

The Old House

The old house stands at the foot of the hill -
Blackened, silent, still.

They say on dark nights
You can hear
The ghost of a laugh
A cry of fear.

That you can see
Beside the wall
A shadowy figure
Gaunt and tall,
Clutching a bundle
Wrapped in a cloak.

That you can see
The swirling smoke
And hear the crackling
Of the fire
And watch as the flames
Leap higher and higher.

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