

HALLOWEEN, 2017

THAT HINT OF COOL ON DUSKY WIND
AS LEAFY GUSTS BEGIN TO SPIN;
THIS AIR, STILL WARM WITH SUMMER'S KISS
NOW SHADOWS INTO FALL'S COLD BLISS.
AS HARVEST NIGHTS CROWD OUT THE DAYS
I FEEL THE BREEZE AND COUNT THE WAYS
THAT, MOVING CLOSER -- SOFT AND STILL
-- THE YEAR FALLS FORWARD, INTO CHILL.

BUT DO NOT GRIEVE; FOR THOUGH THE COLD
SHALL SEEK OUR BONES AND MAKE THEM OLD;
BEFORE THE SNOW, AND 'ERE THE ICE
COMES MANY DAYS THAT WILL ENTICE
OUR LIPS TO FOOD AND MERRIMENT.
AND OF THOSE DAYS WE HAVE BEEN SENT,
THE HARVEST FEAST OF HALLOW'S EVE
SHALL HOLD TIGHT REIN UPON OUR GRIEF.

OUR FOREFATHERS -- AND MOTHERS, TOO --
LONG DID THEY ALL THIS SEASON RUE;
BUT LET THE WITCH FLY BROOM IN SKY,
AND GHOSTS REMIND US ALL WE DIE.
MAY SKELETONS CAVORT AND SWANK

WHILE FRIENDLY MONSTERS MAKE SWEET PRANKS.

THE DAYS GROW SHORT, THIS MUST BE SAID.

BUT SUMMER SLEEPS. IT IS NOT DEAD.

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