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Haunted

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

Old houses seem to creak a lot at night.

I've known the sounds come right across a floor
That seemed to give, as from some passing step,
And up the stairs, and past my bedroom door;
And in the dark I couldn't see what passed,
But always there was wafted in a smell
Such as you find in vaults long closed; and, too,
My room grew dank and chilly as a well.

That was the house where once a spy was caught.

They hung him from an attic rafter there,

With those who harbored him. . . . One woman moved

Before she got unpacked. I heard her swear

That on the stairs, when it was only dusk,

She felt the clammy touch of someone's ghost.

I found that when the creaking came at night,

It was the attic rafters creaked the most.