



Halloween Sestina ~ A poetic collaboration of six souls

Created at the CSM Library Makerspace
Workshop led by Autumn Newman October 30, 2013

I would like to paint my house black.
Blue sky streaked with clouds burnt orange
As usual, he claimed it was the moon
Hold your breath while you fall
Making people disappear as if in a magic trick

And among the tricks and pumpkins orange
And the night so black and scary,
Even Hannie did not fall prey to the moon

Coyotes and crows of the world, true tricksters
My husband's car is black
Oak leaves twirling, a graceful fall
Mummy memories, skeleton bones glow eerily orange
My little Hannie, why you so scared?
Violence, I said, comes not from the moon

Walking away, I heard a dog, howling at the moon
Baskets full of more treats than tricks
Sounds emanating thru the void - scary
The book's cover is black
Witches fly, coyotes howl, pumpkins dance orange
She woke with the dawn every fall

Onto the pond, the starshine falls
Guided home by the light of the moon
Sticky finger, smiling lips, tongue orange
Balancing stones, stacked, proves tricky
The Giants baseball team uniform is orange and black
Hacking, screaming, pounding, scaring

No mystery box for Annie, too scary
Red hair onto her shoulder, but it's my heart that falls
Our computer monitors are black
Hurt by him, but never the moon
Children running behind curtains, playing tricks
I prefer orange

Metal tongs, flames hot, forge orange
Moon falls, black to orange, trick to trickster- scare
Wishing we could learn new tricks
Crunchy leaves, red apples and heavy pumpkins: Fall
Safe at last, I blessed the moon
The night sky is very black