

Lonely

The walls have seemed to say to me
Where have the sticky fingers gone
That always found their way to me,
And left their prints to gaze upon.
The halls have worn a gloomy air
And seemed like tunnels, dark and black,
And it has seemed that every chair
Has asked me when they're coming back.

The stairs have seemed to speak to me
Each night as I have climbed alone,
And pitifully squeak to me:
'Where have the little people flown?'
The beds all smooth and sternly kept
Have said with faces drawn and white
Where are the curly heads that slept
On us, so sweetly, every night?

The untouched toys have stared at me
As if to say the days are long,
And all their dolls have glared at me
As though accusing me of wrong.
And every rug so straight and stiff
Has seemed to sigh for rumpling feet,
And worn a sorry look as if
It missed the mud-tracks of the street.

The bird has twittered low to me
A sort of solemn, sad refrain
As though he tried to show to me
He wishes they were near again.
But soon the walls and halls and chairs
Will know once more the charm they lack,
And little feet will race the stairs,
They've sent me word they're coming back.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)