

...october 16, 1990...

children knock a vacant door
requesting treats that are not here –
the telephone rings empty space
for tricks that conversations waste –

a wheelbarrow runs the street
in teddy bears and fallen leaves –
i turn and turn and turn around
and call the hollowness to sound –

a candy for the wheelbarrow
though halloween is not yet now –
the hour unkempt – the spell unbound –
costumeless – the day consumed –

perhaps – when halloween arrives
there'll be costumes – treats – and tricks
in realms that only I can see
weaving the streets of yester-year.

