

MCC 25

# DREAMS

*of*

# YOUTH

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DUANE W. RIMEL

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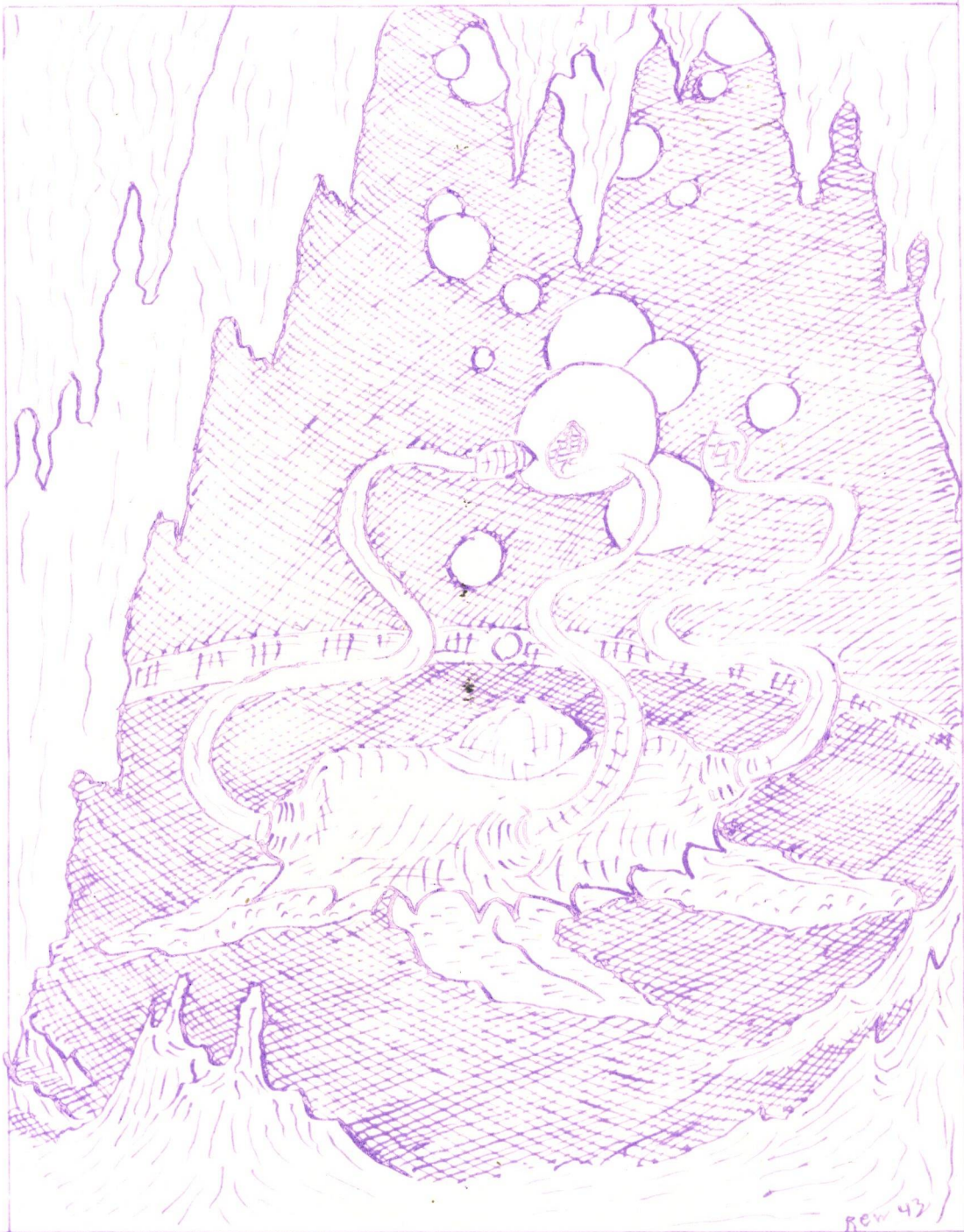
Illustrated by ROSCO E. WRIGHT

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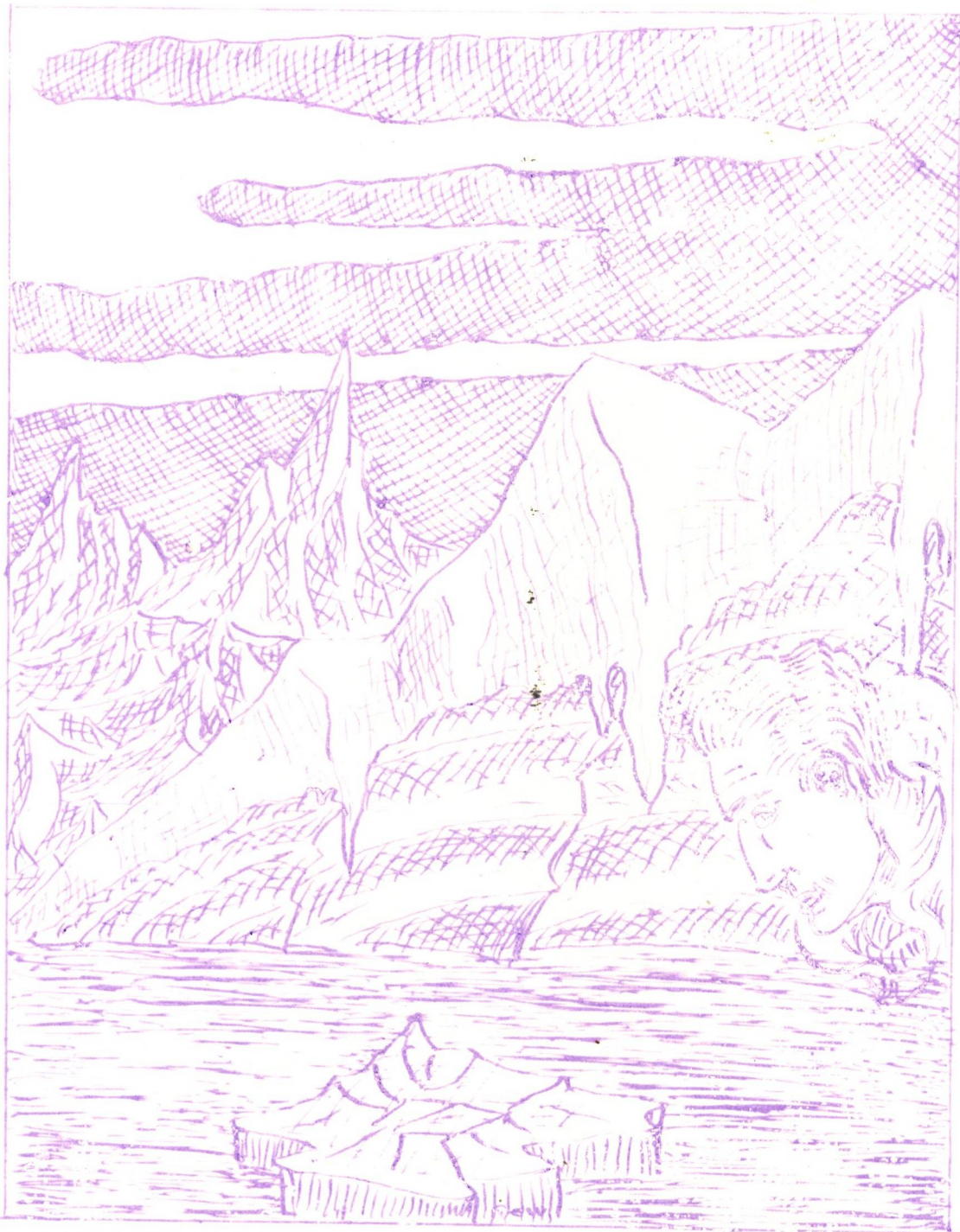
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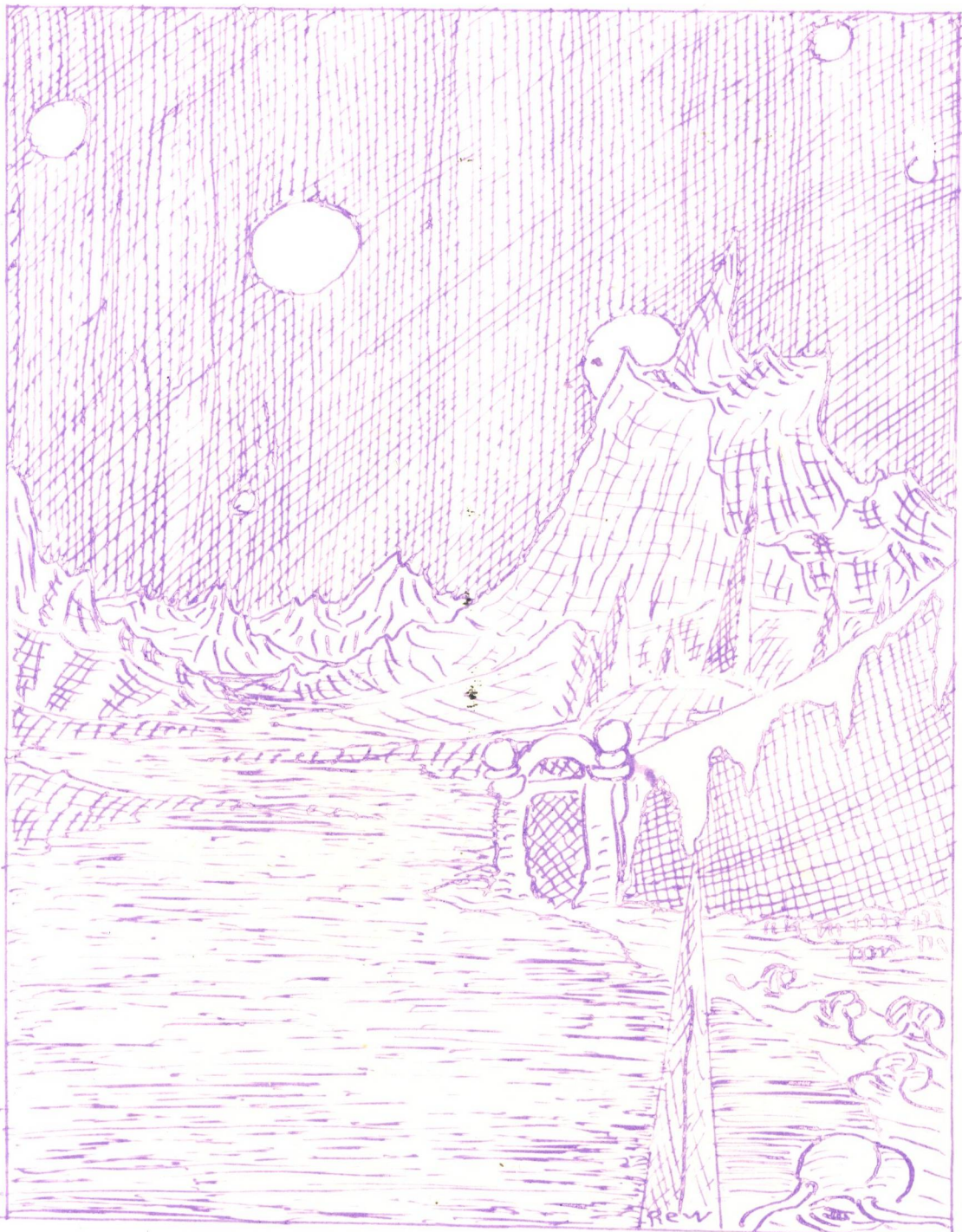


I  
In distant Yith past crested, ragged peaks;  
On far-flung islands lost to worldly eyes,  
A shadow from the ancient star-void seeks  
Some being which in caverns shrilly cries  
A challenge; and the hairy dweller speaks  
From that deep hole where slay Sotho lies.  
But when those night-winds crept about the place,  
They found no human face.



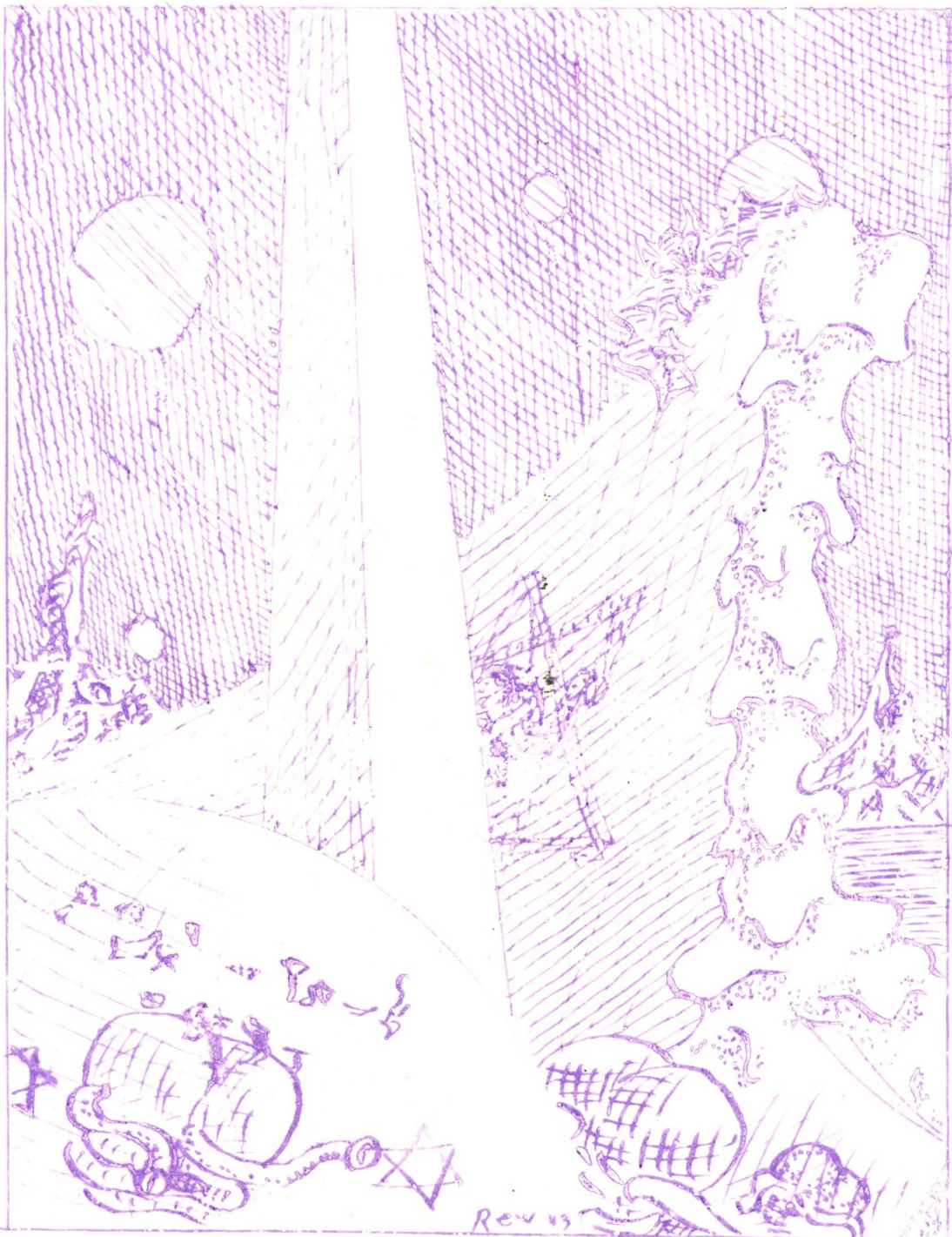
11

Beyond the valleys of the sun which lie  
in misty chasms past the reach of time;  
and brood beneath the ice as atoms fly,  
Long waiting for some brighter, warmer clime;  
There is a vision as I valiantly try  
To glimpse the madness that must some day climb  
From age-old tombs in dim dimensions hid,  
and cast all beings back to herald the tide!

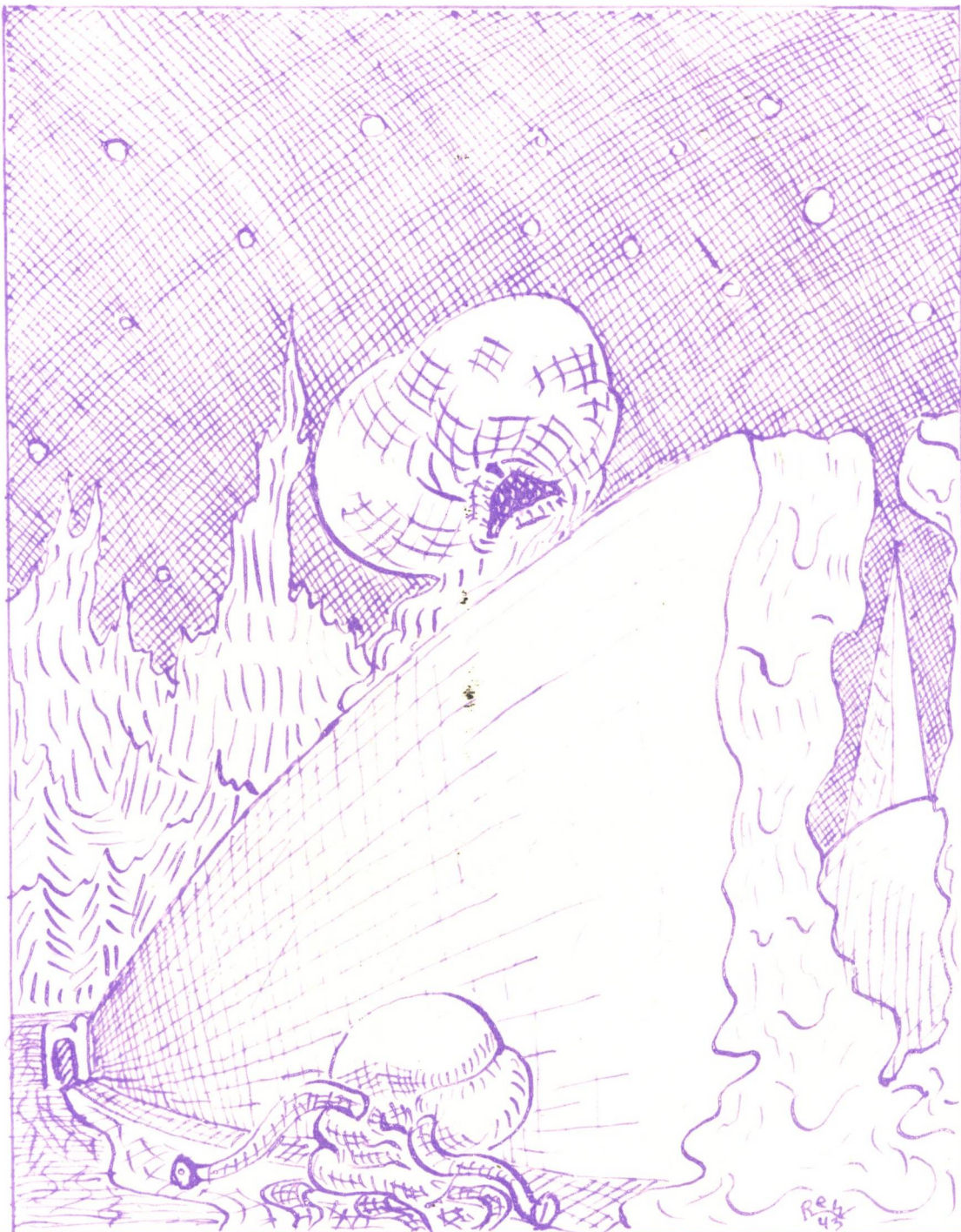


### III

Beside the city that once lived there wound  
A stream of putrefaction writhing black;  
Reflecting crumbling spires stuck in the ground  
That glow through hovering mist whence no stray track  
Can lead to those dead gates, where once was found  
The secret that would bring the dwellers back.  
And still that pitch-black current eddies by  
Those silver gates of Yith to sea-beds try.



Of raptured barrets rising through the vane  
 Of cloud-veiled beards that the Old Ones know;  
 On tablets deeply worn and fingered clean  
 By tentacles that dwellers seldom view;  
 In speeching Yith, on clayey walls obscene  
 That roths and crucils and are built ones;  
 There is a figure carved, but good! those eyes,  
 That were on Earth old as the rocks, and old!



~  
Around the place of ancient, waiting blight;  
On walls of sheerest opal rearing high,  
That move as planets beckon in the night  
To faded realms where nothing sane can lie;  
A deathless guard tremps by in feeble light  
Emitting to the stars a sobbing cry.  
But on that path where footsteps should have led  
There rolled an eyeless, huge and bloated head.



VI

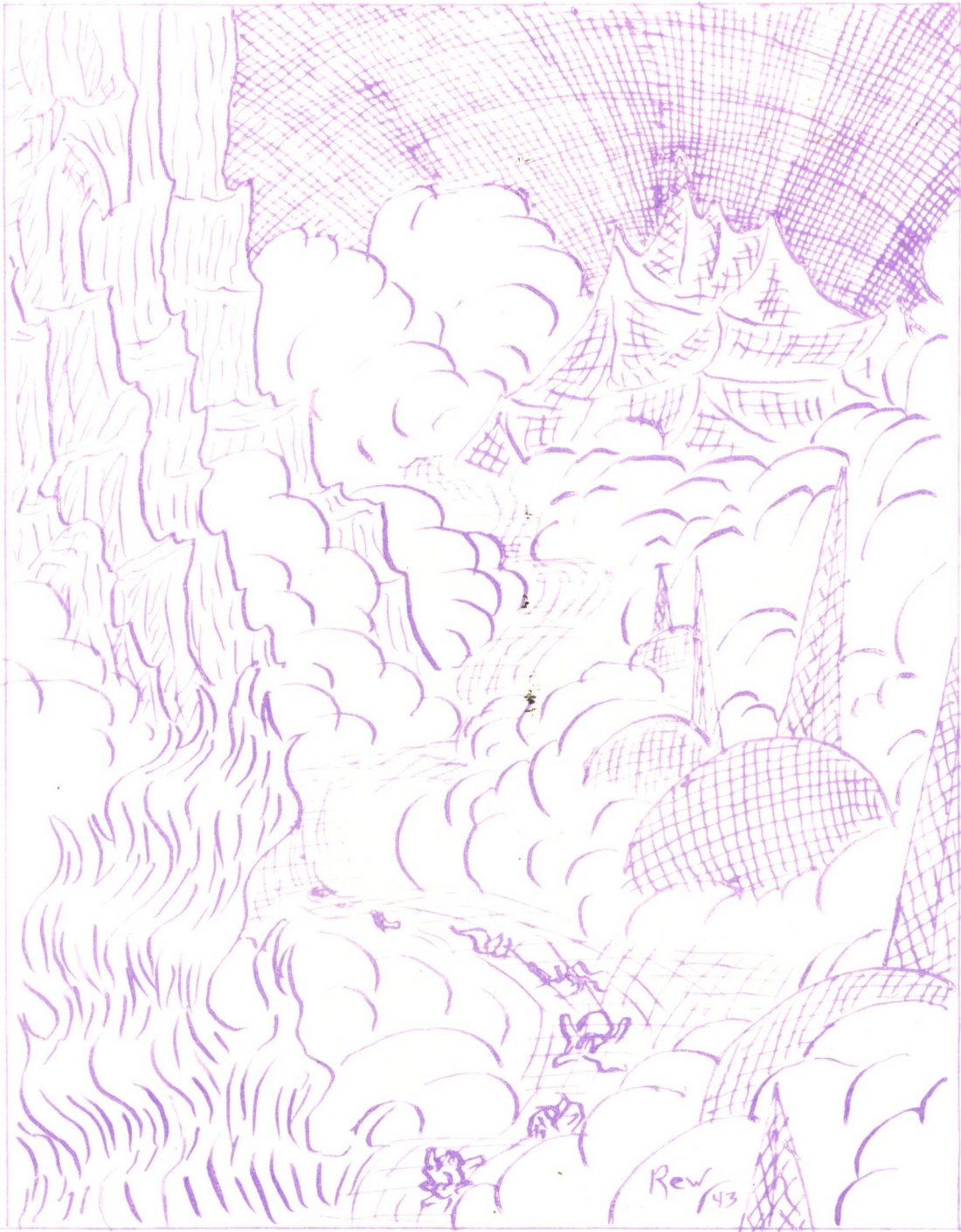
amid dim hills that poison moccas blast,  
Far from the lands and seas of our clean earth,  
Dread nightmare shadows dance---obscurely cast  
By twisted talons of archaen birth  
On rows of slimy pillars stretching past  
A daemon-fane that echoes with mad mirth.  
And in that realm sane eyes may never see---  
For black light streams from skies of ebony.



### VII

On those queer mountains which hold back the horde  
That lie in waiting in their mouldy graves,  
Who groan and mumble to a hidden lord  
Still waiting for the time-worn key that saves;  
There dwells a watcher which can ill afford  
To let invaders by those hoary caves.  
But some say then may dreamers find the way  
That leads down elfin-painted paths of gray.



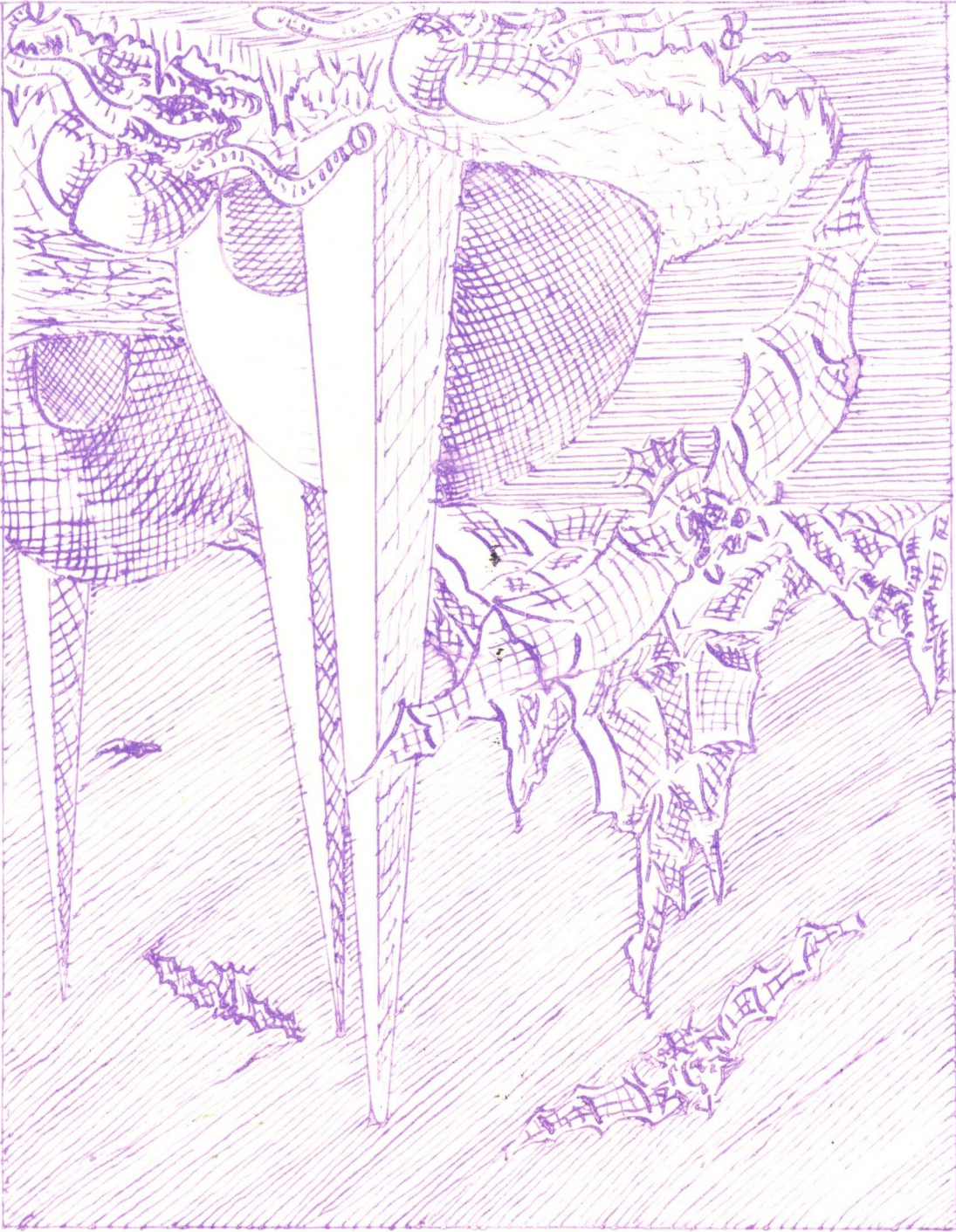


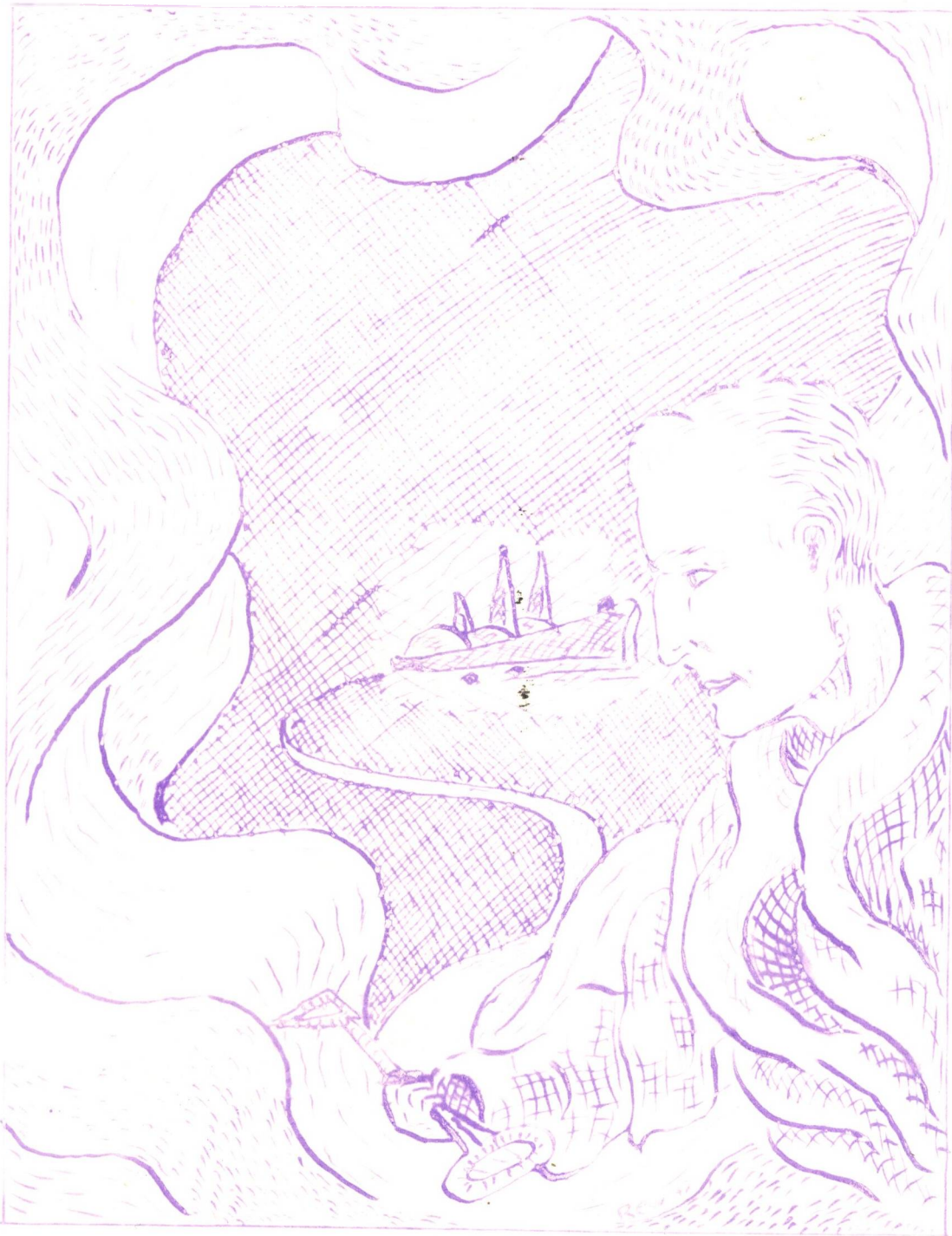
### VIII

and past those unclean spires that ever lean  
above the windings of unpeopled streets;  
and far beyond the wells and silver screen  
That veils the secrets of those dim retreats,  
a scarlet pathway leads that some have seen  
In wildest vision that no mortal greets.  
and down that dimming path in fearful flight  
queer beings squirm and hasten in the night.

High in the ebon skies on scaly wings  
Dread batlike beasts soar past those towers gray  
To peer in greedy longing at the things  
Which sprawl in every twisted passageway.  
The swallows lithe dim above the eaves,  
But lidded bulbs close heavily once more;  
They wait--for soot to unstick the door!

IX





X

Now, though the veil of troubled visions deep  
Is draped to blind me to the secret ways  
Leading through blackness to the realm of sleep  
That haunts me all my jumbled nights and days,  
I feel the dim path that will let me keep  
That rendezvous in Yith where Sotho plays.  
At last I see a glowing turret shine,  
and I am coming, for the key is mine!

It is a real pleasure to present this sample of Roscoe Wright's drawing talent. His subject matter --Dreams of Yith--needs little introduction to Acolyte readers. First published in Fantasy Fan in 1934, it was reprinted in the first issue of The Acolyte, and has easily been the most popular poem we have used so far.

Please send your comments, pro and con. If favorably enough received, this brochure will be the first of a series.

Francis T. Laney

