

# Halloween 2022

The pumpkins rumble with every step I take  
(Because my stoop is badly fixed, and old)  
Besides of course that one, ceramic fake  
It makes clay rattles in the morning cold.

But Halloween is here, and on this night  
Children's feet will turn deep rumbles into bumps  
As pumpkins shimmy in darkening night,  
Each eager tread translated into jumps.

Patient, I will wait, at the very top  
of that hopefully un-treacherous stair  
To hand out sweet largesse, without stop  
Til happy shrieks fade from the night-kissed air.

Then only from the darkened stoop I'll creep  
To let the sentry pumpkins rest, and sleep.

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