

# Where Once Poe Walked

by H.P. Lovecraft

Eternal brood the shadows on this ground,  
Dreaming of centuries that have gone before;  
Great elms rise solemnly by slab and mound,  
Arched high above a hidden world of yore.  
Round all the scene a light of memory plays,  
And dead leaves whisper of departed days,  
Longing for sights and sounds that are no more.

Lonely and sad, a specter glides along  
Aisles where of old his living footsteps fell;  
No common glance discerns him, though his song  
Peals down through time with a mysterious spell.  
Only the few who sorcery's secret know,  
Espy amidst these tombs the shade of Poe.