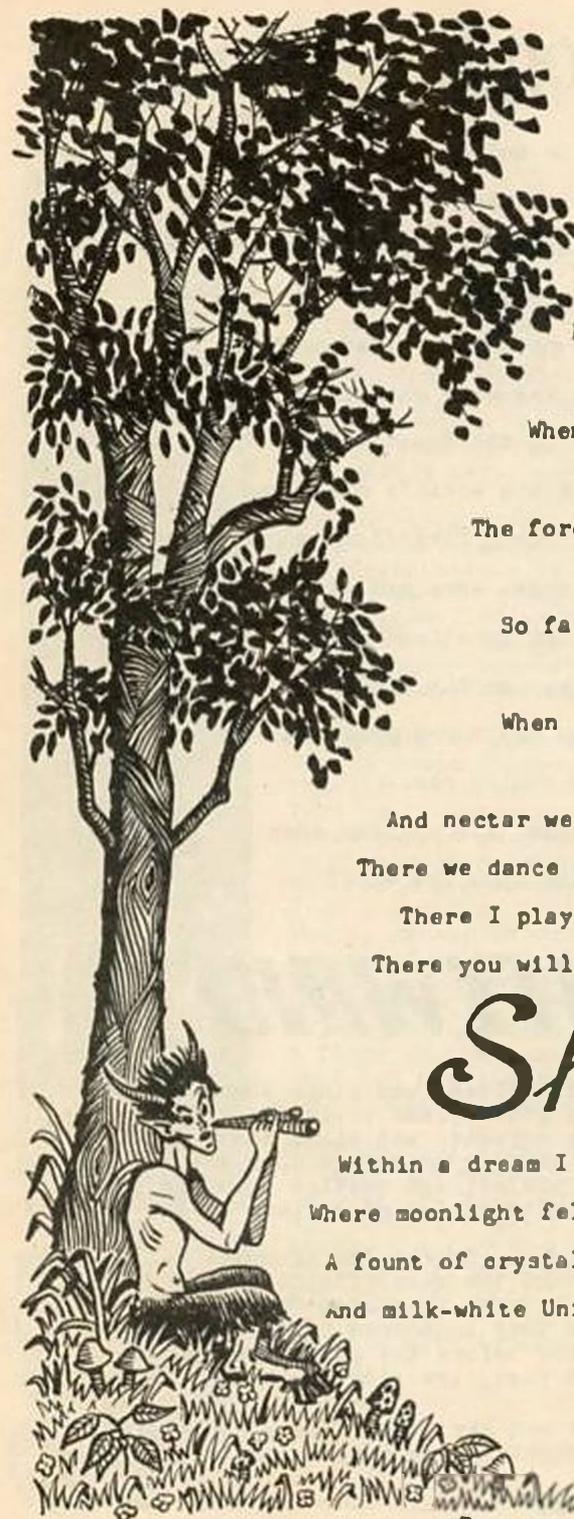
And I have seen the Pyramids, in Egypt where they rise,
And visited the hidden tomb where Cleopatra lies,
And sailed my golden galleys on the breast of unknown seas,
And smelled incense from temple-shrines a-floating on the breeze,
And I have seen the haunted woods and watched the dryads dance,
And fought a Knight of Camelot and broke his shining lance.

Yes, I have sipped red mandrake wine, and toasted mighty kings,
And slew a one-eyed Sorceror, and stole his magic rings,
And I have ruled on opal thrones, in lands where dreams are real,
And fought the stone-eyed Basilisk to make my evening meal.

Yes I have lived a thousand lives and dreamed a thousand dreams,
And now I know this world of ours is more than what it seems.

TO LORD DUNSANY

O never let the smirking wise
Wash the dream-dust from our eyes
With empty facts or dreary lies,
Nor let the iron Gods of Truth
Drain the wonder from our Youth.
Hold fast against the everyday
Your tales of kingdoms faraway,
Lead us, through Gateways in the Mind
To distant lands that dreamers find,
And show us how, through dreams, we may
Lift anchor up and sail away--
Our galleon some wondrous tale,
Each printed page our straining sail.



Pan

For me are the woodlands,
peaceful and dim,
When the dryads dance on the
moonlit rim;
The forest, the woods, and the
shady glen,
So far from the sight and the
sound of men.
When the centaurs dance in the
grassy dale,
And nectar we quaff, and the spicy ale
There we dance 'neath the starry sky....
There I play when the moon is high...
There you will find me, if you try.....

Shard

Within a dream I walked in woodland glens,
Where moonlight fell in slanting silver rays
A fount of crystal splashed in silent song,
and milk-white Unicorns bent down to drink.

Walker on the Wind

Above the dim and moonlit plain

A silent speoter stalks,

Beyond the mist and driving rain

The weary phantom walks.

He spoke to me one moonless night,

When all was grey and dim,

And told me of the Phantom Folk

That walk the world's dark rim;

He spoke of lost, forgotten lands

Whose masters once had sinned,

Of cities lost in silent sands--

This Walker on the Wind.

And now when day burns gray and low

Upon the fading rim,

I seek my room, for who can know

What walks upon the wind?

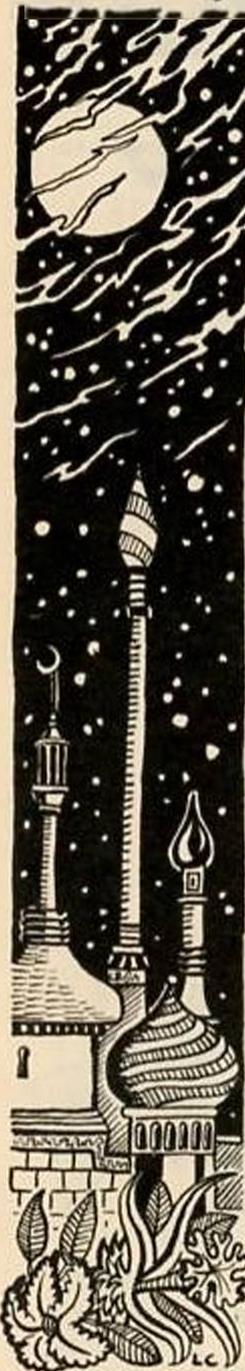
NIGHTWIND

Fresh and cold the Nightwind blows, and sings above the plain,
And whistles in the sleepy groves, and prods the driving rain,
And screams above the city streets, and sings along the sea,
And thunders in the polar wastes, and howls upon the sea.
It whispers in the forest aisles, and rustles thru the leaves,
And shrieks around my house tonight, and mutters in the eaves.

And in the singing of the wind, I hear the trumpets call
That led a mighty Caesar thru the battlefields of Gaul,
I hear the clank of chariots upon the Roman Way,
And Alexander's armies, as they thundered to the fray,
The rumble of a falling Troy before the Grecian might--
The sounds of gloried ages past, are singing in the night....

O is it true, as some men say, that heroes never die,
But ride the rushing Nightwind to their glory in the sky?

When Solomon Was King



The silent, deep, and purple night
Was starry-sown and murmurous;
On high a Roc with leathern wing
Did dark the star-gemmed sky in flight.
Below, the silvery Tigris flowed
And bore the gilded barges down,
Where Bagdad slumbered neeth the stars;
The moonlight flashed on obelisks,
And glesmed on turret-tops and domes,
And fretted shrines of shining gold,
And marble walls and minarets.

The rustling breeze of night was sweet
With cedar, rose, and sandalwood
And frankinsense from temple shrines;
It whispered in the garden groves--
The high-walled grots where fountains splashed--
And rustled through the grassy turf,
The blooming thickets, dark and green,
And whispered 'round the brazen urns.

A nightingale upon some bough
Poured forth in crystal tones, his song.
'Twas carried on the fragrant breeze
Into the courts where shadows lay,
Thick purple shadows, velvet soft,
Through golden arches curtained deep
With silk and satin, richly-hued,
Into the palace of the King.
There, cerven lamps of brass and bronze,
Suspended by their silver chains
Hung from the high and vaulted roof;
A dozen marble columns rose
All capitalled with fretted grace.
A floor of amethystine tile
On which are graven, writ with gold,
Ten thousand prayers to Allah.

Without, the sleeping city sprawled
Beneath the vast and purple night
Be-jewelled with stars of blazing light;
And wreathing mists of morning trail
Across the zenith-soaring moon.
Soon brazen, burning day shall dawn,
And Rocs the morning sky shall live;
I'd give my deathless soul to live
In days when Solomon was King.....



THE JUNGLE-SONG

This is the song that the Jungle sings,
 A song of passion, where the macaw wings,
 And the scarlet parrots squawk and screech
 Where the green bamboos line the sun-burned beach;
 Of yellow sky, and the tangled brush;
 Of the breathless speed of a tiger's rush;
 Where hibiscus blooms are a blazing red
 And the blood-vines sway to the tusker's tread;
 Flamingos wade in a blue lagoon
 While voodoo drums throb beneath the moon;
 Where cannibals leer with painted face,
 And leopards slink with a sinuous grace;
 Where blossoms bloom with a thousand hues:
 Of hot, savage yellows and burning blues,
 And flaming splashes of scarlet, bold,
 Shine next to vermillion, cobalt, gold;
 The tawny sheen of a lion's hide...
 The em'rald glitter where the serpents glide,
 The vine-grown ruins of Aztec walls,
 Sunning themselves where the lizard crawls--
 These are the sights of the jungleland
 Where beauty and terror go hand in hand.
 These are the gifts that the Jungle brings,
 And this is the Song that the Jungle sings.

~BABYLON~

The caravan left me when evening was nigh,
 The heavens were gilded with fire on high,
 I rode a short space to the top of the rise
 And looked on the city that lay 'neath the skies.
 It blazed there before me, all gold with the sun
 The temples and towers, they shone every one.
 I stood in the quiet that evening brings
 Then, silent, rode down to the City of Kings.

On the wide boulevard, I joined the throng
 That rode from the hills where the shadows were long.
 'Twas motley and jostling, I rode by the hand
 Of a fat yellow merchant from far Samarkand;
 A bearded Egyptian in brocaded robe;
 A trader from Hind with a ring in each lobe;
 A Lord from Cathay, a Soldier--they all
 Rode down in the evening to Babylon's wall.

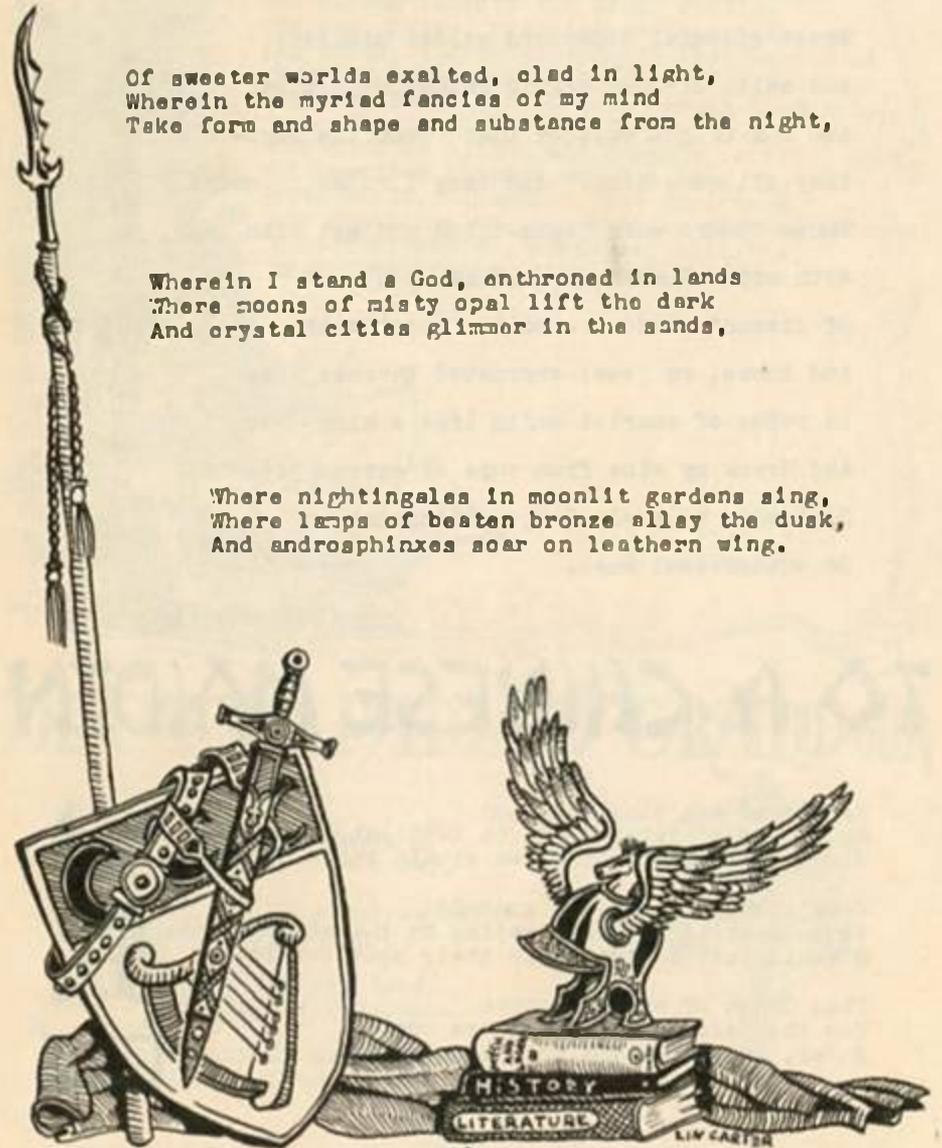
The Song of Laine the Dreamer

My dreams are works of golden wizardry
 Of dawnstar glow and song of airen wrought,
 And twenty thousand shards of memory

Of sweeter worlds exalted, clad in light,
 Wherein the myriad fancies of my mind
 Take form and shape and substance from the night,

Wherein I stand a God, enthroned in lands
 Where moons of misty opal lift the dark
 And crystal cities glimmer in the sands,

Where nightingales in moonlit gardens sing,
 Where lamps of beaten bronze alay the dusk,
 And androsphinxes soar on leathern wing.



Kooribad

.....And once

I saw a city brilliant as the sun,
 Whose virile splendor pales the copper moon--
 A city built on amethystine shores
 Whose graceful domes and golden minarets,
 And walls of rosy marble veined with blue,
 And sun-bright palaces that reach the sky--
 They all were mine. And long I ruled in courts
 Whose floors were topaz-tiled and set with gems,
 With crystal columns holding up a roof
 Of diamond-studded cobalt, like the sky.
 And there, on jewel-encrusted thrones I sat,
 In robes of scarlet satin like a king
 And drank my wine from cups of carven jade
 Delivered by a slender, smiling maid
 On subservient knee.



TO A CHINESE MAIDEN

Your eyes are blue and cool
 As depths of lotus-pools in twilight,
 O would that I might drown within those depths!

Your slender hands are graceful
 As moon-white willows swaying by the river-brink,
 O would that I might know their soft caress.

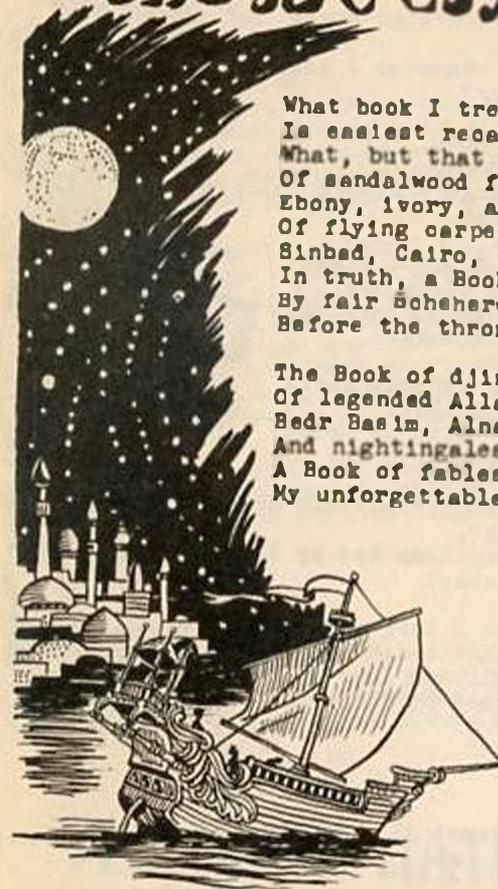
Thou Queen of my Life, come
 For the Gates of my Heart are open--
 Enter, and claim thy throne.



The BOOK of DJINNS

What book I treasured in my childhood days
 Is easiest recalled to memory?
 What, but that fabled Book of djinns and rocs,
 Of sandalwood from Araby and rubies from Cathay,
 Ebony, ivory, ambergris, jade,
 Of flying carpets and magic spells,
 Sinbad, Cairo, frankinsense, pearls...
 In truth, a Book of wonders that were told
 By fair Scheherazade in days of old,
 Before the throne of good Haroun Al-Raschid.

The Book of djinns and dragons, efrits, apes,
 Of legended Alladin and his Lamp,
 Bedr Basim, Alnaschar, and Samarkand,
 And nightingales that sing by peacock thrones;
 A Book of fables, miracles, delights,
 My unforgettable--Arabian Nights!



ONCE IN FABLED GRANDEUR

Once in fabled grandeur, I
 Ruled beneath an Orient sky,

And once I sat in gorgeous halls
 That only memory recalls.

Another life, another land,
 When I was King of Samarkand.

My kingdom now is dust and stones,
 But I rule on, from newer thrones.



WANDERLUST

O what is the magic in queer foreign names
Of Orient lands faraway?
And why should it haunt me, whenever I hear
Of Persia or Ind or Bombay?

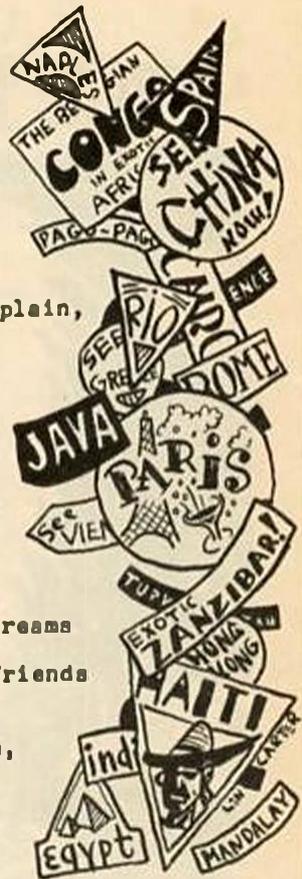
A casual mention of far Timbuctu,
Or Zanzibar, Rangoon or Rome,
Makes me restless with longings I cannot explain,
And curiously weary of home.

Could it be that once I was King of Siam,
Or perhaps the Great Khan of Cathay?
Was I poet or pirate or peasant or prince,
Once, in lands longago, faraway?

Is it that I remember those longago lives,
And dream to relive them again?
Is that why the mention of Cairo or Crete,
Or Mandalay, Memphis or Spain,

Has the power to fill me with visions and dreams
Of lands so exotic and far,
That I find myself leaving my home and my friends
To follow some vagabond star?

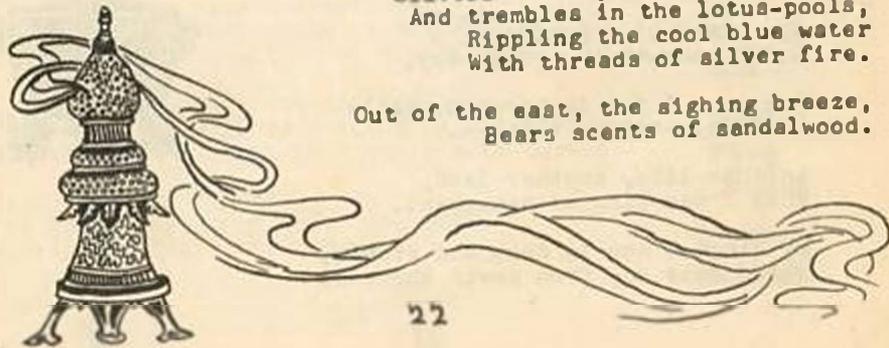
Yet I'll not regret it, that I left my home,
My friends, and a life that could be,
For Tokio, Turkistan, Nanking and Nome
And the meaning those names hold for me.



IN AN ORIENTAL TWILIGHT.....

The last faint glow of daylight fades,
And sketches the outline of hills with cold fire.
The growing brilliance of the Orb of Night
Silvers faintly the bamboo groves
And trembles in the lotus-pools,
Rippling the cool blue water
With threads of silver fire.

Out of the east, the sighing breeze,
Bears scents of sandalwood.

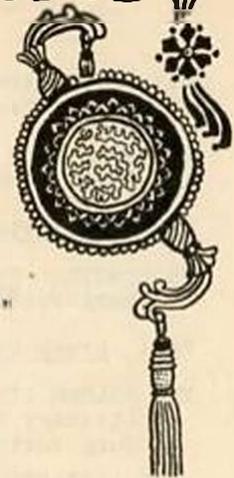


Song of the Sorcerer

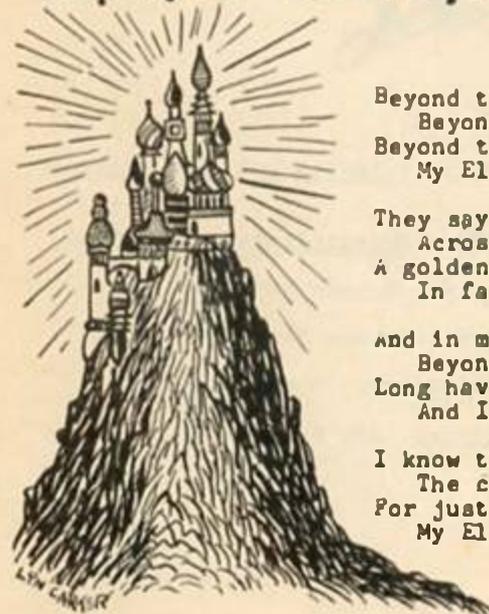
.....I have flown
Astride a Gryphon to enchanted stars
Where fiery mountains loom in boiling seas
Of living light and incandescent steam;
And cyclopean shapes of shifting flame
Do battle under iridescent skies.

And I have seen the nighted regions, far,
Where lightless worlds in starless cycles swing,
And suns and galaxies collide in flame
And fury! Once I watched two dragon fleets
Come thunder-winged across a world of ice,
While horsed upon their multitudinous backs
There rode a daemon horde.....I saw them meet
In battle underneath a red-mooned sky.

They fought, and broken-winged they tumbled down,
Yet fleshless hordes of daemons urged them on,
And shrieked with hellish laughter as they died!



The Golden City



Beyond the hills and sweeping plain
Beyond the ocean's rise,
Beyond the bloody Spanish Main
My El Dorado lies.

They say it shines in jungles far,
Across the desert sands;
A golden city, like a star
In fabled distant lands.

and in my dreams it shines imperled,
Beyond the reach of men.
Long have I searched the weary world,
And I shall search again.

I know that I shall never find
The city of my dreams,
For just beyond my questing mind
My El Dorado gleams.....

A Publishing History

Only the following poems have seen previous publication. The others in this collection have not been printed elsewhere.

THE WALKER ON THE WIND: The St. Petersburg Times, April 1948. Winner of the '48 Elizabeth Buchtenkirk Award.

MARS: Spaceteer #2, March-April 1948 issue.

NIGHTWIND: Triton, #4, 1949. Winner of a '48 St. Petersburg Poetry League Award.

PAN: Dream Quest, #6, July 1948.

THE GOLDEN CITY: Loki #1, Spring 1948; Palmetto and Pine Literary Supplement #2, 1948. Winner of a St. Petersburg Poetry League Award, 1948.

THE FANTAST: Gorgon, V2 N3, March 1949.



SHARD: Loki, #1, Spring 1948; Palmetto and Pine Literary Supplement #1, 1947.

THE SONG OF LAINE THE DREAMER: Scientifantasy, # , 1949.

THE WIZARD ISLE: Challenge, #1, Summer 1950.

KOORIBAAL: Scientifantasy, #4, Summer 1949.

THE LOTUS-EATER: The Fanscient, #12, Summer 1950.

SONG OF THE SORCEROR: Challenge, #2, Fall 1950.