**The Old House on Halloween**

**By Patricia Hubbell**

**On Halloween**

 **the old house**

 **moans and groans and sighs,**

**remembering the children,**

**from days gone by.**

**On Halloween,**

 **the old house**

 **shivers in its sleep,**

**thinking how the ghosts and**

**the goblins used to creep**

**On Halloween,**

 **the old house**

 **laughs a rueful laugh,**

**thinking how its windows**

**(with their bubbled glass)**

**used to watch the children,**

**flapping in old sheets—**

**How the children bobbed for apples,**

**and pulled taffy treats.**

**On Halloween,**

 **the old house**

 **settles on its bones,**

**listens to October’s wind**

**crying in the tree—**

 **“*Children, children, everywhere,***

 ***but not one for me*.”**