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Realization

By HARRY WARNER, JR.

I had been told that I should shun the place, By fishermen of that bleak wind-swept coast. There had been whispers of some unknown ghost—And something worse, that none dare even face.

Laughingly, I only mocked their fears; Called them old maids who feared the black of night. They signed the cross and went. I came in sight Of this chalet that wore the dust of years.

But soon I flew in terror from the site That I had thought but legend-filled before. The place was dank; shades of eternal night Hung o'er: and there within the door Were signs I knew: no mirrors; and there lay Upon the stairs (too far below) dank clay.