

# *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 yields to Fall;  
Halloween's joys 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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