

The sounds in the evening
Go all through the house,
The click of the clock
And the pick of the mouse,
The footsteps of people
Upon the top floor,
The skirts of my mother
That brush by the door,
The creak in the boards,
And the creek of the chairs,
The fluttering murmurs
Outside on the stairs,
The ring of the bell,
The arrival of guests,
The laugh of my father
At one of his jests,
The clashing of dishes
As dinner goes in,
The babble of voices
That distance makes thin,
The mewling of cats
That seem just by my ear,
The hooting of owls
That can never seem near,
The queer little noises
That no one explains...
Till the moon through the slats
Of my window-blind rains,
And the world of my eyes
And my ears melts like steam
As I find my pillow
The world of my dream.