

# Incubus

By AUGUST W. DERLETH

She said,  
A creeping, crawling thing had lain  
Each night upon the counterpane. . . .

They said,  
It could not be, it only seemed  
To be; she had but dreamed. . . .

She said,  
Sometimes at night she felt its breath,  
Fetid like the breath of death. . . .

They said,  
Hallucination without question;  
She must be treated by suggestion. . . .

They wore her nerves down by suggestion,  
For hallucination without question,  
And were amazed one dawn to find her dead,  
With marks upon the pillow and the bed  
As if some creeping, crawling thing had lain  
All night beside her on the counterpane.