

Lovecraft Has Fun

Redding, home of the haunted house
burrowed beneath dilapidated train tracks.
Definitely, definitively, haunted.
A decrepit truck nested nearby
phosphorescent horror, peripheral curse
invading the home's Victorian voraciousness.

Once, children commanded the courage
to ring the doorbell and run.
Groans thundered through that malignant mausoleum,
walls shifting and folding, feet rushing and beating
against the broken stairs of that ancient abomination.
The boys never looked to see what spiteful specter swung
the front door open, unholy howls piercing
through an accursed autumn night.

I hoped I was never tasked to tell you,
to speak about that otherworldly rancor,
that monstrous malevolence unearthed by those boys,
each one tracked down in time by a nameless nemesis
who belayed a blasphemous banishment
to the children that had disturbed its silent sepulcher.