

# The Haunts of Men

*En Voi*

By Robert W. Chambers

The rock-ribbed Planet drifts across the Sun,  
Swarming with creatures creeping on the crust,  
Freighted with fears, and tears, and human dust,  
Speaking the blank star-beacons, one by one.

Tossed on the ocean of Ten Million Nights,  
The Moon a battered battle-lantern swings;  
A Meteor a battle-pennant flings,  
Lost in the ocean of Ten Million Lights.

Down to the Sea in Ships! Who knows?—Who knows  
What Unseen Thing shall climb the mist-hung shrouds  
And set the spread of splendid crowding clouds,  
And light the signals set in starry rows?

Deep in the Black Crypt of the Universe  
A feeble thing stood sobbing on a star;  
“I live! I live! ’Tis mine to make or mar!”  
And Silence was the Answer and the Curse.

Bee-haunted blossoms bud and bloom at Noon;  
Bird-haunted meadows belt the Seven Zones;  
And under all lie bedded human bones,  
And over all still swings the tarnished moon.

On Men and Haunts of Men—if all Light dies,—  
And, where a million stars hang tenantless  
Whence the last ray is fled,—yet—none the less  
A Million Lamps are trimmed for other Skies.

Believe it, O my soul! Arise and go  
Forth among Men and seek the Haunts of Men;—  
Nor shalt thou, O my soul, return again  
To tell thou knowest naught; We know! We know!