

# Weird Tales

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# Ougabalys

By

CLARK ASHTON SMITH

In billow-lost Poseidonis,  
I was the god Ougabalys:  
My three horns were of similor  
Above my double diadem,  
My one eye was a moon-wan gem  
Found in a monstrous meteor.

Incredible far peoples came,  
Called by the thunders of my fame,  
And fleetly passed my terraced  
throne,  
Where titan pardes and lions stood,  
As pours a never-lapsing flood  
Before the wind of winter blown.

Before me, many a choristér  
Made offering of alien myrrh,  
And copper-bearded sailors brought,  
From isles of ever-foaming seas,  
Enormous lumps of ambergris  
And corals intricately wrought.

Below my glooming architraves,  
One brown eternal file of slaves  
Came in from mines of chalcedon,  
And camels from the long plateaux  
Laid down their sard and peridoz,  
Their incense and their cinnamon.

But now, within my sunken walls,  
The slow blind ocean-serpent crawls,  
And sea-worms are my ministers;  
And wondering fishes pass me now,  
Or press before mine eyeless brow  
As once the thronging worshipers.