



The Empty House

No voice to speak; no ear to hear:

“Come to breakfast.”

“I love you a bushel and a peck.”

“Is your homework done?”

“Sleep tight. Don’t let the bed-bugs bite.”

Walls that witnessed life and love stand mute,

Well-used doors hang motionless,

Shades are drawn; the light is dim.

Silence hugs the house

Gently.