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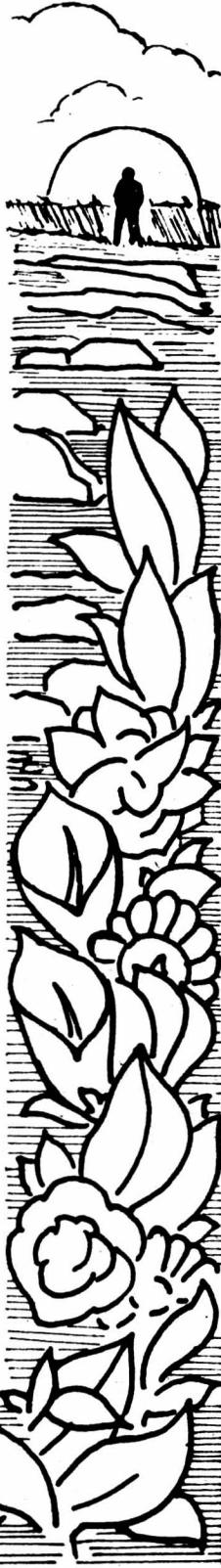
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The House

By H. P. LOVECRAFT



'Tis a grove-circled dwelling
Set close to a hill,
Where the branches are telling
Strange legends of ill;
Over timbers so old
That they breathe of the dead,
Crawl the vines, green and cold,
By strange nourishment fed;
And no man knows the juices they suck
from the depths of their dank slimy bed.



In the gardens are growing
Tall blossoms and fair,
Each pallid bloom throwing
Perfume on the air;
But the afternoon sun
With its red slanting rays
Makes the picture loom dun
On the curious gaze,
And above the sweet scent of the blossoms
rise odours of numberless days.

The rank grasses are waving
On terrace and lawn,
Dim memories saving
Of things that have gone;
The stones of the walks
Are encrusted and wet,
And a strange spirit stalks
When the red sun has set.
And the soul of the watcher is filled
with faint pictures he fain would forget.



It was in the hot June-time
I stood by that scene
When the gold rays of noon-time
Beat bright on the green.
But I shivered with cold,
Groping feebly for light,
As a picture unrolled—
And my age-spanning sight
Saw the time I had been there before
flash like fulgury out of the night!