

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

All down the ridge I wandered on by marks of
many finds,
Until a clearing opened out ahead;
And there another cabin with its shady group of
pines
Stood out against the foliage gold and red.

I tapped upon the old, warped door; no voices
rang inside.
A ghostly knocking echoed through the room;
There was no invitation to come in and warm
your hide.
Without the bid I passed into the gloom.

I stumbled on a dishpan and a blackened bean-
pot slid,
And to other resting-places made its way;
I opened up a window covered by a soapbox lid,
As on a mystery shed the light of day.

Upon a three-legged table were rusty forks and
cans,
The ancient corner bunks were falling in;
Across their mildewed mattresses were plates and
frying-pans,
Some sample rocks and bottles in a tin.