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