

The Dweller in the Hills

By August W. Derleth

Deep in the hills he dwells,
Spawn of the sinister dark,
And his fearsome cry wells
Forth where never sings the lark.
Sometimes at night, footfalls
Padding along the ledge,
And once soul-shaking calls
From someone on life's edge.
Since then the hills were shunned by all
Who would be strange to fright,
For none would hear that fearsome call
Wavering down the night.