

“My House Is Not Haunted”

A poem

My house is not haunted

It isn't,

It's true!

There's not a thing here

Will hurt you,

Say, “boo!”

What's that?

You don't believe me?

Then stay a night,

You'll see,

My house is not haunted,

It's 100% ghost and spook free!

Lie down now and rest

On the bed

In my guestroom,

Please now, do your best

To ignore the lightning and thunder boom.

What's that you say?

A tall, thin man standing

Against the wall?

I see nothing, friend,

Just a black smudge, a line,

That's all!

That rapping on the window?

Ignore it!

It's no raven!

No vampire bat;

No such accosts me in this house,

This haven! Nothing like that!

The creaking floorboards

Are merely the house settling.

Not an undead ghoul arisen in the basement, ascending towards

You,

Or anything else so unsettling.

Hmm?

No, no, I assure you,

The creaks are not growing louder

Or closer.

Those heavy thuds

Are not padded foot or shoe,

It's only the leaky sink

Down in the kitchen, full of suds

Drip-dropping water (I thought you had seen it, and knew?)

As I swing a closet door shut,

For absolutely no reason,

Pay no heed to the thud and pounds

From behind it, now we're easin'

Into the kitchen

Where I show you the dripping water,

(I don't know why you're shivering and itchin'!)

You were not nearly zombie fodder

Moments ago, I promise.

Now we walk through my living room,

And a bright white ghastly flutter

Causes you to shake and shudder,

It fills you with a sense of doom.

But worry not, my friend,

With the flick of a switch,

I show you you're *not* meeting your end,

(Ignore that lampshade that's shaped like a witch!)

But rather a curtain,

yes just a curtain,

flapping in the wind.

My house is *not* haunted!

Nothing exited the window,

Your suspicion is unwarranted!

What's that?

Where'd the witch lamp go?

I assure you, about what you're talking,

I don't know!

I own no such thing like that, so unwanted!

Through the window the moon is a sliver,
A moaning wail suddenly shakes the house,
You, my friend, are beginning to shiver,
Then shriek when your over your toes crawls a large, black mouse.

But yet again I promise
It is nothing ominous
Just the wind strong from out of the North,
Rocking this poor house back and forth.

In the basement you say?
I don't think so, but we'll go,
Though I say there's no way
That something evil is dwelling below,
But,
If it will set your mind at ease,
We'll go down together, if you please.

Step, step, stepping down,
Your mouth curves downward into a frown,
For at the bottom of the stairs stands a clown,
With sharp teeth and ugly, brightly colored, curled crown.

I simply brush him away,
"Gerald!" I say,
"Is that *any* way
To treat a guest during his stay?"
And sheepishly my brother (I swear it!)
Runs away, taking off his wig,

Realizing it was inappropriate to wear it.

We enter the cellar together
To prove the creepy sounds
Are in fact the weather,
But to you, still, creepy stuff abounds.

What did you say, chum?
My Star Wars poster with Rey
Who is sitting facing away
From us
Might be considered terrifying to some?

For now, with a creak her head turns,
And in her eyes a red fire that burns,
Brightly,
Frightly,

And her grimace does cause your stomach to turn?

Oh, my dear friend, no!
This is a joke poster, so,
The red, burning eyes and frown
Are intentional,
Funny! If, admittedly unconventional.
(I promise, BB-8,
Is *supposed* to bleep with state,
And red buttons faring with such hate!)

Stepping over to my bookshelf,
(If you'll ignore the deranged, drooling elf)

Atop it is a stand,
Upon which rests a skeletal hand,
Clutching a feathered head band.

Both the hand and the band belonged,
To some Native chieftain
In times ago, gone long,
He was in days of yore beaten, robbed,
It now is guarded by the skinny, impish elf,
Whose name I do not know (def. not Bob!)

Good! Now you are learning
To ignore things,
Like the elf who spits, sticks his tongue out, and sings,
And also of my yearning
For trinkets, artifacts, and things.

For that's where the hand and headdress came from,
I might have swiped them from a museum,
Put it here in my basement,
For myself, such a more preferable placement!

Why do you say I was wrong to do so?
That such an action was quite dumb?
That soon away from here you'll surely go,
That out the basement door you hear a drum?

I hear nothing of the sort, bud!
Oh! Take care of my mini-fridge and it's sharp teeth,
(Which I swear is a fridge with a funny gimmick,
Just a fridge and *not* a mimic!)
Before it drags you off to fearsome places beneath!
What was that loud thud?

Ah! Just the door, it has swung open,
A skeleton with tomahawk and drum
Inside my [not] haunted house now stands,
And for the hand and headdress he is gropin'
Reattaching the other of his two hands.

He puts the headdress upon his head
Scowls at us, fills you full of dread,
Then turns and leaves and the door he slams,
While fading into the night, we hear the drum he bams.

Then all is silent,
The weather quiet,
Everything now still and unviolent,
Peaceful looking with light from moon lit,
In my now *definitely* unhaunted house we sit.

You see, I showed you it was not haunted,
You ought never have been so daunted!
I would have made you a bet,
Wagered you my Coin of Set!

“He’s right!”

Pipes up a dog-headed man,
Standing just outside in the night,
Causing you to jump again with fright,
Then asks for his coin back, with an outstretched hand.

No, no, really, he isn’t an old Egyptian god,
Angered by my coin theft and fraud,
That’s my neighbor’s dog,
Who stands up when he gets excited by someone new,
The silhouette, probably an illusion of the fog!
I swear, I swear, I *swear*, it’s true!

Really!

Where are you going? Weren’t we having fun?
But now you’ve broken into a run
And you tear
Across my front lawn,
Jumping into an Uber,
Just as the breaking dawn
Rises and the sun shows again its face,
And suddenly all the things you thought you saw disappear
Without a trace.

Now you’ve missed the grand finale!

As the sun rises,
The house falls,
And finally,
Sinks into the outside lagoon,

(Darn, you'd have seen it, if I weren't such a bafoon!)

I stand on my back lawn watching you leave in a hurry.

I am homeless now, but don't you worry.

This happens every morning,

But my noon it is back,

Ready for another routine evening,

I'm not worried; it's not worth a heart attack.

Well, goodbye, my friend,

I suppose your stay is at an end.

We'll hang out later,

I hope you enjoyed

My house that is not haunted, and were not too annoyed

By its odd things that dwell within and won't be a hater.

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy

Your Uber ride

I hope the zombie driver, (under my house's employ)

Does not finally give you too big a fright!

Maybe one day, friend you'll come back to see

My un-haunted house

Watch everything happen again

Some night, month, or year

In the end,

Hopefully!

It was not my intent your stay was so creepy,
Now go get some rest, I am sure you are sleepy.

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