

### A Rhyme for Halloween

By Maurice Kilwein Guevara

Tonight I light the candles of my eyes in the lee  
And swing down this branch full of red leaves.  
Yellow moon, skull and spine of the hare,  
Arrow me to town on the neck of the air.

I hear the undertaker make love in the heather;  
The candy maker, poor fellow, is under the  
    weather.  
Skunk, moose, raccoon, they go to the doors in  
    threes  
With a torch in their hands or pleas: "O, please  
    ..."

Baruch Spinoza and the butcher are drunk:  
One is the tail and one is the trunk  
Of a beast who dances in circles for beer  
And doesn't think twice to learn how to steer.

Our clock is blind, our clock is dumb.  
Its hands are broken, its fingers numb.  
No time for the martyr of our fair town  
Who wasn't a witch because she could drown.

Now the dogs of the cemetery are starting to bark  
At the vision of her, bobbing up through the dark.  
When she opens her mouth to gasp for air,  
A moth flies out and lands in her hair.

The apples are thumping, winter is coming.  
The lips of the pumpkin soon will be humming.  
By the caw of the crow on the first of the year,  
Something will die, something appear.

(1996)

### Halloween Party

By Kenn Nesbitt

We're having a Halloween party at school.  
I'm dressed up like Dracula. Man, I look cool!  
I dyed my hair black, and I cut off my bangs.  
I'm wearing a cape and some fake plastic fangs.

I put on some makeup to paint my face white,  
like creatures that only come out in the night.  
My fingernails, too, are all pointed and red.  
I look like I'm recently back from the dead.

My mom drops me off, and I run into school  
and suddenly feel like the world's biggest fool.  
The other kids stare like I'm some kind of freak—  
the Halloween party is not till next week.

(2005)

### The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

(1916)

