

FIVE TIMES THE KILLER HAILED A GUEST,  
THEN LAID THEM DOWN. THEY DID NOT REST.  
THEY CANNOT LEAVE AND DO NOT CEASE  
LAMENTING BONDS THAT WON'T RELEASE.

THE NAME OF HE WHO HATE ENGIRDS  
DEMANDS FIRST NAMES, AND THEN A WORD  
THE CORPSES NAMED, YOUR MIND IS FILLED  
WITH VISIONS OF THE ONES HE KILLED:

THE FIRST LOST SOUL **Prof. Plum** FROM NANTUCKET  
HIS HEAD HELD DOWN IN A WATER **bucket**.  
THE HOUSEGUEST WRITHED UNTIL HE DIED;  
HIS FORM SUBMERGED, A SILENT TIDE.

THEN **Mrs. White**, A GUEST, A **poisoned** SIGHT,  
HER FINAL BREATH, A FADING LIGHT.  
A CHALICE OF DEATH, HER DOOM DECREED,  
A FATAL DRAUGHT, A WICKED SEED.

THIRD **Sgt. Scarlet**'S FATE, A CRIMSON STAIN,  
A *pistol* ROAR, A MORTAL PAIN.  
A HALLWAY HUSH, A SILENCED SIGH,  
A LIFE EXTINGUISHED, DARK AND DRY

**Mr. Green**'S DEMISE, A *leaden* BLOW,  
A SILENT STRIKE, A FATEFUL FOE.  
A SHATTERED SKULL, A LIFELESS STARE,  
A VICTIM'S END, BEYOND REPAIR.

LAST, **Hyacinth**'S END, A *candle*'S GLEAM,  
A WAXEN DEATH, A DREADFUL DREAM.  
A GOLDEN GLOW, A FATAL LIGHT,  
A DARKENED SOUL, AN ENDLESS NIGHT.