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# On Canton Road

By SAMUEL M. SARGENT, Jr.

The ancient house on Canton Road  
Is bleak, and blank, and lone;  
Its windows stare with stolid eyes  
Over its walls of stone.

Its windows stare with stolid eyes,  
But window eyes are blind;  
Its windows are like midnight lakes  
Deep-frozen in the wind.

Its stoop is dank, of prison stone  
(If prison stone be cold);  
Its stoop is dank, and creepers crawl  
Over it, fold on fold.

It has a yard of fetid vines  
That straggle to the wall;  
It has a tree—one weary tree—  
Waiting long to fall.

The trunk is green with viscid growth,  
The wall, the house, are green;  
And at the windows, of a night,  
The creepers' souls are seen.

But souls of things are better hid  
That fiends gaze on with lust;  
The vines like millepedes squirm up  
House-high above the dust.

The vines, like things from Styx-fed  
tarns,  
Edge upward to the night;  
Hell-grown mosses choke the house,  
For houses do not fight.

Hell-grown mosses writhe and twist  
On wall, on house, on tree. . . .  
( 'Tis better not to see the souls  
Of things men should not see.)

The ancient house on Canton Road  
Is bleak, and blank, and green,  
And filmy with a thousand things  
That better are not seen.