



...october 31, 2013...

spiders bats and cobwebbed trees
eyes of gnats and skeletons
rattling forgotten teeth
in mouths that will not move again –

houses looming into clouds
with hinges creaking broken doors
beneath a flocking murder
of raucous screaming flying crows –

the evening mocks a sainted day
till nothing is quite what it seems
with costume wild camouflage
burgeoning to occult dreams.

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