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GHOSTS

By LOUISE GARWOOD

Who tapped upon my window pane And sighed and laughed and sighed again, Till I called aloud so the stillness heard A sweet, a long-unspoken word? Was it only wind and rain?

Yesterday, with whisper slight,
Footfalls followed me, quick and light,
Fluttering, restless close behind:
Who went where my garden pathways wind?
Dry leaves of crimson bright?

Who wails my name with sobbing cry
So that I wake and weeping lie?
A string of the violoncello broke,
In its dusty case—but yet—who spoke?
Who sighs? Who passa by?