

Halloween, 2016

*Have cool winds wet with rain and chill
Arrived now at your windowsill?
Pick out a pumpkin for the porch;
Prepare the lantern and the torch.
Youth of Summer now yields to Fall;
Harvest-season comes to us all.
As days grow short and leaves arise
Like circling bats in windy skies
Let those who love the oldest ways
On moonlit hills make somber praise:
We wish none ill; our ways are not
Evil-aligned, in deed or thought.
Endless revels in friendly night;
Naught none should fear, who sees that sight.*

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