

I have tried to rid the house of the misbegotten spawn ;
But he skulks like a shadow at my door,
With the same uncanny glee as when he came to me
With his first cry of wolf at my door.

I curse him, and he leers ; I kick him, and he whines ;
But he never leaves the stone at my door.
Peep of day or set of sun, his croaking 's never done
Of the Red Wolf of Despair at my door.

But when the night is old, and the stars begin to fade,
And silence walks the path by my door,
Then is his dearest hour, his most unbridled power,
And low comes his " Wolf ! " at the door.

I turn me in my sleep between the night and day,
While dreams throng the yard at my door.
In my strong soul aware of a grewsome terror there
Soon to knock with command at my door.