



The House on Elm Street

Nadia Bush

Poem

It sat alone.
What happened there is still today unknown.
It is a very mysterious place,
And inside you can tell it has a ton of space,
But at the same time it is bare to the bone.

At night the house seems to be alive,
Lights **flicker** on and off.
I am often **tempted** to go to the house,
To just take a look and see what it is really about,
But fear takes over me.

I drive past the house almost every day.
The house seems to be a bit brighter
On this warm summer day in May.
It plays with your mind.
To me I say, it is one of a kind.

Beside the house sits a tree.
It never grows leaves,
Not in the winter, spring, summer or fall.
It just sits there, never getting small or ever growing tall,
How could this be?

Rumors are constantly being made,
And each day the house just begins to **fade**.
What happened inside that house?
I really don't know.
I guess it will always be a mystery.

