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## Weird Things

## By VIVIAN STRATTON

The weirdest things have happened since he died. A phantom hound sat on the porch and cried; And scent of moldy earth is on the breeze, While shapeless things at night flit through the trees! The water pipes sweat drops of bloody red, As ghostly footsteps fall with measured tread, And basement lights grow dim, while at the door Come clawing noises, never heard before! Gigantic shadows flicker on the wall When candles flare to smoke-plumes, black and tall; And curtains wave when not a breath of air Is stirring, eery noise is everywhere! He was so kind, I know it can't be he Who does these things, but, oh, what can it be!